

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Excursions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; including Notices of the State of Public Opinion in those Countries, and Anecdotes of their Courts.* By Robert Bremner, Esq., author of “Excursions in the Interior of Russia,” &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.
2. *Journal of a Residence in Norway, during the Years 1834, 1835, and 1836, made with a view to inquire into the Moral and Political Economy of that Country, and the Condition of its Inhabitants.* By Samuel Laing, Esq. London: 1836.
3. *A Tour in Sweden in 1838, comprising Observations on the Moral, Political, and Economical State of the Swedish Nation.* By Samuel Laing, Esq. London: 1839.
4. *Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the Present Century.* By Samuel Laing, Esq. London: 1842.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which we had no control, and with the detail of which it is needless to trouble our readers, have hitherto prevented us from noticing the earlier volumes in the above list. This, however, we scarcely regret, as the principal topics in them, on which we shall touch, appear to attract as much attention now as they have done at any former period.

Mr. Laing seems one of the most sensible travellers whose works have ever come under our notice. He views every institution with regard solely to its practical results on the misery or happiness of the people. You meet no sentimental nonsense in his pages—no attempts to gild the bitter pill of slavery—to extenuate the vices of sovereigns, or systems—or to prove, according to the old Tory dogma, that “whatever

is, is right." He seems to have an unusual fund of natural common sense and benevolence, enlarged and enlightened by great experience of men and things; and his views, consequently, produce a powerful impression on the minds of his readers. They are of a very liberal tendency—the greatest happiness of the greatest number, being always a foremost object with him. He is not a Catholic nor an Anglican. So far we may predicate of him: but whether he is a Presbyterian, or indulges in freedom of conscience as a Protestant in the abstract, we find it difficult to determine, from the *data* in these volumes. Wherever he cannot help it, he allows the Catholic Church some small share of merit; but wherever an opportunity presents itself, he abuses her with all the free and easy nonchalance of a self-sufficient, narrow-minded dissenter. This is a fault which we regret much, as it is obviously the result of early prejudice and want of inquiry; and one of which so strong and sound a mind ought to speedily free itself.

Mr. Bremner's volumes are of a different character from those of Mr. Laing; being evidently the composition of a Conservative, who looked rather to the fashionable, than to the radical and philosophical aspect of affairs. They consist of the loose notes of a traveller, who skimmed along the genteel surface of society, and did not wish to find fault with the countries through which he passed; and was anxious, if possible, to combat the statements of Mr. Laing. This he attempts, now and then, in a covert, roundabout way, that shews his own dread of his travelling competitor, and how utterly unable he was to cope with him. In the volumes of the latter, we met with a variety of statements with regard to the tenure of property on the continent, and the religious education, morals, and slavery of the Protestant nations of the north, which will no doubt surprise some of our readers; and we should therefore specially recommend them to all who wish to acquire information on these subjects. Mr. Bremner's work is more gossiping and superficial; but perhaps agreeable enough to those who want light reading. We should by no means recommend those who wish for political and statistical knowledge, on the state of Norway and Sweden, to purchase it while a copy of Laing can be had. In going through it, we noted some trifles, which we shall lay before our readers in the order in which they occur in the original.

Holstein, Mr. Bremner says, is the only part of the con-

tinient where the people exercise any voice in appointing their clergy. When a vacancy occurs in a church, the parishioners meet on a day, of which due intimation has been given by the ecclesiastical judicatory of the district. The candidates are generally those young preachers of the neighbourhood, with whose pulpit ministrations the people are best acquainted. The names of these being proposed, every male parishioner, who has received the sacrament, votes for the person he prefers; and the appointment is given to him who unites the greatest number of voices. The system, he says, works well; though he admits that in all the churches of the province, the doctrines of the Reformation had been as completely lost sight of, as if they formed no part of revelation, till Professor Harms lately attempted to revive them; who met with great difficulties and much hostility for a time, but "now enjoys the reward of seeing himself surrounded by many able fellow-labourers;" and "nearly all the pulpits in the province are rapidly becoming filled with sound and zealous teachers of the truth."

Though the soil of Germany is excellent, yet the farmers are worse off in the best parts of Germany than in the worst of Great Britain. Their crops are heavy; but they lose much by the vermin fostered by the game laws; and particularly in the petty dukedoms, where the nuisance is greatest, and is maintained in a most conservative spirit. Mr. Bremner has known two hundred hares to be killed near Weimer in a few hours, by a party of city sportsmen. In the districts bordering on the lower slopes of the Hartz mountains, as many as one thousand are often killed in one short winter's day; and he himself has frequently started a score of them not many hundred yards from the gates of a walled town. Of feathered game, the bustard and wild turkey seem the most destructive. The farmers are not allowed to kill or hurt them, but only to frighten them away. A wealthy farmer is unknown in Germany. They are all weighed down, not by taxes, but by the heavy interest which they pay to money-lenders. It is next to impossible to find a farmer without a mortgage on his property. The person now universally considered the best agriculturist in Holstein, is an Irish gentleman, a Mr. C—— (we wish Mr. Bremner had given his name in full); whose property is situated near Lubeck, and consists of about fourteen hundred acres; and who is so successful, that "his marvellous innovations form the subject of general talk among the natives; who, without

absolutely going the length of considering him in league with the evil one, very generally believe that some strange spirit aids him in devising such machines, as no mere earthly farmer could ever have dreamt of without mysterious aid."

Mr. Bremner was much struck with the great number of convicts seen constantly at work in the streets of Copenhagen, and with the number of pretty women in the house of correction; but had his sympathy for the latter repressed, on hearing the crimes of which they had been guilty.

The greatest attention is, in Denmark, paid to the subject of education. Every parish has at least one elementary school, supported by a species of tithe, levied on the proprietors, farmers, and peasantry. Of these schools, there are three thousand in the whole kingdom, besides two hundred seminaries, conducted on the systems of Bell and Lancaster. The royal college superintends all the educational interests of the kingdom, except those of the University of Kiel; and every school is under its inspection. The system pursued in the college itself is very rigid; and destroys everything like originality of mind. The Danes have few new works of their own. They import poetry and novels from England; politics, from France; and history, philosophy, and theology, from Germany. With regard to the last subject, it appears that "the literary attainments of candidates for orders are exalted into undue importance, and little regard paid to spiritual and general qualifications," that the clergy are "a learned, but most assuredly not an efficient" body; and that religion has come "to be a thing of mere form and speculation—a system which men may criticise, and torture, and play with, and write about, just as they might do with any scheme of man's invention." The income of the clergy being generally considered insufficient, "nearly every clergyman cultivates a farm of considerable extent, rented from some proprietor in the parish." The government devotes annually 20,222*l.* to the promotion of art and science, 1666*l.* to defray the travelling expenses of young artists and literary men, 6000*l.* to the support of the theatre at Copenhagen, &c. &c. There are many newspapers published at Copenhagen; but few of them are of merit. Those, says Mr. Bremner, which display any talent, are hampered by the jealousies of the court, and by laws which give such power over an offender, that few can be expected lightly to run the risk of becoming their victims. Mr. Bremner has seen a list of one hundred and eighty periodicals, under various titles, and

connected with various branches of literature or science, published at Copenhagen, within the year; and he adds, that "most countries of the continent are overwhelmed with a brood of the same description."

In 1660 the government of Denmark became an absolute monarchy, and continued so up to 1834—the king being "the most uncontrolled sovereign in Europe." "We have looked for," says Mr. Bremner, "but can find no single check to the power of the king of Denmark. Laws, property, taxes, all were at the mercy of his tyranny or caprice." In 1834 the present sovereign being at the time "free and unconstrained—the most despotic king in Europe," without any solicitation or movement on the part of his faithful slaves, gave them what they call a constitution. He divided the kingdom, with the exception of Lauenburgh (which being governed under an old constitution, by which a local council meets annually for public business, is not included in the modern enlightened arrangement), into four electoral districts, each having an assembly which must be summoned at least once in two years. Without the consent of these assemblies, no law can be promulgated affecting persons or property, and new taxes and levies for the public service must be sanctioned by them. They can suggest new laws to the king, and complain of public servants, but not judge of them. The movement partly complain that the king is opposed to freedom of discussion, and is desirous to limit rather than to extend what he has done—but they should be thankful for small mercies. A transaction, of which the Danes boast much, under the name of the *Liberation* of the Peasants, took place in 1660; but Mr. Bremner, who by the bye, as a conservative, seems to feel himself called upon to be the champion of every oppressor of his fellow-men, who happens to be a king or a lord, says, that "it was not a liberation of any class in the kingdom, but rather the more complete subjugation of all classes to the crown," and that "the peasants remained, and still remain in many parts of Denmark little better than serfs."

On the government and people of Denmark, Mr. Laing, in his work on Sweden, observes:—

"It is one of the most remarkable circumstances in modern history, that about the middle of the seventeenth century, when all other countries were advancing towards constitutional arrangements of some kind or other, for the security of civil and religious liberty, Denmark by a formal act of her states or diet, abrogated even that

shadow of a constitution, and invested her sovereigns with full despotic power to make and execute law, without check or control on their absolute authority. Lord Molesworth, who wrote an account of Denmark, in 1692, thirty-two years after this singular transaction, makes the curious observation,—‘That in the Roman Catholic religion, there is a resisting principle to absolute civil power, from the division of authority with the heads of the church at Rome; but in the north, the Lutheran Church is entirely subservient to the civil power, and the whole of the northern people of Protestant countries, have lost their liberties ever since they changed their religion for a better.’ ‘The blind obedience which is destructive of natural liberty is, he conceives, more firmly established in the northern kingdoms by the entire and sole dependence of the clergy upon the prince, without the interference of any spiritual superior, as that of the Pope among Romanists, than in the countries which remained Catholic.’ ‘The Lutheran clergy retained their political power as a chamber or state in the diets, although totally dependent on the crown as spiritual and temporal superior.’ It was the influence of the clergy and the crown upon the third estate in the diet, that of the burgesses wearied out with the oppressive privileges of the nobility, that carried the abolition of all restriction upon the absolute power of the monarch. When Frederic III, in 1660, obtained this absolute power, he established five colleges or departments for the public business, of which the presidents were the ministers for the affairs in each department.”

Mr. Laing then proceeds to say, that these colleges do their business so well, that the country, though “under a total want of political freedom,” and under a “monarchy which juridically and in theory is the most unlimited and legitimately absolute of any in Europe,” is in advance of many countries which enjoy political freedom, “in her liberal and enlightened institutions,” as in the establishment of normal schools for training schoolmasters, and other arrangements for the general education of the people; the abolition of the punishment of death about thirty years since; the improvement of the administration of justice, “by an effective system of superintendence and revision by the superior courts of all the proceedings and decisions of the inferior, whether appealed from or not by the private parties;” and the institution of parish courts of arbitration;—but he adds:—

“From being altogether passive, and having no voice in their own affairs, the Danish people with all those fine institutions of their government, are in the same state nearly as in 1660. In the practice of the useful arts, in activity, industry, and well-being, they are two centuries behind those nations with whom in numbers

and natural advantages of soil, climate, and situation, they may be fairly compared, the Scotch, the Dutch, or the Belgian people. The trade and industry of this city, so advantageously situated for being one of the great emporiums of the world, is confined to supplying its own inhabitants with the foreign articles they consume. There is nothing to be called commerce in the place. Copenhagen has more palaces in her streets and harbours, than ships in her harbour. The extreme state of pupillage in which this people is kept, not only extinguishes all industry and activity, but from the host of functionaries who must be employed, where a government attempts to do every thing, and regulates and provides in matters which a people can best manage for themselves, it consumes all their capital, and leaves them nothing to be active and industrious with. The population of Denmark is 1,223,807 individuals, of whom 6960 are civil functionaries, supporting by their salaries, 23,058 persons in their families; 4424 are priests, supporting 21,125 persons; 933 are military officers, supporting 2850 persons; 190 are naval officers, supporting 747 persons; 6987 are non-commissioned officers and soldiers, supporting 3088 persons; 1867 are navy sailors, supporting 4169 persons; and 43,576 are paupers, supported by poor-rate; and 1470 are slaves or condemned convicts, also supported by the public, the value of their labour not maintaining them. The total number thus supported by a public of 1,223,807 individuals, is 121,444 persons; or every ten individuals have to support one, who is not engaged in productive industry, but is a public functionary or a pauper, living upon their productive industry. There is one clergyman to every 276, six-tenths of the population: one public functionary to every 176. If to these perpetual drains upon the earnings of the industrious in the middle and lower classes, be added the enormous waste of the capital and time of the country in palaces, gardens, shows, military duties, and such objects as reproduce nothing, it is not extraordinary that the people are sunk in sloth and poverty, though occupying the richest soil and most advantageous situation in the north of Europe."

We were lately gratified to learn that the king of Denmark allowed a Catholic chapel to be opened in Copenhagen, towards the close of last year.

Mr. Bremner had few faults to find with the Swedes, but many with the Norwegians. On crossing the frontier, he "found the peasants and many of the people at the stations, as savage in their manners as they are in their looks." They have a great desire for overcharging in every way. In the course of a fifty miles' journey, he had repeatedly to resist their demand of payment for four horses, when they had supplied only three. On such occasions, his interpreter and the people at the post, used generally to have such high words, that it was with difficulty he escaped without a regular

battle. The interpreter said he never went among the Norwegians without being in terror for his life. Some gentlemen travelling the same road, and on the same day with Mr. Bremner, had to resist similar demands, and the result was, that at one station their servant came to blows with the enemy; and at another, a fellow hurried off to raise the village against them. A few years since, an English duke stopped a day and a night at one of the hotels or lodging-houses of Christiania. He had four servants with him, and gave very little trouble. The bill was 50*l.* for what ought not to have been 10*l.* He resisted the extortion, but, after twelve months' litigation, was compelled to pay the original 50*l.* and 150*l.* costs. Mr. Bremner says, that what most annoys the traveller, "is the *unreasonable price* often charged for things of little value." He had been at inns in Norway, where the charges would have justified him in making a preliminary treaty at every place he afterwards entered. A stranger might travel through the highlands of Scotland for one-half what he expended in Norway; and after all he was told he had been only in the cheapest districts, and that in the extreme north the charges were much higher. A German traveller paid for lodging, &c., at Trondhjem, as much as he had been charged at a good hotel in London. The rudeness of the peasantry is also a great drawback to the pleasure of travelling in the country. If the horse is lazy and you use the whip, the master abuses you; if your servant uses it, he attacks him with his fists. They are never satisfied with the gratuity given them, and pocket with insult, what in Sweden is taken with a ready "thank ye." With them a quarrel is the general rule: with the Swedes it is the exception; and, "if you escape a single stage without disputes, it is not to the excellence of the system, or the general character of the people that you owe it, but to the chance good-nature of the individuals you fall upon." A pleasant country for a summer excursion!

Up to 1814, Norway had been under the paternal despotism of Denmark, when Great Britain, in consideration of the King of Sweden joining her in the war against France, gave it and Guadaloupe, and 1,000,000*l.* sterling, to him. The Danes having, on the arrangement being concluded, withdrawn from the country, and there being no forces present to take possession for the new owners, the Norwegians declared themselves independent, adopted a constitution, and chose Prince Christian of Denmark for their sovereign. He accepted the appointment, but soon resigned it, and they

became the liege subjects of the King of Sweden, he guaranteeing their constitution. They are virtually independent, the King of Sweden only drawing a small annual salary from them, and they having a complete control over every department of the administration. Since the separation from Denmark, their success has been almost incredible. The population of Christiania has more than doubled. By the Sound lists, it appears that they paid duty in 1814, for only eighty-three ships; in 1832, for 1,535. The national resources of every kind have been so judiciously turned to account, and the public burdens so fairly distributed, that Mr. Bremner says, there is perhaps no country in the world, where the great body of the people have it so completely in their power to enjoy both comfort and independence. They are now able to support all their own establishments, navy, army, &c., have "lately accomplished what no other state in Europe can boast of, a simultaneous reduction of all the taxes;" and, notwithstanding this reduction, had at the time of Mr. Bremner's visit, a reserve in the treasury larger than the whole of the public debt. The population of the entire kingdom is 1,098,291 souls, not 200,000 more than that of the county of Cork; the entire custom duties are less than half the sum raised for poor-rate and county-rate for Yorkshire; and the entire revenue (including customs), not more than 350,000*l*. These deficiencies are counterbalanced by the people having common sense, an ardent devotion to their country, and carrying it into daily practice like the Scotch, by cannily sticking by each other, and not having their patriotic feelings weakened or distracted by religious or political differences.

The storting, or parliament, consists of ninety-six members, who are paid 5*s*. 9*d*. a day, and are chosen triennially by such of the inhabitants of the various electoral districts as are twenty-five years of age, possessed of a property worth about 30*l*., or holding the life-rent of a property worth that sum. The qualifications of the members are the same as those of the electors, except that they must be thirty years of age, and have been ten years resident in Norway, and that holding an appointment under the government, or being a clergyman, dispenses with the necessity of a property qualification. The storting meets generally every third year, and sits from February till August. The crown can summon extraordinary meetings. No tax or law can be passed without the sanction of the storting. The assent of the king is required before

a law can be put in force, but if any bill has been passed by three storthings, it becomes the law of the land without his approbation. The appointments of public officers, clergymen to vacant parishes, &c., originate with the crown, but are not final till confirmed by the storthing. The king does not preside, and is not represented in their meetings by any public officer. Mr. Bremner says, "It is greatly to the honour of the Norwegians, that, as members of the storthing, they seem to be actuated solely by zeal for the public good,—upright, simple, and incorruptible; neither caring for wealth nor ambitious of titles; disdaining to purchase favours by selling their independence—they have never been brought over by government to support any project that seemed to militate against the national liberties." During the time of Mr. Bremner's visit, the storthing was sitting. The place of meeting was a long, low, plain room, without any emblem whatever to represent the embodied dignity of the nation. At one end is a gallery for the public, nearly as large as the member's division, and to which every one can come when he likes, there not being a door-keeper, policeman, or sentinel, to parley with. The plainness of the hall impressed the traveller with a favourable opinion of the legislature, which "was raised still higher by the honest-looking unpretending appearance of the members themselves," whose grave, business-like aspects, "at once gave the idea of men come to work, not to talk." The greater part of them had the look of respectable farmers, or small country proprietors, and the entire body might be described "in general, as plain, but not vulgar men." "The mode of conducting business," says Mr. Bremner "is very simple. The president reads from a paper the proposition to be discussed; a member stands up in his place—there is no tribune, or rostrum—and makes some remarks in a quiet earnest tone, and at the end of five or six minutes gives way to another speaker, who replies in the same calm manner, and with equal brevity. Of all the legislative assemblies of Europe, it is the most dignified and the most orderly—no one seeks to make a speech, and no one loses temper. There is no conversation carried on amongst the members, nothing to prevent the most timid from being heard. In short, the calmness of their proceedings might furnish a lesson to assemblies where there may be more of the splendour of talent, but assuredly not so much of the calm dignity and impartiality which we expect

among legislators." It seems that there is no waste of words among them, but that the business is done admirably. Among other remarkable measures, they have abolished hereditary nobility.

The Norwegians pay great attention to popular education. The University of Christiania is said to be good enough in its way. The income and social position of the clergy being highly attractive, the greater portion of the students at the University devote themselves to theology. There are four bishops for the kingdom, each of whom has, at least, £766 yearly income. The pastor of a town parish often has £254; those of most of the remote country parishes have £191, and none have less than £153. There are, moreover, fees paid for certain duties, and excellent glebe farms and parsonage houses in every parish—one always belonging for life to the widow of the last incumbent. Mr. Bremner very properly says of these advantages, "that the Church should be the favourite profession did not surprise us, when we heard that it affords incomes which, for this country, must be pronounced very high." The clergy seem quite conscious of their enjoyments, and, like the enlightened clergy of countries nearer home, look upon them as of more importance than the instruction or salvation of the people. The proof of these sensible views is to be found in the fact, that the entire kingdom, with a surface of 71,400 square miles, is divided into no more than 336 parishes—some of them being equal to several English counties put together, and one covering a district a 100 miles long, stretching from the sea-coast back to the mountains of Sweden. Many of the clergy are said to be very highly educated. In the University, Mr. Bremner found every means provided for their instruction in the sciences, as well as in their own immediate studies. The Norwegians are all Lutherans.—"Such a being as a Dissenter is unknown in Norway." All sects of Christians are now (1843) tolerated (*i. e.* suffered to live) by law—but Jews are unsparingly excluded from the country, and those coming on business are not allowed to remain more than twenty-four hours. The press is free, and sends forth such an innumerable quantity of ephemeral publications, that Mr. Bremner thinks "Norway like Sweden, languishes under an excess of periodical cropping." He regrets that, in so Protestant a country, Sunday should be the favourite

day for theatrical amusements, and that in so free and enlightened a country convicts should be treated with more harshness than he had witnessed in any other part of the world. The authorities justify their inhumanity by the extreme ferocity of the people; the traveller admits that he never saw such wild-looking men as those convicts, but thinks there could be no harm in trying a more gentle method. As to the profanation of the Sabbath, as Mr. Bremner regards it, Mr. Laing says, it arises from the universally received interpretation, in the pure Lutheran Church, of the scriptural words,—“and the evening and the morning made the first day,” which makes the evening of Saturday, and the morning of Sunday, the seventh day, or sabbath; and it is so fully established, that entertainments, dances, card parties, and all public amusements, take place regularly on Sunday evenings, and Lutheran ministers would think it superstitious to object to them.

In dealings between man and man, Mr. Bremner says, “the Norwegians cannot, with justice, be described as more than ‘indifferent moral,’ for we always found amongst them a greater desire to take advantage of a stranger than we ever experienced in any other part of Europe;” and with regard to chastity, the statistical returns show that of every five children born, one is illegitimate—the same proportion exactly, in this widely scattered and rural population, “as in the densely crowded and corrupted atmosphere of Paris.” This statement appears also in Mr. Laing’s work, who, moreover, names one country parish in particular, where “without a town or manufacturing establishment, or resort of shipping, or quartering of troops, or other obvious cause,” the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children, in the five years from 1826 to 1830, was one in three.

In Mr. Bremner’s observations on Sweden, we found little worth noticing. In the Female House of Correction, at Stockholm, he found thirty-eight prisoners condemned for life, “nearly all of whom had been convicted of the too frequent crime of child-murder.” If they conduct themselves well, the sentence for life is relaxed, and most of them are so, in fact, at the end of five or six years. Mr. Bremner blames the Foundling Hospital for the great immorality of Stockholm, but forgets that Paris is supplied with a similar institution.

Bernadotte seems to have been a particularly lucky man.

So favourable are even the elements to him, that it is a proverb in Stockholm, that *the weather is sure to be fine, whenever the king has anything to do.*

Eminence in any department, is generally rewarded in Sweden with a good post in the Church. Tegner, the poet, was not long since appointed to one of the wealthiest bishoprics in the kingdom; and Aghard, the botanist, has received a similar reward. Mr. Bremner intimates that it is likely that such things will not occur again. He does not mention the grounds on which he comes to this conclusion respecting the future exercise of Church patronage by the Swedish monarch; nor do we see any reason, from analogy with the practice in these realms, why his anticipations should be realized. Surely the man who writes a good original poem is far better entitled to a bishopric, than he who merely writes an essay on the incomprehensible metre of some old pagan poetaster.

The Swedes are all Lutherans, and if any of them abandon that form of faith, he loses his civil rights, according to the most approved version of the right of private judgment. They are extremely intolerant towards those who differ from them in religious matters. "The day is gone by when a Roman Catholic would be in danger of becoming a martyr if he shewed himself amongst them; but, by the lower classes, at least, he would still be looked upon with great horror." The Church is very wealthy—the archbishop has £2000 a year, and of the eleven bishops, no one has less than £600 a year. The incomes of the 70 archdeacons, and 192 deans, vary from £400 to £700; of the 3230 inferior clergy no one has less than £120, while many have £300, in addition to their several parsonages and glebe lands. In consequence of these incomes, the sons of some of the best families in Sweden adopt the Church as a profession, and the better livings, and the bishoprics, are generally gained more by influence than talent. "One of the most obnoxious features of the present system is, that the tithes not only affect old lands, but also fall with equal severity on new improvements, and thus check the spirit of improvement. In all parts of the country, it is said, lands are still left waste, which, but for this drawback, would have been improved long ago." It seems odd that reformed clerical rapacity should produce precisely the same results in Sweden as in Ireland.

Mr. Laing dwells much on the manifold advantages which the equal distribution of property produces in Norway. It

appears that, from the earliest times, landed property has been distributable there in the same manner as personal property is with us. Jurists suppose that gavel-kind, which is now the law in Kent, was the law of all England prior to the Norman conquest. Mr. Laing would almost make us regret that it is not so still. As an objection to this natural subdivision of landed property, it is commonly said, that small proprietors make bad farmers; but Mr. Laing shews that it is difficult for any people to exceed in activity and industry the small proprietors of even the Norwegian glens. What would the advocates of large estates say to the small farmers who lay down a wooden trough, forty miles in length, along the sides of a valley, for the purpose of irrigating the lands in dry weather? From this division of property, comfort and independence are so equally diffused over the country, that even the farm labourers are allowed each an excellent house, with land enough to support two cows and ten sheep all the year round, and to raise a ton and a half of corn, and ten tons of potatoes. These are usually held on leases for the life of the man and his wife. Mr. Laing thinks there are not any labourers without two cows, or an equivalent number of sheep or goats. In Norway, in 1819, with a population of 910,000 inhabitants, there were 41,656 estates; and in Scotland, in 1822, with a population of 2,093,456, there were 2987 freeholders. But, as several of these did not actually possess land, but held fictitious votes, and many estates afforded no freehold qualification, Mr. Laing, to meet all cases, and cover all omissions, triples the 2987, which would give, however, only 8961 estates, whereas if the people of Scotland held the same interest in the soil as the people of Norway, there would be 95,829, "one for every 22, instead of one for every 700 of the population."

We regret that we are obliged to omit many interesting sketches of the condition and habits of the Norwegians, and to leave our readers to judge of the general scope and character of Mr. Laing's book, by placing before them the three conclusions which he drew from what he witnessed in that country.

"*First.* That the structure of society in which, through the effects of the natural law of succession in equal shares, there is a very general diffusion of property among all classes and individuals, is better calculated for the end of all society—the producing the greatest

possible quantity of well-being and happiness to the greatest number of persons—than that structure in which the possession of property by the operation of an artificial law of succession, such as the feudal law of primogeniture, is restricted to particular classes and individuals among the families of the community.

"*Second.* That the influences of property upon the human mind—the never-ceasing propensity to acquire and to save, and the equally strong propensity to indulge in the tastes and habits generated by property, form the real checks which nature has intended for restraining the propensity to propagation by improvident marriages, and for preventing the population of a country from exceeding the means, or property, on which it is to subsist. Consequently, the diffusion of property through society is the only radical cure for that king's evil of all feudally-constructed societies—pauperism, and over-multiplication. Consequently the idea of bolstering up this unnatural structure of society, as proposed by Dr. Chalmers, and other eminent political economists, by inculcating in the minds of the labouring classes a fictitious moral restraint upon marriage—an act which may be eminently imprudent, but can never be designated as immoral, without confounding together prudence and morality, and overturning all the landmarks of human virtue—is as contrary to political as it is to moral principle.

"*Third.* That for the admitted evil condition of the vast population of Ireland, there is no other effectual remedy than an alteration in the law of succession to property, by which, without injury to the just existing rights of any living individual, the succeeding generations in that country would become gradually connected with its property—innoculated and imbued with the curbing tastes, habits, and influences thence arising, and their increase of numbers thus placed under the restraint of the only natural and effective checks which Providence has imposed upon the tendency of population to exceed the means of subsistence."

The most interesting chapters in Mr. Laing's work on Sweden, are those on the religious, educational, and moral statistics of the country. There, also, education is well attended to by the government. According to the testimony of statistical writers, not 1 in a 1000 of the adult population is unable to read. In 1830, 1 in every 668 of the total male population received an University education. The whole establishment connected with public instruction, consists of 3193 clergy, 3753 sextons, or parish clerks, organists and church-servants, and 763 schoolmasters, teachers, and professors, paid by the public; altogether 7709 males, whose wives and children amount to 15,114 persons, making a total of 22,823 individuals, or 1 in every 126 of the whole

population living by teaching the Swedish people their religious and moral duties. The number of works published in 1830, was seven hundred and twenty-four, besides eighty newspapers, and twenty periodicals. The clerical establishments cost the congregations 1,780,393 banco dollars in direct payment in tithes; "and a great, and not appreciable amount in dues or offerings at marriages, baptisms, funerals, Easter, Christmas, and sacramental occasions. These are very oppressive." Læstadius mentions in his work an instance of a cow being the clergyman's customary payment, and of a poor widow's only cow being demanded for the performance of this right, necessary for "her husband's salvation." The yearly cost of the Church was estimated, in 1832, at 3,669,800 banco dollars, or £305,816. The clergy elect one of the chambers of the diet, and are altogether the most influential body in Sweden. Mr. Laing says :

"Their dues, fees, and rights, however oppressive these appear to us, are sanctioned by long-use and wont among a peasantry in whom a sense of property is almost extinguished by the exactions upon their time, labour, and produce, for the State and its institutions. It is only what is left to the peasant out of his land, not what he produces, that he views and feels to be his own. The interests of the parties, the tithe payers, and the tithe receivers, produce, therefore, less animosity of feeling than with us, or, properly speaking, none. The clergy, also, and the people, appear to me to view Christianity altogether in a different light from that in which we view it. The people are educated up to a certain point, which is that of being able to read and give proof of understanding the Church catechism so well as to be entitled to confirmation, and to be received as communicants. Here the working of the establishment on the people seems to stop. A careful attendance upon all the ceremonials of the Church, the Easter offerings, Christmas offerings, and such offerings, appear to stand in the place of all mental exertion or application on their part in religious matters, after they have once (if I may use the expression without offence), taken out their diploma as Christians, by the rite of confirmation, and by receiving their first communion. Religion seems to rest here."

On the moral condition of Sweden, Mr. Laing throws considerable light. He observes:—

"It is a singular and embarrassing fact that the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral, having, in about 3,000,000 of individuals, only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and these not congregated

in one or two places, but scattered among 2037 factories, having no great standing army, or navy, no extended commerce, no afflux of strangers, no considerable city but one, and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete Church establishment, undisturbed in its labours by sect or schism, is, notwithstanding, in a more demoralized state than any nation in Europe—more demoralized even, than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics. It is so directly opposed to all received opinions and long established theories of the superior moral condition, greater innocence, purity of manners, and exemption from vice or crime of the pastoral and agricultural state of society, compared to the commercial and manufacturing, that if it rested merely upon the traveller's impressions, observations, or experiences, it would not be entitled to any credit."

"According to the official returns published in the Swedish State Gazette, in March, 1837, the number of persons prosecuted for criminal offences, before all the Swedish Courts in the year 1835, was 26,275, of whom 21,262 were convicted, 4915 acquitted, and 98 remained under examination. In 1835, the total population of Sweden was 2,983,144 individuals. In this year, therefore, 1 person of every 114 of the whole nation had been accused, and 1 in every 140 convicted of some criminal offence. By the same official returns, it appears that in the five years from 1830 to 1834 inclusive, 1 person in every 49 of the inhabitants of the towns, and 1 in every 176 of the rural population, had, on an average, been punished each year for criminal offences. In 1836 the number of persons tried for criminal offences in all the courts of the kingdom, was 26,925, of whom 22,292 were condemned, 3688 acquitted, and 945 under trial or committal. The criminal lists of this year are stated to be unusually light, yet they give a result of 1 person in every 112½ of the whole population accused, and 1 in about every 134 convicted of criminal offence; and, taking the population of the towns, and the rural population separately, 1 person in every 46 individuals of the former, and 1 in every 174 of the latter, have been convicted within the year 1836 for criminal offence. There is no rebellion in the land, nor resistance to obnoxious laws, as in Ireland to the tithe laws; nor are artificial offences created to any great extent by iniquitous legislation, as with us, by the game laws, and excise laws. These are all offences involving moral delinquency greater than the simple breach of a regulation or a conventional law of the state. Among the crimes in the rural population, there were 28 cases of murder, 10 of child-murder, 4 of poisoning, 13 of bestiality, 9 of robbery with violence—and this rural population is only 2,735,487 individuals; and, as appears by the

official returns, the criminality among them is only in about the proportion of one fourth of that of the town population of Sweden. Now let us compare this with the state of the criminal calendar in other countries."

Mr. Laing then gives the returns for Norway and Denmark in 1835, Scotland in 1836, England and Wales in 1831, and Ireland in 1834, which we compress into the following tabular form. The fourth and fifth columns express the proportions of the accused and convicted to the entire population.

	Population.	Accused.	Convicted.	One in every	One in every
Sweden	2,983,144 ...	26,925 ...	22,292 ...	112½ ...	134
Norway	1,194,610 ...	2,616	457 ...	662*
Denmark	1,223,807 ...	1,806 ...	1,223 ...	678 ...	943
Scotland	2,365,114 ...	2,922 ...	2,152 ...	809 ...	1099
England & Wales..	13,894,574 ...	19,647 ...	13,830 ...	707 ...	1005
Ireland	7,943,940 ...	21,381 ...	14,253 ...	371½ ...	557†

From this return, it appears that in 1834, when three or four counties were in rebellion, and the Coercion Bill was passed, there were among our 8,000,000, 5644 fewer committals, and 8039 fewer convictions, and among the 14,000,000 of England and Wales, 7278 fewer committals, and 8462 fewer convictions in 1831, than in the 3,000,000 of Swedes in 1836. In the five years from 1830 to 1834 inclusive, the average yearly number of committals in this country was 1 in every 455, and of convictions, 1 in every 723 of the whole population, while we have seen that for the

* 1439 of the convictions were for police transgressions, which reduces the proportion of convictions for criminal offences, to 1 in every 1402.

† By the last Parliamentary return of the comparative amount of crime in this country, and England and Wales, which was published in 1838, and noticed in No. 11 of this Review, it appeared that of the more heinous class of crimes (those punished with death, transportation, or imprisonment for more than six months), the gross numbers were, in 1834, for England and Wales

For Ireland..... 6757

Being one heinous crime for every 2056 inhabitants in England and Wales, and 1 for every 3184 inhabitants in Ireland.

And in 1837, for England and Wales

For Ireland

Being one heinous crime for every 2220 inhabitants in England and Wales; and 1 for every 3267 in Ireland, and that for the 3 years 1835-6 and 7, the total number of convictions for burglary, simple larceny, and larceny by servants, was—

	Ireland.	Eng. & Wales.
Burglary	67 ...	1,034
Simple larceny	6761 ...	27,209
Larceny by servants.....	179 ...	2,302

The population of Ireland, to that of England and Wales, in those years, was as 4 to 7.

same five years in Sweden, the average of committals was 1 in every 114, and of convictions, 1 in every 140. In London, in 1834, with a population of 1,918,640, the committals for criminal offences were 3547, or 1 in every 540 persons of the population; while in the town population of Sweden, it was 1 in every 46. At the close of 1836, the county gaols of Sweden contained 13,209 prisoners, of whom 547 were debtors. Great Britain and Ireland, with their 27,000,000, would, at the same rate, have in prison 118,000 of their population—that is more than the peace establishment of the army and navy. Five murders in a population of 95,822, “with no peculiarity, favourable or unfavourable, to their moral state,” was considered a light criminal calendar in 1837, for the remote province of which the small town of Gefle is the head. Among the 40,671 isolated rural inhabitants of the island of Gothland, with 93 clerical charges, or 1 clergyman to every 435 individuals, the number condemned in 1837 was 147, or 1 in every 277 of the whole of the men, women, and children on the island; “41 for crimes of great moral magnitude, and 5 for crimes equivalent to murder.”

The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births was, according to Mr. Laing, for all Sweden, 1 to 14; for England and Wales, 1 to 19; for Stockholm (population 75,000), 1 to 2½; Paris, 1 to 5; London and Middlesex 1 to 38. But, as Mr. Laing well observes:—

“Figures do not bring home to our imaginations the moral condition of a population so depraved as that of Stockholm. In such a society, the offspring of secret adultery, and the births merely saved from illegitimacy by the tardy marriage of the parents, must be numerous in proportion to the general profligacy. If it were possible to deduct these from the one side of the account, and add them to the other to which they morally belong, what a singular picture of depravity on a great scale this city presents. Suppose a traveller standing in the streets of Edinburgh, and able to say, from undeniable public returns—“One out of every three persons passing me is, on an average, the offspring of illicit intercourse; and 1 out of every 49 has been convicted within these twelve months of some criminal offence.” The remarkably low moral feeling in this community appears from the following fact. In all large cities in the present age, houses of ill-fame—brothels where they do exist—are silently tolerated by the local authorities, as evils which the police must watch over, and which the growing sense of decency, of religion, of morality,

among the lower classes, their better education, their greater temperance, and higher civilization can alone remedy. But to openly establish them where they did not exist before, under the authority of government, and as one of its public institutions for the health or morals of the people: to hire a hotel for such a purpose in a principal street; collect unfortunate females to live in it, and give out a code of regulations for their conduct towards the public, appears a trait scarcely credible; yet this was done within these three years here, and the establishment was only abandoned because the wretched inmates fell victims to the barbarity of the regulations."—p. 115.

From Mr. Laing's "Reply," it appears doubtful whether this was a financial or a sanatory speculation of the government.

Mr. Laing frequently intimates an opinion that the Reformation has not been beneficial to Sweden. But surely this must be a mistake. One of his reasons for this odd and unaccountable fancy is, "that the change was the act of government, connected apparently with the policy of the new dynasty, and supported by an enlightened few, and by the inferior resident clergy, not averse to be relieved from celibacy and other restraints."

One great advantage derived from the sound religious and moral instruction of the Swedish people is, that among them—"you see no blackguardism, no brutality, no revolting behaviour. You may travel through the country, and come to the conclusion that the people are among the most virtuous in Europe."—"In walking through the streets (of Stockholm), I never saw an immodest, or even suspicious look or gesture among even the lowest classes of people. For propriety of dress and demeanour, the town might be peopled by vestals—and yet one third of the infants are bastards. I confess I do not like this, either in a people or in an individual. I prefer a little open Irish blackguardism."

Sweden being such a "true Protestant" country, the right of private judgment must, as a matter of course, be allowed in all its latitude. But Mr. Laing says:

"The Swede has no freedom of mind, no power of dissent in religious opinion from the established Church; because although toleration nominally exists, a man not baptized, confirmed, and instructed by the clergyman of the establishment, could not communicate in the established Church, and could not marry or hold office, or exercise any act of majority as a citizen—would

in fact, be an outlaw." "Hadelse Mod Gud, or contempt of God, is a crime for which, from 1830 to 1836 inclusive, 14 persons have been condemned to death, or to slavery in chains for life. In this crime, as in treason, government must institute the proceedings: that is, the ecclesiastical department, the Minister of State for Church affairs, orders the prosecution. It is not, therefore, an old remnant of monkish law, working unobserved by government in rare cases; but it is inquisition law, working in the hands of a Lutheran State-Church, as thoroughly as in Spain or Portugal, in the hands of a Roman Catholic Church. The undefined nature of the crime which may be twisted so as to comprehend all sorts of religious dissent; the immoral nature of the evidence which generally must rest upon the espionage of servants or guests, as in the case I heard of; and the guilt itself, which religion takes out of the hands of man and punishes here or hereafter in its own way, makes this no object for human law to deal with in enlightened times." "The crime of 'mockery of the public service of God, or contemptuous behaviour during the same,' is the first in the rubric of the second class of crimes: that is, it comes after murder, blasphemy, sodomy, but before perjury, forgery, or theft. It is, evidently, a very undefined crime, but is visited with punishment in chains for various terms of years, as a crime against the Church establishment. Between 1830, and 1836, not fewer than 242 persons have been condemned to chains for this crime in Sweden. Who will say that the Inquisition was abolished by Luther's Reformation? It has only been incorporated with the State in Lutheran countries, and exercised by the Church through the ecclesiastical department of government in the civil courts, instead of in the Church courts. The thing itself remains in vigour; Lord Molesworth was right when he said, that the whole of the northern people of Lutheran countries had lost their liberties ever since they changed their religion for a better."—p. 325-6.

The civil liberty of the nation is on a par with everything else. The press is under a censorship. The servants in husbandry may, by law, be cudgelled by their masters to any extent, short of killing or maiming, for negligence, determinable by the judgment of the master. "The servant may change his service at the end of ten months, on giving due warning, but has no right of action on the master for personal maltreatment, and during his time of service has no more rights than a slave."—"These people are trained to obedience, and in that class, to consider nothing their own but what is left to them by the clergy and government, to whom, in the first place, their labours, time,

and property, must belong. A country in this state wants the very foundation on which civil liberty must stand—a sense of independence and property among the people. In the present social condition of this people, a free constitution, or liberal institutions would have no basis to rest upon—no support below.”

We hasten to close our notice of this volume by transferring to our pages the “three facts” which Mr. Laing mentions at the close of his “Observations,” as the amount of his acquisitions from his Swedish tour.

“1st. The Swedish nation is more generally educated than the English, the Scotch, or perhaps any in Europe, except the Danish. Elementary education, in reading, writing, and the shorter catechism of the Lutheran Church, is so universal, that even the aid of the schoolmaster in these branches is superseded in many districts, and the children are instructed by their parents. The educational institutions of government, the two universities, the twelve gymnasia, the numerous Latin, or high schools, and apologist, or common schools, and the law requiring adults to show that they can read and understand the Scriptures before they can be admitted to the Communion-table, and to have taken the Communion before they can marry, or exercise any act of majority, diffuse widely the means of education and its first elements. The many periodical and other publications constantly issuing from the Swedish press, and the establishments in the bookselling-trade to be found in the smallest and most remote towns, prove that the Swedes are an educated, reading people.

“2nd. In no country in Europe is the Church establishment so powerful and perfect. In Sweden there is not merely an union of Church and State—the Church is a distinct component portion of the State, equal in its constitutional share in the legislature, to the whole body of the aristocracy, or of the representatives of the people, and possessing extensive authority and influence, besides its share in the legislature, through the department of government for Church affairs. It has but one religion—its own—to deal with in the nation; there being no Catholics, nor Calvinists among the Swedes, and is undisturbed by sectarianism or dissent of any note, from its doctrines or forms. Its members, as a body, are highly educated, of undeniable piety and zeal, with very efficient internal regulations in their establishment for preventing negligence or laxity in the discharge of clerical duties, or the admission of incompetent individuals to clerical functions. The exemplary church attendance of the people, the erections of new, and decorations of old churches, by voluntary contributions, and the free-will offerings

at Easter and Christmas to their pastors, prove, beyond question, the popularity and influence of the established clergy in Sweden, and the good feeling in general of their flocks towards them.

"Notwithstanding this powerful, effective, and complete Church establishment, and notwithstanding this very wide diffusion of education and religious instruction, by parental and clerical tuition, and by an extensive and efficient national establishment of public schools suitable to all classes, the Swedish nation stands among the lowest in the scale of morality. No other three millions of moral beings in Europe appear to commit within a given time so large an amount of crime and moral transgressions."

The principal inference which our author deduces from this startling result, is, that the cause of the demoralization is the excessive interference of the government with the public and private affairs of the people, leaving them no independent action as free moral agents. "Man must have liberty even to do wrong, or he is but a puppet, without freedom or action as a moral being, without merit in what he does, without self-approbation, or self-respect." "Such a state of laws and institutions in a country, reduces the people as moral beings to the state of a soldiery, who, if they fulfil their regimental duties and military regulations, consider themselves absolved from all other restraints on conduct. This is the condition of the Swedish people. The mass of the nation is in a state of pupillage, living like soldiers in a regiment, under classes or oligarchies of privileged bodies — the public functionaries, clergy, nobility, owners of estates exempt from taxation, and incorporated traders exempt from competition. Under this pressure in Sweden upon industry, property, liberty, free-opinion, and free-will, education is but a source of amusement, or of speculation in science, without influence on private morals, or public affairs; and religion, a superstitious observance of Church days, forms, and ordinances, with a blind veneration for the clergy, but as far removed as ever the Roman Catholic ceremonial church was (i. e. in Mr. Laing's opinion), from promoting any moral improvement of society."

We part with this volume with an earnest recommendation to those of our readers who may wish to understand the condition of Sweden to buy or borrow it. Soon after its appearance, the Swedish government attempted to refute some of the statements in it, by a pamphlet published in London. This drew a "Reply" from Mr. Laing, which com-

pletely substantiated the positions that had been attacked. From this we excerpt the following facts respecting the statistics of Sweden in 1838. In that year the number of persons prosecuted for criminal offences was 29,983; convicted 25,018. In the country courts there were tried 28 cases of murder, 12 of child-murder, and 7 of poisoning. In the town courts: one of murder, 1 of incendiarism and murder, and 1 of robbery, incendiarism, and murder, united, for all which 62 persons were condemned. In the country courts, there were also 6 cases of violent robbery, 16 of perjury, and 4 of incendiarism, for which 35 persons were convicted. In the town courts there were also 112 cases of forgery. In both courts there were 3196 cases of theft; 21 suffered under the northern inquisition for contempt of public worship. The divorces in the year were 147; the suicides 172. Of the 2714 children born in Stockholm in that year, 1577 were legitimate, 1137 illegitimate, making only a balance of 440 chaste mothers out of 2714, and the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children not as 1 to 2½, but as 1 to 1½. Mr. Laing candidly admitted that he was mistaken when he laid down the former proportion.

Mr. Laing's *Notes of a Traveller*, are the calm judicious summings up of a very impartial, independent, and original observer, on the condition of the several countries which he passes in review. He seems to have thoroughly investigated every subject on which he writes, and gives his own common-sense views of it, utterly indifferent to the conceits of the self-styled philosophers, who have delivered their pompous and almost oracular responses upon it. Thus he shews, in opposition to all that was ever written against the abolition of the feudal tenure and the law of primogeniture in France, that that measure is the principal cause of the present great prosperity, industry, and happiness of the French nation. In handling this question, he notices the custom which formerly prevailed all over Scotland, and still continues in the northern counties of that country, of allowing the cottier tenantry to pay for their lands in kind. These observations are so judicious, and may be so useful in the consideration of the Irish Landlord and Tenant Question, at the present moment, that we willingly transfer them to our pages.

“The latter were generally charged a rent in kind, that is, in a proportion of the crops produced, or with a reference to the average

crops of the land. The peasant could understand the simple data before him, knew at once whether the land could produce enough to feed his family and leave a surplus such as was demanded for rent, and, if not, he sought a living in some other employment. His standard of living was not deteriorated by his rent in kind, because he had a clearly seen surplus of the best as well as of the worst of the products of his farm for family consumption, after paying the portion of these products that were his rent. The Irish small tenantry, on the contrary, have to pay for their land in money. It would be just as reasonable to make them pay for their land in French wines for the squire, or Parisian dresses for the lady. Their land produces neither gold, nor silver, nor Irish bank notes. It is not reasonable to make the peasant, the ignorant man, pay in those commodities—they are but commodities, like wines and silks—and to make men, simple, inexperienced in trade, and a prey to market-jobbers, to run the double mercantile risk of selling their own commodities, and buying those in which their landlords choose to be paid their rents. The great capitalist-farmer may choose to add the trade of the corn-merchant to that of the agriculturalist, and to take the mercantile as well as the agricultural risks and profits upon himself; but even the shrewdest of this class, the great farmers of the south of Scotland, are dropping, as fast as they can, this mercantile branch of farming-business, and coming back to the natural principle of farming, that of paying for their land a proportion of what the land produces, so many bolls of grain per acre—throwing upon the laird the risk which, in reason and common sense, ought to devolve upon him, that of turning his share of the produce raised by the farmer's labour, skill, and capital, out of his acres, into gold or bank bills.

“Money-rent deteriorates the condition of a small tenant in two ways. The more honestly he is inclined, the more poorly and meanly he must live. He must sell all his best produce, his grain, his butter, his flax, his pig, and subsist upon the meanest of food, his worst potatoes and water, to make sure of money for his rent. It thus deteriorates his standard of living. He is also tempted by money-rent out of the path of certainty into that of chance. It thus deteriorates his moral condition. Ask him six barrels of oats, or barley, or six stones of butter, or flax, for a piece of land which never produced four, and his common sense and experience guides him. He sees, and comprehends the simple data before him, knows from his experience that such a crop cannot be raised, such a rent cannot be afforded, and he is off to England or America to seek a living. But ask him six guineas per acre for a piece of land, proportionably as much over-rented as the other, and he trusts to chance, to accident, to high market prices, to odd jobs of work turning up, to summer or harvest labour out of the country—in short, he does not know to what; for he is placed in a false position,

made to depend upon chance of markets, and on mercantile success and profits, as much as upon industry and skill in working his little farm."—pp. 43-44.

On another subject also, the superiority of small farms to large ones, the right apprehension of which is of such importance to our countrymen, he throws great light. On this he says:—

"Another axiom taken up as granted, and as quite undeniable, by our agriculturists and political economists, is, that small farms are incompatible with a high or perfect state of cultivation in a country. In the same breath they recommend a garden-like cultivation of the land. Pray what is a garden but a small farm? and what do they recommend, but that a large farm should be, as nearly as possible, brought into the state of cultivation and productiveness of a garden or small farm? This can only be done, they tell us, by the application of large capitals, such as small farmers cannot command, to agriculture: let us reduce these grand words to their proper value. Capital signifies the means of purchasing labour; the application of capital to agriculture means the application of labour to land. A man's own labour, as far as it goes, is as good as any he can buy, nay, a great deal better, because it is attended by a perpetual overseer—his self-interest, watching that it is not wasted or misapplied. If this labour be applied to a suitable, not too large nor too small, area of soil, it is capital applied to land, and the best kind of capital, and applied in the best way to a garden-like cultivation. A garden is better dug, and manured, and weeded, and drained, and is proportionably far more productive than a large farm, because more toil and labour, that is, more capital is bestowed upon it, in proportion to its area. A small farm, held not by the temporary right of a tenant, and under the burden of a heavy rent, but by the owner of the soil, and cultivated by the labour of his family, is precisely the principle of gardening applied to farming; and in the countries in which land has long been occupied and cultivated in small farms by the owners—in Tuscany, Switzerland, and Flanders—the garden-like cultivation and productiveness of the soil are cried up by those very agriculturists and political economists, who cry down the means, the only means, by which it can be attained universally in a country—the division of the land into small garden-like estates, farmed by the proprietors."—pp. 46-47.

It appears that one half of the whole population of France are now proprietors, and, counting their families, two thirds of the whole are engaged in the direct cultivation of the soil; that the arable land now is but little more than it was in 1789; and yet that, in consequence of the present subdivision and

superior cultivation of the land, the present thirty-three millions are far better off in every respect than the former population, prior to 1789, of only twenty-five millions. As a further illustration of his views on this subject, we quote again:—

“ Why should the physical and moral condition of this population (that of Tuscany) be so superior to that of the Neapolitans, or of the people in the Papal states? The soil and climate and productions are the same in all these countries. The difference must be accounted for by the happier distribution of the land in Tuscany. In 1836, Tuscany contained 1,436,785 inhabitants, and 130,190 landed estates. Deducting 7901 estates belonging to towns, churches, or other corporate bodies, we have 122,289 belonging to the people—or, in other words, 48 families in every 100 have land of their own to live from. Can the striking difference in the physical and moral condition, and in the standard of living, between the people of Tuscany and those of the Papal states be ascribed to any other cause? The taxes are as heavy in Tuscany as in the dominions of the Pope; about 12s. 6d. sterling per head of the population in the one, and 12s. 10d. in the other. But in the whole Maremma of Rome, of about thirty leagues in length by ten or twelve in breadth, Mons. Chateauvieux reckons only twenty-four factors, or tenants of the large estates of the Roman nobles. From the frontier of the Neapolitan to that of the Tuscan state, the whole country is reckoned to be divided in about six hundred landed estates. Compare the husbandry of Tuscany, the perfect system of drainage, for instance, in the strath of the Arno by drains between every two beds of land, all connected with a main drain—being our own lately introduced furrow tile-draining, but connected here with the irrigation as well as the draining of the land,—compare the clean state of the growing crops, the variety and succession of green crops for foddering cattle in the house all the year round, the attention to collecting manure, the garden-like cultivation of the whole face of the country, compare these with the desert waste of the Roman Maremma, or with the papal country of soil and productiveness as good as that of the vale of the Arno, the country about Foligno and Perugia; compare the well-clothed, busy people, the smart country girls at work about their cows' food, or their silkworm leaves,—with the ragged, sallow, indolent population lounging about their doors in the papal dominions, starving, and with nothing to do on the great estates; nay, compare the agricultural industry and operations in this land of small farms, with the best of our large-farm districts, with Tweedside, or East Lothian—and snap your fingers at the wisdom of our Sir Johns, and all the host of our book-makers on agriculture, who bleat after each other that solemn saw of the thriving-tenantry-times of the war—that small farms are incompatible with a high and perfect

state of cultivation. Scotland, or England, can produce no one tract of land to be compared to this strath of the Arno, not to say for productiveness, because that depends upon soil and climate, which we have not of similar quality to compare, but for industry and intelligence applied to husbandry, for perfect drainage, for irrigation, for garden-like culture, for clean state of crops, for absence of all waste of land, labour, or manure, for good cultivation, in short, and the good condition of the labouring cultivator. These are points which admit of being compared between one farm and another, in the most distinct soils and climates. Our system of large farms will gain nothing in such a comparison with the husbandry of Tuscany, Flanders, or Switzerland, under a system of small farms."—pp. 459-60.

In the present excitement with regard to the question of fixity of tenure, the following sketch of the mode in which the Prussian government, for the purpose of preserving its own existence by giving the people an interest in the defence of the country, raised its mere predial slaves to the rank of independent landholders, may not be uninteresting or useless:—

"Previous to 1800, landed property was, on the greater part of the continent, divided into noble or baronial, and peasant, roturier, or not noble holdings. The former class of estates could only be held by nobility, and had many unjust exemptions from public burdens, and many oppressive privileges attached to them. These baronial estates, by far the greatest in extent, had the peasantry who were born on the land *adscripti glebæ*; had a right to their labour every day for the cultivation of the domain; had civil and criminal jurisdiction over them in the baronial court of the estate; had a baronial judge, a baronial prison on the estate to incarcerate them, and a bailiff to flog them for neglect of work or other baronial offences. These slaves were allowed cottages with land upon the outskirts of the estate, and cultivated their own patches in the hours or days when their labour was not required on the barony lands. They paid tithes and dues out of their crops to the minister, the surgeon, the schoolmaster, and the barony or local judge who resided on the estate, and was appointed by the proprietor as patron both of the church and of the court of the barony, but out of the number of examined jurists, or students of law, who were candidates for these local judgeships.

"This is, for the system is not abolished altogether, the great object of the numerous body of law students at the German universities. The local judge is, like the minister, with a fixed and comfortable salary not depending on the will of the patron, and he is a servant of the state, revised by, and reporting to, the higher local

judicatories, and with promotion open to him from the local baronial to the higher courts of the country.

"If the serf deserted, he was brought back by the military, who patrolled the roads for the purpose of preventing the escape of peasants into the free towns, their only secure asylum, and was imprisoned, fed on bread and water in the black hole, which existed on every baronial estate, and flogged. The condition of these born serfs was very similar to that of the negro slaves on a West India estate during the apprenticeship term, before their final emancipation. This system was in full vigour up to the beginning of the present century, and not merely in remote unfrequented corners of the Continent, but in the centre of her civilisation—all round Hamburg and Lubeck for instance, in Holstein, Schleswig, Hanover, Brunswick, and over all Prussia. Besides these baronial estates with the born-serfs attached to them, there were Bauern Hofe, or peasant estates, which held generally of some baron, but were distinct properties, paying as feu duties or quit-rents so many days' labour in the week, with other feudal services and payments to the feudal superior. The acknowledgment of these as distinct legal properties not to be recalled so long as the peasant performed the services and payments established either by usage or by writings, was the first great step in Prussia towards the change in the condition of the peasantry. It was stretched so far as to include the serfs located on the outskirts of the barony, and paying daily labour for their patches of land, and who originally were intended by the proprietor to be his servants and day-labourers for cultivating his mains or home-farmed land, but who, by long usage and occupation for generations, had become a kind of hereditary tenants, not to be distinguished from those occupants acknowledged to be proprietors, or what we would call copyholders. Prince Hardenberg's energetic administration made all these occupants the absolute proprietors of their several holdings, for the yearly payment of the quit rents they had been paying to the baronial proprietor, and had these quit rents, whether paid in labour or other services, or in grain, valued by commissioners at fixed moderate rates, and had them commuted and bought up from the dominant property, under inspection of the commissioners, by the surrender to it of a portion of the land of the servient property, if the peasant had no money for the purchase of the redemption. This great and good measure, which was projected and carried into effect by Stein and Hardenberg in a succession of edicts, from that of October 9, 1807, up to June 7, 1821, is the great and redeeming glory of the reign of Frederic William III, and, like all great and good measures, was accomplished with much less difficulty than was anticipated. Feudality had become effete. A strong and vigorous exertion was necessary to give the people something to defend—some material interest in the country. By this measure, Prussia was at once

covered with a numerous body of small proprietors, instead of being held by a small privileged class of nobility.

"This revolution in the state of property was almost as great as that which had taken place in France, and it is pregnant with the same results and tendencies. It gave comfort, well-being, property, to a population of serfs. It emancipated them from local oppression, raised their moral and physical condition, gave them a political, although as yet unacknowledged, existence, as the most important constituent element of the social body."—pp. 83-85.

Mr. Laing has an interesting and curious chapter on functionalism on the Continent, demonstrating as plain as any political proposition can be demonstrated, that it is destructive to the civil liberty, morals, wealth, and industry, of every nation which is cursed with it.

His views on the Prussian educational system, and on popular education in general, are so completely confirmatory of those which we advanced in a former number of this review, that we shall content ourselves with quoting liberally, and not adding an observation of our own:—

"The educational system of Prussia is admirable—admirable as a machinery by which schools, schoolmasters, superintendence of them, checks, rewards both for the taught and the teachers, and in a word education—that word being taken in the meaning of the means of conveying certain very useful acquirements to every class of society, and to every capacity of individuals—are diffused over the country, and by law brought into operation upon every human being in it. The machinery for national education is undoubtedly very perfect. The military organisation of the whole population, and the habitual interference of government in all the doings and concerns of every individual—his very outgoing and incoming being, from the nature of his military service, matter of leave, licence, superintendence, and passport—make it as easy to establish an admirable system and regulation in every object government undertakes throughout the kingdom as in a barrack yard. But great statesmen and politicians, especially of the military and nobility who see only one class or one side of society, are very apt to mistake the perfection of the means for the perfection of the end. The mistake is common with our own parliamentary philosophers.".....

"The educational system of Prussia is no doubt admirable as a machinery; but the same end is to be attained in a more natural and effective way—by raising the moral condition of the parents to free agency in their duties; or if not—if education, that is, reading, writing, and arithmetic, cannot be brought within the acquirements of the common man's children, but upon the Prussian semi-coercive

principle of the state, through its functionaries, intruding upon the parental duties of each individual, stepping in between the father and his family, and enforcing by state regulations, fines, and even imprisonment, what should be left to the moral sense of duty and natural affection of every parent who is not in a state of pupillage from mental imbecility—then is such education not worth the demoralising price paid for it—the interference with men as free moral agents, the substitution of government enactments and superintendence in the most sacred domestic affairs for self-guidance by conscience, good principle, and common sense—the reduction in short of the population of a country to the social condition of a soldiery off duty roaming about their parade ground under the eye and at the call of their superiors, without free agency or a sense of moral responsibility. Moral effects in society can only be produced by moral influences. We may drill boys into reading and writing machines; but this is not education. The almost mechanical operations of reading, writing, and reckoning, are unquestionably most valuable acquirements—who can deny or doubt it?—but they are not education; they are the means only, not the end—the tools, not the work, in the education of man. We are too ready in Britain to consider them as tools which will work of themselves—that if the labouring man is taught to read his Bible, he becomes necessarily a moral, religious man—that to read is to think. This confounding of the means with the end is practically a great error. We see no such effects from the acquisition of much higher branches of school education, and by those far above the social position of the labouring man. Reading and writing are acquirements very widely diffused in Paris, in Italy, in Austria, in Prussia, in Sweden; but the people are not moral, nor religious, nor enlightened, nor free, because they possess the means: they are not of educated mind in any true sense. If the ultimate object of all education and knowledge be to raise man to the feeling of his own moral worth, to a sense of his responsibility to his Creator and to his conscience for every act, to the dignity of a reflecting, self-guiding, virtuous, religious member of society, then the Prussian educational system is a failure. It is only a training from childhood in the conventional discipline and submission of mind, which the state exacts from its subjects. It is not a training or education which has raised, but which has lowered, the human character. This system of interference and intrusion into the inmost domestic relations of the people, this educational drill of every family by state means and machinery, supersedes parental tuition. It is a fact not to be denied, that the Prussian population is at this day, when the fruits of this educational system may be appreciated in the generation of the adults, in a remarkably demoralised condition in those branches of moral conduct which cannot be taught in schools, and are not taught by the parents, because parental tuition is broken in

upon by governmental interference in Prussia, its efficacy and weight annulled, and the natural dependence of the child upon the words and wisdom of its parent—the delicate threads by which the infant's mind, as its body, draws nutriment from its parent—is ruptured. They know little of human nature who know not that more of moral education may be conveyed in a glance of a mother's eye than in a whole course of reading and writing, under educational sergeants in primary schools and gymnasia. Of all the virtues, that which the domestic family education of both the sexes most obviously influences—that which marks more clearly than any other the moral condition of a society, the home state of moral and religious principles, the efficiency of those principles in it, and the amount of that moral restraint upon passions and impulses, which it is the object of education and knowledge to attain—is undoubtedly female chastity. Will any traveller, will any Prussian say, that this index-virtue of the moral condition of a people is not lower in Prussia than in almost any part of Europe.* It is no uncommon event in the family of a respectable tradesman in Berlin to find upon his breakfast table a little baby, of which, whoever may be the father, he has no doubt at all about the maternal grandfather. Such accidents are so common in the class in which they are least common with us—the middle class, removed from ignorance or indigence,—that they are regarded but as accidents, as youthful indiscretions, not as disgraces affecting, as with us, the respectability and happiness of all the kith and kin for a generation. This educational drill of all the children of the community to one system, in schools in which the parent has no control or election of what is taught, or by whom or how, is a very suitable prelude to the education that follows it—the barrack life of all the Prussian youth, during three years of the most precious period of human life for forming the moral habits and character of the man as a future member of society. The unsettled military life for three years of every Prussian on his entrance into the world as a man, the idleness, want of forethought, and frivolity inseparable from his condition during this period, his half-military, half-civilian state, neither one nor the other, during all the rest of his life, his condition of pupillage under his civil or military functionaries, in every act or movement during his existence, from his primary school

* "In 1837 the number of females in the Prussian population between the beginning of their sixteenth year and the end of their forty-fifth year—that is, within child-bearing age—was 2,983,146; the number of illegitimate children born in the same year was 39,501, so that 1 in every 75 of the whole of the females of an age to bear children had been the mother of an illegitimate child.

"Prince Pukler Muskau states in one of his late publications (*Südöstlicher Bildersaal*, 3 Thel. 1841), that the character of the Prussians for honesty stands far lower than that of any other of the German populations; but he adduces no statistical data for this opinion. As a Prussian, he would scarcely come to such a conclusion, if it were not generally believed in Germany."

service (*schulpflichtigkeit*) to his being enrolled in old age as a landsturm man, are in reality the steps of his education. Are these the steps to any of the true objects of education? to the attainment of any high feeling of individual moral worth and dignity? This educational system is in reality, from the cradle to the grave, nothing but a deception, a delusion put upon the noblest principle of human nature—the desire for intellectual development—a deception practised for the paltry political end of rearing the individual to be part and parcel of an artificial and despotic system of government, of training him to be either its instrument or its slave, according to his social station.”.....

“*Selbstsgefühl* is a superb word which the German language possesses, to describe the sense of one's own moral dignity as a man; but the feeling or sentiment it expresses is wanting in a remarkable degree where you expect to find it strongest,—among the German youth, the nationally educated youth. Did it ever happen to a traveller taking a walk in the neighbourhood of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Saint Andrews, or of any of the universities in the United States, to be accosted by a stout, able-bodied, well-enough-dressed student begging, with cap in hand, for money from the passengers on the high road? Ten thousand to one no man alive ever witnessed such debasement of mind among the youth of those countries, educated or not educated. The lad would sell his clothes, work, enlist, starve, drown, hang, but beg he would not. In Germany, within half a mile of the university of Bonn, on a Sunday evening when all the town was abroad walking, I have seen a student in tolerably good clothes, his tobacco-pipe in his mouth, begging with his hat off on the public road, running after passengers and carriages, soliciting charity, and looking very sulky when refused; and the young man in full health, and with clothes on his back that would sell for enough to keep him for a week. This is no uncommon occurrence on the German roads. Every traveller on the roads around Heidelberg, Bonn, and the other university towns of Germany, must have frequently and daily witnessed this debasement of mind among the youth. This want of sensibility to shame, or public opinion, or to personal moral dignity, is a defect of character produced entirely by the system of government interference in all education and all human action. It is an example of its moral working on society. It is not from moral worth, character, or conduct in their private relations, but from government, from educational, military, or civil functionaries, that the studying class have, in every stage of life, to seek advancement. The generous feelings, impulses, and motives of youth, are smothered under the servile institutions of the governments, by which the means of living in any of the liberal professions, or even in the ordinary branches of industry, are to be obtained only by government licence, appointment, and favour, not

by moral worth, merit, and exertion, gaining the public estimation. Morally they are slaves of enslaved minds.".....

"The great proof of the deteriorating working of the Prussian educational system upon the public mind, is that the public mind lay torpid and unmoved, when the religious establishments of the Protestant Church, the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches, were abolished by royal edict, and a third thing—a new Prussian Church, neither Lutheran nor Calvinist—was set up, and imposed by the edict of civil power upon the Protestant population. The abolition of the religious observances and modes of public worship in which they had been bred, was quietly submitted to by an educated population of eight millions of Protestants, as a matter of police, not of conscience, as a matter quite as much within the legitimate right and power of their government, as a change in their custom-house laws—so low has this educational system reduced the religious and moral sense in Prussia, and the feeling of individual right to freedom of conviction—and except from a few villages in Silesia, which refused to abandon the Lutheran liturgy and observances, scarcely a murmur was heard from this educated population at a measure not only destructive to the Protestant religion, but the most arbitrary, and insulting to freedom of mind and conscience that has occurred in modern history. If eight millions of people, people with arms in their hands, are brought by this educational system to regard with indifference the interference of government with all that free men deem sacred in life, with family education, religion, conscience, free agency, and opinion in religious belief, to be the passive slaves of a government in which they are not represented—to be nothing but machines to be managed by the hands of a host of public functionaries—then let us educate our own families in our own way in Britain, or not educate them at all, rather than adopt a system of national education for teaching reading and writing, so deteriorating to the higher objects of education—the cultivation of moral and religious sentiment, and independence of mind among the people.".....

"The social value or importance of the Prussian arrangements for diffusing national scholastic education has been evidently over-rated; for now that the whole system has been in the fullest operation in society upon a whole generation, we see morals and religion in a more unsatisfactory state in this very country than in almost any other in the north of Europe; we see nowhere a people in a more abject political and civil condition, or with less free agency in their social economy. A national education, which gives a nation neither religion, nor morality, nor civil liberty, nor political liberty, is an education not worth having.".....

"Who could suppose while reading pamphlets, reviews, and literary articles out of number on national education, and on the

beautiful system, means, and arrangements adopted by Prussia for educating the people, and while lost in admiration in the educational labyrinth of country schools and town schools—common schools and high schools—real schools and classical schools—gymnasias—progymnasias—normal schools—seminariums—universities—who would suppose that with all this education, no education is allowed—that while reading and writing are enforced upon all, thinking and the communication of thoughts are prevented by an arbitrary censorship of the press, sometimes strict, sometimes lax? Who could suppose that the only visible use to the people of Prussia of all this national education is, in reality, to write out official, civil, or military reports from inferiors to superiors—that it enters in no other way into their social affairs? Who could suppose at the very period Victor Cousin, the Edinburgh Reviewers, and so many other eminent literary men of all countries were extolling the national education and general acquirement of reading in Prussia, and kindling around them a holy and virtuous enthusiasm among the moral and religious, for the diffusion of knowledge in all countries—that the exercise of worship any where but in a church was prohibited and made criminal in Prussia by an edictal law dated the 9th March, 1834; and that many persons suffering imprisonment, civil disabilities, or other punishments for this Prussian crime of worshipping God in their own houses, were only liberated and pardoned by the amnesty of August 1840.”.....

“ If to read, write, cipher, and sing, be education, the Prussian subject is an educated man. If to reason, judge, and act as an independent free agent, in the religious, moral, and social relations of man to his Creator, and to his fellow-men, be that exercise of the mental powers which alone deserves the name of education, then is the Prussian subject a mere drum boy in education, in the cultivation and use of all that regards the moral and intellectual endowments of man, compared to one of the unlettered population of a free country. The dormant state of the public mind on all affairs of public interest, the acquiescence in a total want of political influence or existence, the intellectual dependence upon the government or its functionary in all the affairs of the community, the abject submission to the want of freedom or free agency in thoughts, words, or acts, the religious thralldom of the people to forms which they despise, the want of influence of religious and social principle in society, justify the conclusion that the moral, religious, and social condition of the people was never looked at or estimated by those writers who were so enthusiastic in their praises of the national education of Prussia.”—pp. 164-233.

While on this subject, we cannot omit to mention one of the sources of the sound, practical, useful education, as to their social and constitutional rights, which the people of

England enjoy, and have enjoyed from time immemorial, long before the invention of printing or Protestantism—by having their attention directed to the application of the law to the every-day concerns of life in the courts of justice, by curiosity as spectators, or self-interest as suitors, or duty as jurors. Mr. Laing well observes on this:—

“ But there are other educational influences, of far more important action in forming the intellectual character of a people than schools or theatres, which the German people want, and the British possess. The social economist, who reflects upon our crowded open courts of law in the ordinary course of their business at Westminster Hall, or at the Court of Session, at the assizes or circuits, or sheriff-courts, in short wherever any kind of judicial business is going on, and upon the eagerness and attention with which the common people follow out the proceedings even in cases of no public interest, will consider the bar, with its public oral pleadings, examinations of witnesses, and reasonings on events, a most important instrument in our national education. Whoever attends to the ordinary run of conversation among our middle and lower classes, will think it no exaggeration to say, that the bar is more influential perhaps than the pulpit, in forming the public mind, and in educating and exercising the mental powers of the people. It is a perpetual exercise in applying principle to actions, and actions to principle. This unceasing course of moral and intellectual education, enjoyed by our very lowest class in every locality, is wanting in Germany in general, owing to the different mode of judicial procedure in closed courts, by written pleadings or private hearings of argument, and private examinations of facts and witnesses. Law and justice are, perhaps, as well administered in the one way as in the other; but the effects on the public mind, on the moral training of the character, and on the intellectuality and judgment of the common people are very different. All schools for the people, all systems of national education sink into insignificance, compared to the working of this vast open school for the public mind. We see its influence in the public press. Law cases are found to be the most interesting as well as the most instructive reading for the people, and our newspapers fill their columns with them. This taste has arisen also in France, since France has enjoyed open courts of law; and it is one of the most striking proofs of the social progress of the French people, that their theatres are deserted, and their courts of law crowded, and that their popular newspapers now report all interesting civil or criminal law cases.”—pp. 274-275.

Mr. Laing closes this volume with a summary of his observations on the systems of education pursued by the autocrats of the Continent; in which, after saying, that they are

"not adapted to the moral end of human existence, but to support their governments," he adds:—

"If we fairly consider the social condition of the continental man of whatever class, whatever position, or whatever country, Neapolitan, or Austrian, or Prussian, we find him, body and soul, a slave. His going out and coming in, his personal bodily and mental action in the use of his property, in the exercise of his industry and talents, in his education, his religion, his laws, his doings, thinkings, readings, talkings in public or private affairs, are fitted on to him by his master, the state, like clothing on a convict, and in these alone can he move, or execute any act of social existence. He has no individual existence socially or morally, for he has no individual free agency. His education fits him for this state of pupillage, but not for independent action as a reflecting, self-guiding being, sensible of, and daily exercising his social, political, moral, and religious rights and duties, as a free agent. In his position relatively to these rights and duties, the continental man stands on a level very far below that of the individual of our country in a corresponding class of society. With all the ignorance and vice imputed to our lower classes, they are in true and efficient education, as members of society acting for themselves in their rights and duties, and under guidance of their own judgment, moral sense, and conscience, in a far higher intellectual, moral, and religious condition, than the educated slaves of the Continent. This is the conclusion, in social economy, which the author of the preceding notes has come to, and which the reader is requested to consider."—p. 496.

To those of our Catholic readers who are perpetually pestered with the boastings of their Reformed neighbours, about the freedom of conscience and the right of private judgment, &c. &c, in Protestant countries, Mr. Laing's sketch of the royal fusion of the Calvinistic and Lutheran Churches of Prussia into the United Evangelical, or new Prussian Church, will be a source of instruction and interest. It appears that from the beginning of the seventeenth century, the electors of Brandenburg were anxious to accommodate the differences between the two churches. In 1817, his late majesty issued a proclamation for the execution of this favourite project. Consciences were not to be forced, all was to be left to the zeal and piety of the congregations and clergy. However, as Mr. Laing observes, "a king's wishes are commands, and strong commands, when his own example is laid down as the rule to be followed." Out of about 8950 congregations of the Protestant faith, 7750 were reported to have joined the union and adopted the new ritual. An order from the minister of state abolished the names of Lutheran, Reformed,

or Calvinistic, and Protestant Churches, and enjoined the general use of the name of the Evangelical only. In this amalgamating process, the differences between the Calvinists and Lutherans on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and predestination, were evaded by an "ingenious device." Mr. Laing states the differences on the former thus:—

"The old orthodox Lutheranism teaches, relative to the sacrament, 'there is a real substantial presence, participation and enjoyment of the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament, which, by means of an incomprehensible, so called, sacramental union with bread and wine, is so connected with it, that the partaker, while he receives the elements, partakes also of the real body of Christ *with* and *under* bread and wine, which, however, is not an *impanation*; that is to say, is not so to be understood, as if the body of Christ was locally enclosed in the bread, or was connected with it out of the sacramental participation. The participation of the body and blood of Christ, takes place not merely in a spiritual manner by faith, but by the mouth; but also not in a gross way, as if the body of Jesus was crushed by the teeth, and digested like other food; but it is a true, although supernatural sacramental eating of the body of Christ, which cannot be explained and comprehended, but is to be taken up merely by faith, and subjection of reason under obedience to Christ.' This is the original Lutheran doctrine, as laid down in the Concordia Formularis of instruction on the sacrament. The Puseyite of the English Church may perhaps understand it: the Calvinist can only wish him joy of his intellect, and honestly confess that it is to him unintelligible. The Lutheran Church, however, had practically abandoned the extreme of doctrine on this subject. Some of the greatest of her orthodox theologians, as Zacharias, and Storr, had long ago repudiated the gross idea of a *manducatio carnis*, and had gone over from the doctrine, which borders on sheer nonsense, to Calvin's theory of a *presentia operativa*, and held it to be, practically, a matter of indifference as to working of the Lord's supper on the human mind, whether it was received as a fleshly or a spiritual presence of Christ, through a mysterious working of the Holy Ghost in the sacramental elements; and it was generally admitted, that, as to practical effect or meaning, Zwingli's milder view of the Lord's supper, as commemorative only of the original scriptural event, was preferable to any other theory. The whole Lutheran Church had thus, in modern times, a tendency to some modification or other of Calvinistic doctrine on this subject."—pp. 183-184.

The "ingenious device" was this:—

"The synod amalgamated the forms, and left the substance, the doctrine, to shift for itself. In the consecration of the elements in the Lutheran, and in the Calvinistic Church, it is distinctly an-

nounced to the communicant in what sense it is presented to him—in the one, it is as the body and blood—in the other, it is as the symbols of the body and blood. The synod of Berlin evaded the dilemma, by not consecrating the elements at all, either in the one or in the other sense, but presenting them to the communicant with the historical averment, 'Christ said, This is my body,' &c. 'Christ said, This is my blood,' &c. Now that Christ said so, is not doubted; but the question is, in what sense did Christ say so? in the Lutheran or in the Calvinistic sense? By a quirk, unworthy of the importance of the act, the Lutheran or the Calvinist might receive the sacrament in this new Church, and each give the meaning he pleases, or that which is taught in his own Church, to it. Nay, the Jew, or the Mahometan, might very safely take the elements as here presented, without compromising his own faith, for they are only presented historically, and require no religious belief, no belief but in the historical fact, that on a certain occasion Christ said, This is my body,—This is my blood;—a fact, *per se*, not doubtful, nor questioned. This was no union of the Calvinistic and Lutheran Churches, but a *hocus pocus* trick played at the altar, by which each might do the same religious act, with totally different meanings."—pp. 185-186.

In 1822 a new Church service and liturgy was composed, by command of his majesty, and ordered to be adopted in the Evangelical Church. The people of two remote parishes in Silesia refused to accept of the new royal manufacture—had soldiers quartered on them as if they were public enemies; their church door blown down with a petard—in short, were ruined, and were obliged, to the number of 600, to emigrate to America.

In 1834, a royal edict issued, prohibiting the exercise of religious worship except within churches. "The most anti-Christian," says Mr. Laing, "and tyrannical law ever passed in modern times in any country, laying claim to civilization, religion, and the blessings of education."

It is to be regretted, that such is the disloyal perversity of human nature, that even among the Prussians, educated as they have been to the highest attainable point of abject thralldom, some are to be found who doubt the propriety—some so abandoned as to doubt even the right—of the king, aided by a couple of bishops, to abolish old churches and to replace them by a new one, and to settle in a cabinet council the doctrines on which the eternal salvation of the people is to depend. Some, again, ask, was the Protestant Church established for Prussia only?—and did Luther and Calvin preach for Prussia only? And even

the magistrates of Berlin were so lost to all genuine Protestant feeling, as to declare in an official letter, in 1824, that, as it was clear the king had not a right to interfere with the religious opinions of his Catholic subjects, the Protestants would be induced rather to go over to the *Catholic faith* than to be exposed to a constant inquietude of religious conscience by the ever-changing forms of religious worship, imposed according to the pleasures and personal views of each succeeding sovereign. Others, again, look on the new royal Church, as "an attempt to impose new shackles on the human mind, to turn religion into a support of despotism, and to train the Prussian mind, as the Russian mind is trained, into a religious veneration for, and almost worship of, the supreme aristocratic head of the state;" and in support of this notion, Mr. Laing cites from a tract, published in 1835, in Berlin, and, of course, with the approbation of the College of Censorship, as without it no work or passage can be offered to the public,—a passage for which we were about to say it would be difficult to find a parallel in any Christian country, except in the canons and homilies of the Church of England; but as we are not particularly conversant with the exact language in which the reformed clergy of other monarchical states have expressed their feelings about their royal head, we simply give the passage as we find it—"Do ye believe in God?—then must ye believe in Christ. Do ye believe in Christ?—then must ye believe in the king. He is our head on earth, and rules by the order of God. The king has appeared in the flesh in our native land." Mr. Laing himself does not speak with becoming respect of this new and mighty Reformation, as he asks—"What would those lords, and esquires, and clergy, say if a king, and irresponsible cabinet among us, were to put down the Churches of England and Scotland, and to impose on the people, by royal edict, a selection of Mrs. Barbauld's prayers and hymns, instead of the time-honoured liturgy of the former Church, and spirit-awakening effusions of the latter? This is precisely what has been done in Prussia." And he elsewhere calls,—*"the forced amalgamation of the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches into this third thing, neither Lutheran nor Calvinistic, and the abolition of the very name of the Protestant Church in Prussia, undoubtedly the most gratuitous, unhappy and senseless act of irresponsible despotism ever exercised over and submitted to by a Christian people in civilized times."*

We had marked several passages for quotation with reference to the "doggerel nursery rhymes" of the new liturgy, the limitation by the royal cabinet of the duration of the service and sermon, and the interference of the royal head of the Church in almost every thing connected with the new bantling, down to the appointment on all fast days, or particular Church days, of the texts "on which alone the ministers throughout the kingdom are allowed to preach;" but for these we think it better to refer our readers to the book itself. We had also marked for the same purpose, and omit for the same reason, a rapid outline of the persecution of the Protestants of Silesia, and of the character of the abominable sect of Muckers, "the only positively immoral religious sect of the present times in the Christian world," whose libertine practices are too gross to admit of description, or even of being named in our pages; and whose proceedings, though "many of the highest nobility of the province (Old Prussia), and two of the established clergy of the city (Konigsberg), besides citizens, artificers, and ladies, young and old," belonged to it, remained unnoticed by the government till "a Count Von Fenk, who had been a zealous member of the sect, complained to the consistory that the minister, Ebel, one of the pastors of the city, and who is one of its leaders, had attempted in his family a crime, of which the blasphemous sacrilege vied with its debauchery." (pp. 226-7.)

Though Mr. Laing frequently goes out of his way to throw out loose charges against the Catholic Church, yet what he witnessed in continental Protestant countries forced on him the conviction of the superiority of Catholicism to Protestantism, with regard to the civil and religious liberties of mankind. On this subject he says:—

"The principle that the civil government, or state, or Church and State united, of a country is entitled to regulate its religious belief, has more of intellectual thralldom in it than the power of the Popish Church ever exercised in the darkest ages; for it had no civil power joined to its religious power. It only worked through the agency of the civil power of each country. The Church of Rome was an independent, distinct, and often an opposing power in every country to the civil power, a circumstance in the social economy of the middle ages, to which, perhaps, Europe is indebted for her civilisation and freedom—for not being in the state of barbarism and slavery of the East, and of every country, ancient and modern, in which the religious and civil power have been united in

one government. Civil liberty is closely connected with religious liberty—with the Church being independent of the state, although not exactly in the way our Scotch clergy claim for the Church a Church power independent of the civil power. The question being agitated on the Continent as well as at home, deserves consideration.

“In Germany the seven Catholic sovereigns have 12,074,700 Catholic subjects, and 2,541,000 Protestant subjects. The twenty-nine Protestant sovereigns, including the four free cities, have 12,113,000 Protestant subjects, and 4,966,000 Catholic. Of these populations in Germany those which have their point of spiritual government without their states and independent of them,—as the Catholics have at Rome,—enjoy certainly more spiritual independence, are less exposed to the intermeddling of the hand of civil power with their religious concerns, than the Protestant populations, which, since the Reformation, have had Church and State united in one government, and in which each autocratic sovereign is *de facto* a home pope. The Church affairs of Prussia in this half century, those of Saxony, Bavaria, and of the smaller principalities, such as Anhalt Cothen, in all of which the state has assumed and exercised power inconsistently with the principles, doctrines, observances, or privileges of the Protestant religion, clearly show that the Protestant Church on the Continent, as a power, has become merely an administrative body of clerical functionaries acting under the orders of the civil power or state. The many able and pious men of the laity as well as clergy in Scotland, who contend that this subserviency of the Church to the State is not a sound and safe position for the Christian Protestant religion, are in the right practically as well as theoretically. The power of a state over the religious concerns of its subjects is proved by all history, ancient and modern, to be so adverse to the development of civil liberty, that it may be called the right arm of despotism. It is this power which enslaves the Russian and the Mahometan populations. It is adverse to the Protestant religion, not merely from the freaks or schemes of autocratic monarchs, endeavouring, as in Prussia, to convert religion into a state machine, an evil which a constitutional government may prevent, but by an evil which no form of government can prevent—by reducing the moral weight of the clergy of a country to that of state-paid functionaries. If the traveller fairly examines the religious and moral influence of the established clergy in Protestant countries, in Sweden, Denmark, England and Scotland, Prussia, Switzerland, he will find it diminished exactly in proportion to the power of the state over the religious concerns of the people, and at its minimum in those despotic states, such as Denmark and Prussia, in which the clergy act merely as functionaries put in by the state to perform certain duties according to certain forms.”—pp. 192-194.

As we do not mean to give any more quotations, or go into any further details of the contents of this volume, let us here remind the reader of what must have struck him, as a very extraordinary phenomenon in the character of these northern nations. In Norway, up to 1814, in Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, up to the present moment, we find Protestantism and education flourishing in the highest state of perfection, and the people, without a particle of liberty, civil or religious, in a state of pupillage and abject thralldom; in short, slaves in body and soul, and to all intents and purposes.

Mr. Laing devotes a whole chapter to a comparison of the present and probably future position of Catholicism and Protestantism, and comes to a conclusion by no means flattering to the pretensions of the latter. His views on the Corn Law question, and on the German commercial union, should be attentively studied by those who expect great results, whether favourable or unfavourable to our commerce, from either. In short, his observations on the various subjects indicated in his title page deserve to be deeply pondered over by all who feel an interest on those questions. His views are original and striking, and generally correct. We regret to be obliged to add, that his phraseology, particularly on the subject of the Catholic Church, is frequently coarse, unbecoming, and extremely objectionable. Whenever he sets about pointing out the moral or political merits of the Church in past or present times, he does it as much justice as could be reasonably expected from him. But whenever he is forced to speak ill of Lutheranism or Presbyterianism, or any other form of Protestantism, he generally closes with some observation to the disadvantage of the Church—which when impartially considered appears so obviously contradictory of his former eulogies, perhaps too on the very same point on which he now holds up the Church to censure—that our wonder is that a man of his sense did not see the absurdity of such contradictions. It might be that an inveterate habit of abusing Popery could not be always kept in control, or that to avoid, like Dr. Pusey, the suspicion of a Papistical tendency, or to maintain an air of impartiality, he felt it necessary to smooth down his condemnation of Protestantism by a passing censure on the Catholic Church. But he should recollect that he has now a character to maintain, and that to maintain it he must not be inconsistent, or yield to the long established Protestant practice of vilifying Catholicism at the expense of truth and justice. However,

all that we have to complain of in this respect are a few vague parenthetical observations, affecting to embrace in a dozen words the sum of the ecclesiastical history of centuries, and therefore not likely to produce an effect on persons possessing any tolerable share of sense or intellect. Another fault we must mention. Mr. Laing knows that it is the usage of every literary pedlar to slander our country, and to render it and its children ridiculous and contemptible. For whatever faults we have, we have been crushed and punished more than any people that ever existed. We therefore cannot afford to be represented as more vicious than we really are, and, consequently, a man of proper feeling should hesitate long before he wantonly assailed us, and should never assail us untruly. This was the course which we expected from Mr. Laing, and we regret that he should have deviated from it. Our readers will recollect in a quotation respecting the modest appearance of the Swedes, Mr. Laing's preference of "a little open Irish blackguardism." Why not select English or Scotch blackguardism? The English or Scotch could better afford to be reminded of their blackguardism, and the whole paragraph would then be more consistent and true. But it was safe and pleasant to abuse the Irish. Elsewhere, in the same volume, Mr. Laing says, Ireland "compared to Sweden is a pure and virtuous country." Why select Ireland for comparison with Sweden? There is not a country in the world which could be more favourably contrasted with Sweden than Ireland, were her calendar relieved from the offences which the civil wars for the possession of the means of existence occasion. We cannot envy the mind that could be indifferent to the calumny involved in the above comparison. These exceptions are so few, and the general merits of Mr. Laing's works are so great, that we should scarce have mentioned them, did we not wish to guard him against a repetition of conduct so unworthy of him. Of his two first volumes we have already expressed our opinions; of the third we have only in conclusion to say, that they contain a greater amount of sound practical political information than we ever before saw comprised in so small a compass, in any work professing to be only the Notes of a traveller.

ART. II.—*The Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Leopold Ranke, Professor in the University of Berlin. Translated from the German by Sarah Austin. 3 vols. Second Edition. London: 1841.

IN modern times history has assumed a novel and attractive appearance; it comes out upon the student as Göthe's harvest moon does on Faust's studio, pouring its reflected glories on heaps of parchment folios, the musty records of the historic alchymist, and presenting to the seeker of the hidden secrets of the past world, the springs and fountains of the mighty tide of events which has rolled over man and the busy crowd of by-gone generations. The great events of the world's mid-day activity, the sunlit haunts and passes of the way-faring multitude, are no longer objects for the historian; he must read with moonlight the wily turns of the human mind, and trace the elf-locked passes of the fairy spirits that held the spell, or plied the charm, which once set the world in motion. No doubt, when that light comes reflected from the great orb of truth, the study of the scenes it beams on is replete with attraction; the rugged outlines of man's contentions, the jarring elements of the human passions, are seen modified and softened down; the offensive asperities of prejudice and party strife hide half their baldness and deformity; but the medium of transition must be the lucid atmosphere of an upright and impartial mind, or the tints and shades of insincerity will discolour the entire landscape. When viewed through that transparent medium, it is singular what a genial influence is exercised on the beholder; his vision is as it were mollified, he can look with softened powers of discernment upon the objects of the scene, and in his judgments a pacified tone of moderation prevails over the glare of presumption and conceit, which used to light up so many exaggerated descriptions and historic pictures. Modern progress, as it is called, has very much favoured those lunar discoveries, and although history and its first-born progeny, biography, have entered the field with less pretensions than the other handmaids of science, their advance is far more important for the well being of society, and more interesting in its probable tendencies, than the boasted results of some of its noisy competitors in the temple of fame.

If truth be the glorious object of all human struggle, his-

toric reality, its most precious deposit, will be found amid the mountain stores of documentary evidences and national archives, now unfolding their treasures to research with much more advantage to the moral world, than the fire of the retort, or the hammer of the miner, can by possibility attain or present in their domains of discovery. If what once *was*, will *be* again, so that it is man's destiny to repeat and recopy himself, the mirror which will truly reflect his identity, or transmit his fair image, must well repay the efforts of search, and be itself an infallible conductor of truth. Rapid strides are being made in this department of science. History is fast progressing towards perfection, by advancing towards simplicity and fact. The romance of history, which was miscalled its philosophy, has lost all her votaries, and when the philosophy itself of human events shall follow in the wane of its deserted twin-sister, we shall have reality presented to us in all the native charms of facts and events occurring and recurring from the every-day accidents of life, which under an all-ruling Providence work out the mighty results of omnipotent wisdom, through the fragile instrumentality of poor human nature.

The work at the head of this article has earned no ordinary laurels in this progressive movement; elaborate honours have been heaped on its author by the most eloquent pen of modern criticism; gratitude for many concessions to which we Catholics have unfortunately been but little accustomed, led us,* on its first appearance, not to dwell upon the serious defects which we now feel it our duty to point out. The distinguished lady-translator who presents it now in its English garb, must still add to its fame, by the happy transition which, in her hands, it has undergone, from its pure German idiom to a flowing and, generally speaking, faithful English version. On many other accounts this work must challenge attention; first, there is a winning novelty for the lover of historic reading, in the idea that he takes up Ranke's *Popes*, to revel in the secret lives of those fabled old men, drawn from documents never before published, heightened by the plausible contrast of those truth-telling records with the disgusting calumnies of the vacillating Bower, — that venal apostate-Jesuit-Protestant writer of *Lives of the Popes*, the very Munchausen of ecclesiastical biography.

Again, there is a predisposing consciousness that when an

* See vol. v. p. 14.

upright stranger, and especially a devoted Protestant, lauds those long-traduced characters, after having had access to the diaries of their contemporaries, and ransacked the dispatches of the ambassadors at their courts, the love of truth must predominate. Hence this work ought to conduct its readers to conclusions which the benignant mind will always enjoy, by restoring to their true position in history those victims of calumny and fable. It is hardly necessary to say that we mean not to detract from those well-deserved attributions, nor to decry the real claims of Professor Ranke for the applause of the sincere enquirer after historic reality; but our position as readers, not being under similar disadvantages as our Protestant compeers, we cannot experience the same pleasurable results, and we rise from the perusal of his work with the deep regret of disappointed hope, and the still more melancholy conviction, that the true ecclesiastical and political history of the great pontiffs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is still unwritten. That feeling acquires a deeper tone of dissatisfaction when we contrast Ranke with his compatriots in the same career of fame,—candid and exalted men, who have poured out their lucid labours from the Protestant universities of Germany on the biography of some of the pontiffs of the preceding centuries, and set him such a noble example. From Heidelberg, for instance, there came forth Arendt's *Leo the Great and his Times*; from Schafhausen, Hürter's *Innocent the Third*, a majestic production of an ingenious and profound scholar; not forgetting another author, from his own northern regions of light, Dr. Voight, of Halle, in Saxony, and his celebrated defence of that most German-traduced pope, Saint Gregory VII, the now irreproachable Hildebrand. We shall not care to indulge in any more comparisons, but hasten to our task of inquiry—Is Ranke an historian? and deliberately state the grounds of our dissent. When we shall have fortified our readers against the erroneous conclusions to which Ranke's theorized facts inevitably lead, and pointed out the insincerity of his deductions from his own cited documents, we may be allowed to present an epitome of the momentous periods of Church history which are so luminously set forth by his master hand; if their patience be thus taxed by historic detail, we may venture to predict that their curiosity and appetite for substantial knowledge shall be highly gratified in the perusal.

It is only fair to allow the professor to introduce his readers to his design and undertaking, by citing the few concluding lines of his preface:—

"The papal power was not so unchangeable as is commonly supposed; if we recur to the principles which are the conditions of its existence, which it cannot abandon without condemning itself to ruin, we find that it has always been as profoundly affected by the vicissitudes which have befallen the nations of Europe as any other government; complete metamorphoses have taken place in its maxims, objects, and claims," &c. "If we look through the catalogue of names so often repeated, it produces the impression of an unbroken stability; but we must not suffer ourselves to be misled by this appearance, since, in truth, the popes of different ages are distinguished from each other by differences nearly as essential as the dynasties of a kingdom. In them we trace a portion of the history of the world, of the progress of the whole human race, not only in the periods of the undisputed supremacy of the Catholic Church, but perhaps still more so in those marked by the shock of action and counteraction, as in the times which this work is intended to embrace, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; in which we see the papacy threatened and shaken to its foundations, yet maintaining and strengthening, and even reextending, its power; in which we see it for a time advancing and conquering, but then again checked and tottering once more to *its fall*. This [concludes the professor] is the task I shall endeavour to fulfil."

To accomplish this task, the author asserts that he waded through the manuscript archives of the great European libraries, the secrets of Berlin, the treasures of Vienna, the dispatches of the ambassadors of Venice, and that after having thence collected forty-eight reports on Rome, he journeyed to that city to rectify, at the fountain-head, the casual errors of such foreign chronicles, and there, in the immense compilations of the records of the pontifical families, in the libraries of the Corsini, Barberini, Chigi, and other palaces, found unlimited liberty to satisfy his mission. Of the Vatican librarians, he insinuates a murmur of their suspicious caution, though his words rather contradict than sustain his complaint.* "I was enabled to ascertain what were the treasures of the Vatican, and to use a number of volumes, but I was not so fortunate as to obtain the full liberty of access which I desired."

So far we are in possession of the author's object, and the means by which he pursued it. Had he performed his task with truth and candour, he evidently had the ability and the means of presenting to the world a work which should challenge the universal approbation of the philosopher and the

* Preface.

historian. The great struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, between authority and innovation, was the mighty occupation of those centuries, and a historian could not select a nobler theme. The rapid progress of the reforming torrent, the gigantic strides of the so-called modern enlightenment, arrested and forced back by Catholicism, and the countries where the new creed had been universally established, reconquered by the ancient faith,—there was a problem for the Christian philosopher, the solution of which, on the data of history and the unerring principles of candour and truth, would have placed Ranke's work amongst the brightest gems of modern genius, and bestowed on the professor a chaplet of laurels that would outlive his monarch's crown: but Ranke's mind, evidently system-loving and theoretic, embraced within its sphere a given portion of European history, and building thereon a theory of human causes and effects, brings its various events to bear upon that adopted system. He permits himself a great liberty, he indicates a principle of his own imagining as the prominent cause of the incidental catastrophe he narrates, and traces the various oscillations of society to maxims in his theoretic code of its regulating laws; for instance, rigour in moral principles, and austerity in religious practices, is produced by a preceding relaxation in both, which, in their turn, must reproduce an impatience of restraint and an appetite for indulgence. Again, according to him, Catholicism in its prolific pruriency must engender Protestantism, and, in turn, amalgamate with its progeny, and thus derive a new life, or a renewed mode of existence, &c. Such theoretic ideas pervade every chapter of his *History*, and to give their exhibition a colour of probability, the ambassador's gossip, or the tale of some manuscript biography, occasionally even the lampoons placarded on the Torso of Pasquin, are profusely cited, and, we shall see, sometimes mistranslated.

Such sources of information are, after all, not the purest springs of truth; for example, although the Venetian ambassador would doubtless not lead his republic into error as regarded facts, still when he reports a conference or interprets the secret from the avowed intentions of a pontiff, we must be prepared to read his correspondence with caution, as biassed often by peculiar views, always as a statement congenial to his jealous government at home, as well as indicative of his own unconscious impatience or dissatisfaction abroad. Moreover, we must consider that during those cen-

turies the appetite for novelty had few vehicles to transmit or carry back gratification; no periodicals to satisfy its longings after publicity. The correspondence of an envoy had to fulfil most of those functions; and much of the anecdote and biography of that observing idler at a foreign court, must necessarily embrace those scandal tales and table-talk histories which now-a-days amuse our credulity in every shape and form of periodical publication.

What will strike the attentive reader of Ranke more than any other peculiarity in the historic illustrations of the professor's theory, is the singular phenomenon of moral effects from immoral causes; the wholesome efficacy of degenerate agency in purified productiveness; the extraordinary innate powers of the Papacy set forth as the mighty agents of the recovery and resuscitation of that Papacy, although worked and acting on the most defective, often the most baneful principles. This might be classed as the cardinal error of the historian; a propensity to see error in principles, no matter what consequences may be visible, or of fact; an analysis which abandons obvious data, because simply right, to recur to latent or supposititious causes, because obscurely determinable in the accompanying accidents of recurring events.

We shall limit the examination of this singular inconsistency to three principal heads, and shall thus have ample opportunity of illustrating the other defects and errors of this history in their details, as the workings of the religious counteraction subsequent to the Reformation were, according to him, undertaken and sustained by three great agencies: first, the institution of order of the Jesuits, then the Council of Trent, and lastly, the religious Ambition of the successive pontiffs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We shall begin by a brief notice of the first-named instrument in the hands of the popes for counteracting the progress of the religious reform. This at once introduces the reader to one of the most interesting, indeed we must say the most amusing, episode of the entire work; namely, the comparison between St. Ignatius Loyola and Martin Luther! Let us observe how pliantly the incidents of character or accidents of life are adapted to theory in this curious analysis of the most diametrically opposite characters.

Our author having briefly noticed the foundations of the Theatins, and of the Barnabites, both congregations of the regular clergy, as indicative of the great tendency of the age towards renovation of Catholicism, remarks that far greater

powers than those were necessary to stem the tide of Protestantism, and that such rose into existence in the singular and unlooked for origin of the Jesuits. He says:—

“Spanish chivalry alone had retained a religious spirit, and its potency was never more strikingly manifested than in the life of that singular man, Don Inigo Lopez de Recalde, the youngest son of the house of Loyola. He aspired after the reputation of knighthood, splendid arms, noble steeds, the fame of valour: the adventures of single combat and of love were not less attractive to him than to any of his youthful compeers. Probably we should have heard little of him if he had not been wounded at the defence of Pampe-luna, 1521. He was carried to his own house, where his wounds were twice reopened; the intense pain which he bore with unshrinking fortitude was borne in vain, and he was maimed for life.* He was versed in romances, delighted especially in the Amadis, and during his long confinement read also the lives of Christ and of some saints. Romantic and visionary by nature, forced from a career which appeared to promise him the most brilliant fortunes, rendered irritable and sensitive by illness, he fell into the most extraordinary state of mind; not only did he deem the actions of St. Francis and St. Dominic, which now appeared before him in all the brilliancy of spiritual glory, worthy of imitation, but he felt himself endowed with courage to imitate them, to emulate the self-denial and the austerities of those holy men. With the same vivacity of imagination he figured to himself how he would seek out the lady to whose service he had devoted himself.....Such were the fantasies which alternately possessed his mind. But the longer this state continued, and the more hopeless was the cure, the more did the spiritual gain ascendancy over the earthly visions. Are we guilty of injustice to him if we attribute this to his gradual conviction that he could never be wholly restored, never again fit for military service or for knightly exploits? Nor was the transition so abrupt as might be imagined. In his spiritual exercises, whose origin may be dated from the same time as the first rapturous meditations of his awakened spirit, he figures to himself two camps, one at Jerusalem, the other at Babylon; the one of Christ, the other of Satan, arrayed in combat,” &c.

Here the heads of this celebrated meditation of Ignatius's

* Mrs. Austin outstrips the author in this passage. He does not maim the saint for life, but gives a graphic trait in his character, which she overlooks. “Und obwohl er so standhaft war, dass er sich zu hause wohin man ihn gebracht, den schaden zwei mal aufbrechen liess—in dem heftigsten schmerz kniff er nur die Faust zusammen, auf das schlechteste geheilt zu werden,” literally—whilst he had the courage to allow his wounds to be twice opened, “in the bitterest agony, he only clasped his hands together,” and after all the cure was most imperfect.

sublime spiritual proficiency are given, and Ranke continues:—

“ These wild and fanciful reveries were perhaps the means by which his transition from worldly to spiritual knighthood was effected. For such was the institution, the ideal of which was framed upon the deeds and the authorities of saints, to which all his ideas were directed. He tore himself away from his father’s house, and went to live on Mont Serrat; not impelled by remorse, nor by strong and genuine religious aspirations, but, as he himself has told us, solely by the desire to achieve deeds as great as those which have rendered the saints so illustrious, to undergo penances as severe, and to serve God in Jerusalem. He hung up his lance and shield before an image of the Holy Virgin, knelt or stood before it in prayer, with his pilgrim’s staff in his hands—a vigil different indeed from that of knighthood, but yet expressly suggested by *Amadis*, where the laws of chivalry are accurately described. Thence he repaired after penitential exercises to Manresa, on his project of going to Jerusalem. But new trials awaited him. The mood of mind he had indulged began to manifest awful power over him. He thought he could obtain neither acceptance nor justification of God.”

Then we have an account of the agony of spirit which the saint endured,—his temptations, prayers, confessions, fasts,—and are introduced to his glorious competitor in theoretic analysis and historic fame,—the truly matchless Martin Luther:—

“ We are here,” says Ranke, “ involuntarily reminded of the state of mental distress into which Luther, some years before, was plunged by *similar* doubts. The high demands of religion could never be satisfied—a full and conscious reconciliation with God could never be reached, on the ordinary road marked out by the Church, by a soul shaken to its innermost depths by struggles with itself. But these two remarkable men extricated themselves from this labyrinth by different paths. Luther arrived at the doctrine of atonement, through Christ, wholly independant of works. This afforded him the key to the Scriptures, and became the main prop of his whole system of faith. It does not appear that Loyola examined the Scriptures, or that any particular dogma of religion made an impression on his mind.* As he lived only in his own inward emotions, he imagined that he felt the alternate inspirations of the good and the evil spirit. At length he learned to distinguish their influence by this: ‘ that the soul was gladdened by the one, and

* The author seems to forget that he had just now told us that the (*re-formed*) doubts of justification and acceptance were plaguing his imagination; but this is not the only instance of such contradictory oblivion, nor incorrect statement.

troubled by the other.' This, [remarks the author in a note] is one of his most peculiar, and most original perceptions, &c.[!] One day he thought he had a sensible proof that all his sufferings were assaults of Satan : it was not so much that his mind had found repose, as that he formed a determination, an engagement entered into by the will, rather than a conviction to which the will is compelled to yield. It needed not the aid, nor the influence of the Scriptures,—it rested on the feeling of an immediate intercourse with the world of spirits. This would never have satisfied Luther. Luther would have no inspirations, no visions,—he held them all without distinction to be mischievous,—he would have only the simple written unquestionable word of God. Loyola, on the contrary, lived on fantasies and inward apparitions. He thought no one so well understood Christianity as an old woman, who, in the midst of his torments, told him that Christ would yet appear to him. At first he could obtain no such vision, but now he thought that Christ, or the Holy Virgin, manifested themselves to his eyes of flesh. He stood fixed on the steps of San Dominico in Manresa, and wept aloud, for he thought, in that moment, that the mystery of the Holy Trinity was visibly revealed to him. The mystery of the creation was also suddenly revealed to him in mystical symbols. In the host, he beheld the God and the man. On one occasion, he repaired to a remote church on the banks of the Lobregat, and, while he sat with his eyes intensely fixed on the deep stream, he was suddenly enraptured with visible intuition of the mysteries of faith. He arose a new man : for him there needed no longer either evidence or Scripture, had none such existed, he was ready to die for that faith, which before he believed—which now he saw.* Ranke continues : " If we have clearly traced the origin and developement of this strange state of mind, of this chivalry of abstinence, of romantic asceticism, it will be needless to follow Inigo Loyola step by step further. On his return to Spain from Jerusalem, he encountered in his projects innumerable attacks. When he began to teach and invite others to join him in his ' exercises,' he fell under the suspicion of heresy. It would have been the strangest sport of destiny, if Loyola, whose society, centuries afterwards, terminated in illuminati, had himself been connected with a sect of that name ; and, it cannot be denied, that the illuminati of that time (the Alumbrados of Spain) to whom he was suspected of belonging, cherished opinions which had a considerable resemblance to his fantastic reveries. Re-

* We must give the quotation from the "*Acta antiquissima*," as neither Ranke nor Mrs. Austin keep within its limits. "*His visis haud mediocriter tum confirmatus est, ut sæpe etiam id cogitaret, quod etsi nulla scriptura, mysteria illa fidei doceret, tamen ipse ob ea ipsa quæ videret, statuerat sibi pro his esse moriendum.*" " He often thought that, even though scripture did not teach those mysteries, he should be prepared to die for their truth after what he had seen."

jecting the doctrine of sanctification by works, as heretofore held by all christendom, they, like him, gave themselves up to inward ecstasies, and, like him, they beheld in sensible revelations the profoundest mysteries of religion, especially that of the Trinity. Like Loyola and his followers, they made general confession a condition of absolution, and insisted, above all things, on inward prayer. He was distinguished from them mainly by this, that, while they believed themselves to be emancipated from all control, and raised above all common duties by the command of the spirit, he retained enough of the impressions and habits of his former life, to place at the very head of Christian virtues, the soldier's virtue—obedience. He constantly submitted his enthusiasm, and his inward convictions, to the Church and her authorities.”—Book ii. c. 1, p. 185, &c.

The serious reader, when arrived at the close of this long analytical lucubration, is lost in conjecture of the source from which it must have flown on the professor's eloquent pen. History certainly has no claim on its origin; and romance the author does not write; it may have been that some one of the Berlin archives has ministered to the intrepidity of an author who could deliberately assert that Luther had no faith in, nor derived any of his lights from visions. That would be a precious manuscript for his Prussian countrymen, but in every other part of Europe thoroughly worthless. Any one volume of his printed works would refute, *en masse*, the bold assertion; and each wayward foolery that danced through the mazes of his excited moments, would laugh at the credulity that could credit such an assumption. The demon-dreams, the day and night visions of that peerless reformer, are not worth referring to, but the curious reader may gratify himself still to advantage in following the varying changes of his dogmatical and ethical codes, as they, so to speak, are statistically set forth in the learned *Symbolick* of the lamented Möhler; where, as upon a map, we can trace the transit stay, and flight of this great discoverer of the reformed creed, through all its vagaries and symbols. Starting, not as Ranke affirms, from “the doctrine of atonement through Christ independent of works,” but from a latent element, an inborn propensity which really furnished the key, *first* of his heart, and *then* of the scriptures, he made that passion and its gratification the main prop of his whole system of faith and morals.* He did precisely what every libertine feels the

* This is strikingly and curiously illustrated by a glossal commentary, which Luther himself wrote in his German Bible, at the 30th chap. of Proverbs: it is a distich of a ballad, which in juvenile days, he often sang from door to door,

disposition, and, if he had the facilities, would still do—suit his ethics to his habits, overstep the bounds of duty, outrage the obligations of morality and decorum, and, starting from that point, trample down all the gospel principles of action, burst asunder the links of imputability, quash the consciousness of free will, and arrive at last at Luther's glorious goal. "Si in fide fieri potest adulterium, peccatum non esset;" which in decent parlance runs thus, The sixth commandment binds not the believers in the doctrine of "atonement through Christ, independent of works."

That, according to Ranke, most important dogma of the Reformed creed, Luther explains at length in his letters from Wartzburg to Melancthon, A.D. 1521, the identical year of Loyola's conversion; we shall give two short extracts, one regarding "Independence of good works." "Be a sinner if you will, but sin with courage; rejoice in Christ the conqueror of sin, death, and the world; as long as life lasts we must be sinning." Then as to the dogma of the "Atonement": "It is sufficient for us to acknowledge, through the riches of God's glory, the Lamb who takes away the sins of the world. Of this, it is not in the power of sin to deprive us, even though a thousand times a-day we murdered and fornicated."

Here is certainly not the "chivalry of abstinence," nor the "asceticism" which inspired the knight-penitent of Manresa, but the romance of libertinism and sensuality, which from Wartzburg so effectively enlightened and reformed northern Europe. Here is visibly a nearer approximation to, not to say a palpable surpassing of, the fantastic reveries of the illuminati of Spain, in the rejection of the ("Werkheiligkeit") workholyness doctrine, by the matchless Reformer of the north, than by the sainted Jesuit of the south of Europe. Infidelity too often follows close on immorality; the Alumbrados of Spain tottered between their confines, and believed themselves emancipated from all control by the command of the spirit. Luther was confessedly an immoral man; wine and woman his household divinities; and if he did not sink into downright infidelity, he certainly became a consummate *doubter*. Ranke tells us, with a tone of triumph, that Luther

begging his bread as a rambling musician, and which seemed to be the key-stone of the whole of his after-life thoughts.

Nichts lieberes ist auf Erden,

Den Frauen Lieb' wem sie mag zu Theil werden.

"Nothing on earth is so sweet as woman's love, when we can partake of it."

—See Tisch-reden, p. 442, &c.

would have nothing but the "simple, written, unquestionable word of God;" but alas for the archreformer's creed and credulity, there are on record many candid and curious avowals from his own lips, which no one would now dare to utter, and escape the well-merited stigma of infidelity and profaneness.

This "man of faith" appears to have been in perpetual doubt of the integrity of his own justifying faith. He avows that to divert his troubled mind from that habitual torment, he launched into furious and impassioned attacks on the Papacy. His celebrated *Table-talk* reveals many of those profane absurdities. "I once," he says, "believed all that the *Pope* and the *Girls* (München) said; but what Christ, who never lies, says, that I cannot believe as firmly as I ought:* that is very annoying, so we shall say no more about it till the day of judgment." At page 167, Jena edition, there is this singular passage: "When Christ says the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, Luther affirms *that* to be true only of Christ himself, and not of man! for believers can only have the mere beginning of the spirit, and never its full complement. Some one asked, 'Could not God impart perfect or complete knowledge?' 'Oh,' said Dr. Martin Luther, 'if any one had true faith he could neither eat nor drink, nor do anything else, through joy.' When a text from the prophet was sung, 'Hæc dicit Dominus,' &c., Luther said to his friend Dr. Jonas, who had sung it, 'You believe as little of that as I do of theology. I can love my wife, that is certain, for I would

* The quaint German of the "Tischrede" is rather mawkish, or perhaps, Ranke would have studied his prophet's character to more advantage for truth; but we may venture to give those passages in the original, though they smack strong of profane infidelity. "Ich habe dem Bapst und München alles geglaubt; aber was jetzt Christus saget, der doch nicht leuget, das kann ich nicht fast genug glauben. Dass ist je ein verdriesslich Ding, wir wollens sparen bis an jenen Tag." (Jena, 1603, § 166).

"Der Geist ist wohl willig, aber das Fleisch ist schwach, spricht Christus. Da redet er von jen selbs . . . die Gleubigen haben nur die Erstlinge des Geistes, nicht die Vollkommenheit, und den Decem." "Da fragt einer, warum gibt uns Gott nicht vollkommen Erkenntnis? Antwort Dr. Martinus; wenn es einer gar glauben köndte, so köndte er für Freuden weder essen noch trinken, oder sonst etwas thun." "Da man über Dr. Mart. Luth. Tisch, sang den text, ans dem Propheten Hosen, Hoc dicit Dominus." Sprach er zu Dr. Jona: so wenig ihr gleubet, dass dieser Gesang gut sei, so wenig glaube ich fest genug, das Theologia war sey. Ich hab mein weib lieb, ja ich hab sie lieber denn mich selber, das ist war, das ist, ich wollt lieber sterben, denn dass sie und die kinderlein sollten sterben. Ich hab Christum wol lieb, &c. aber, mein Glaube solt billich viel grösser und hitziger sein. Ach! mein Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht mit deinem knecht."—§ 167.

give my life for her and the children; I have a love for Christ, who redeemed and saved me from the devil; but as for my faith, I wish it were stronger and more fervent; alas! O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant." Those halting reminiscences are not surely the characters of the boundless, all-confiding, justifying faith of the champion of the doctrine of "atonement in Christ independent of works!"

Before we close this now insipid subject of Luther, and his worthless claims to competition with the humble penitent Loyola's meditations on the banks of the Lobregat, let us cite a few words from a subsequent chapter of Ranke himself, indicative of a want of memory, or perhaps conclusive that he pressed his admiration of this patriarch of northern lights, his own prophet, beyond what facts would justify as to his contempt of supernatural agency, "no visions!"

"Luther saw nothing in the articles agreed upon at the conference (Ratisbon) but a patchwork combination of both creeds, and as he always imagined himself involved in a conflict between heaven and hell, he thought that here he discovered the wiles and works of Satan. He most urgently dissuaded his master the elector from attending the Diet, and told him, 'he was the very man the devil was in search of.'—B. 2. c. 1.

From these first touches of our artist's brush, we can scarcely look forward to a very pleasing picture in his progressive delineation of Jesuitism, as an instrument of regenerating efficacy in the hands of the pontiffs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; yet, strange to say, we shall find it most successful in our author's theory of the resuscitation of that power.

The interesting history of Ignatius Loyola, Peter Faber, and Francis Xavier, studying and praying in the one apartment—the students' rooms in the college of St. Barbara, in Paris, that narrow cell which contained within its humble walls three such men!—is followed by the account of their's, and three other Spaniards', united vows, in the church on Montmartre; their ordination at Venice; their first sermon in broken Italian in the streets of Vicenza, mounted on stones, waving their hats, and calling aloud to repentance; their military appellation, the "Company of Jesus," just as the company of soldiers bears the name of its captain; and, lastly, their approbation by Pope Paul III, 1543. "Thus," says our author on concluding this chapter, "arose an institution of singularly practical tendency, out of the conversions

wrought by Ignatius's asceticism,—an institution framed with all the just and accurate calculations of worldly prudence.*

Great allowances are required from ordinary capacities for the aberrations of a man of genius; but a royal historian and a university professor might be expected to shun palpable contradictions in his judgments. Now the pervading error, perhaps the covert design, of this whole work, is inconsistency; praise and condemnation alternate on identical subjects, as the author's judgment is balanced by facts or prejudice. He applauds till his regal caution recalls his sire's antipathies, or the object for which he was sent, at the treasury expense, to the eternal city. The eulogy on the Jesuits' institution might have been too glaring for the old king's eyes, and, accordingly, in the next but one chapter, an appropriate dark shadow is thrown over the same subject, and Jesuitism is depicted as anti-social and misanthropic in its tendencies. We can only give the pith of these opinions in his own words:—

"If we attentively consider the laws of this society, we shall find that one of the main objects which lay at the bottom of them all, was the complete separation of its members from all the ordinary relations of life. Love of kindred was denounced as carnal affection; the society would have the whole man, share even his secrets, &c.; the superior alone could absolve in cases which it was expedient for him to know, and thus had a perfect knowledge of those under him. Obedience usurped the place of every other virtue; obedience for its own sake, without regard to its object or consequences. According to the constitutions, it would appear, that even a sin might be ordained; we scarcely know how to trust our eyes," continues Ranke, "in reading this Constitution. 'It seems good to us in the Lord.....that none of our constitutions, or rules of life, should bind under, or induce the guilt of mortal or venial sin, unless the superior shall enjoin them in the name of Christ Jesus, or in virtue of obedience.'"—Book ii. c. 1, p. 225.

Shall we stop to admire this optical incredulity? It does, no doubt, require an obliquity of vision to see what does not appear, but there must be moral obliquity in apprehending the reverse of what is expressed or conveyed by words. Patience and credulity are both put to task when the historian requires us to think him *serious* in seeing the ordaining of a new sin, in a constitution expressly guarding its observers against even the scruple of any sin, when God's divine law, or their solemn vows, were not violated.

We look on in vain through his narrative for the natural consequences of these anti-social, all-absorbing blind obedi-

* Book ii. c. 1, p. 199.

ence principles. On the contrary, the effective agency of that society is analysed, and accounted for by the action of two or three great elements on which they impressed their peculiar movement. Let us hear now the alternation of eulogy:

"They (the jesuits) constituted themselves a class of teachers who, dispersed over all Catholic lands, first gave to education that religious colour which it has ever since retained.....formed men of good conduct and manners, preserved a strict discipline, and obtained incalculable influence on the minds of men."—Book ii. c. 1. p. 231.

He gives them credit for equal success in religious instructions, &c.

"The Jesuits were exhorted by their rulers to follow an uniform method in the confessional, to practice themselves in cases of conscience, to hold up the examples of the saints, their works, and other aids against every kind of sin; rules which, it is evident, are admirably calculated for the necessities of man."

The successes of these ennobling instruments of religious influence are most strikingly pointed out, through the second book of this history, as "Conquests for Catholicity spread over every nation of the earth."

Now, we shall close this subject by a counter analysis from the author, as he draws towards the close of those religious campaigns, where Jesuitism fought and conquered the emancipating forces of light and reform, and dilates on that to him inexplicable result. This should give his readers a thorough insight into the varying principles of judgment, inaccuracy of data, and inconsistency of opinion which pervade this entire work. Book v. p. 35, we read:

"All other intellectual movements which have exercised an extensive influence on mankind, have been caused, either by great qualities in individuals, or by the irresistible force of new ideas; but, in this case, the effect was produced without any striking manifestation of genius or originality; for the Jesuits—no one will affirm that their acquirements were the result of any free or vigorous exercise of mind, that their piety proceeded from the ingenuousness of a single heart. They conquered the Germans on their own soil, and took captive all minds by a system of doctrine, prudently constructed, and finished down to the minutest details."

Let us see this captivating doctrine which had thus hoodwinked the Reformed world. We fear that we must confine ourselves to one brilliant specimen, for it is absolutely necessary to restrict our facilities of quotation and criticism.

The confessional again, in the author's theory, was to be the transcendent locomotive in this impulse; through its agency the minds of all men (even of those, no doubt, who never frequented it) were pre-organized for that system of doctrines which recaptured the Reformed world, and which, according to him, gave a direction to human intelligence, which "must be memorable to the end of time." He says:

"In confession, every thing must depend upon the conception formed of sin. Sin is defined a wilful departure from the commands of God: and in what consists this wilfulness? Their answer is, in perfect knowledge of the nature of sin committed, and in the full consent of the will to its commission.*

"The Jesuits (continues Ranke) adopted this principle, from the ambition of propounding something entirely new, and, with scholastic subtlety, carried it out to most revolting consequences. According to their doctrine, it was enough not to will the commission of sin as such.....thus, how infinitely the boundaries of transgression were narrowed, since no man loves sin for itself! They recognized other grounds for excuse: for instance, perjury is, in itself, a deadly sin; but, said the Jesuits, a man who only swears outwardly, without inwardly intending what he swears, is not bound by his oath; for he does not swear, he jests.†

"Those doctrines are found in works which expressly describe themselves as moderate: and who would wish to trace further those tortuous aberrations of subtlety, destructive of all morality?"

Still, the professor himself could not resist that temptation, and would give the last thrust to those anti-reformers, by citing another oft-condemned theologian as their leader in the doctrines of probability—Emanuel Sa.

"They held that, in cases of doubt, an opinion might be followed, though its justice was not acknowledged by the individual actor, provided any author of credit defended it.....Scruples of conscience

* The definition of Busembaum is cited in Latin in Ranke's notes, and an ordinary proficient in that language will be shocked at the professor's inaccuracy in rendering "*plena advertentia et deliberatio*," into German "*In Einsicht von dem Fehler*," which Mrs. Austin, with still greater infidelity to both German and Latin texts, translates—"perfect knowledge of the nature of sin." We must, in justice, hear Busembaum, though not always the most accurate theologian, speak here most accurately for himself. "Sin requires, first, on the part of the intellect, full advertance and deliberation; second, on the part of the will, perfect consent; third, in itself sufficient, or grave matter, '*gravitas materiae*.'"

† Here again we have one of those disingenuous citations, which no honourable antagonist would ever resort to. The author is cited, but not rendered into German or English, as, adding the important and qualifying adjunct, "*nisi forte ratione scandalii*,"—a perfectly sufficient bar upon any Christian, although it does not arrest a scandalous misquotation.

were to be got rid of by the most tolerant opinions, even though the less safe."....."a slight turn of the thoughts was held to exonerate from all guilt"!! Book viii. chap. 12.

Without encumbering ourselves by theological controversy, we must say, with regret, that Ranke, in the capacity of "historian of the Popes," forfeits all claims on truth and sincerity, when he suppresses leading facts in their history. Ignorance cannot be alleged for an author who *ex professo* writes on a given subject. Now decrees expressly condemning those maxims of probableism, were issued by Alexander VII, Innocent XI, and Alexander VIII, all of whose histories he affects to write impartially. Probableism could therefore have had but a very short and transitory sway on the empire of morals, and cannot be classified with those mighty "elements of activity" to which the Jesuits imparted, a counter-vailing preponderance against the light and life of reform. The truth is, that facts are baubles with a theorist, he takes them by the half or by the whole as they suit his wants, and, provided they can be inserted into his patchwork, he cements them together into what might well be called his mosaic of history, or fragments of antiquarian curiosity and research. This dovetailing propensity is in full activity through this history of Jesuitism, constituting as it does a great ingredient in his preconceived theory of Church history, that is, in the external revival and internal reform, as well as the subsequent decline of that Church. The disappearance of the satellite must forebode the decline and fall of the planet it revolved around; principles are easily found to account for its rise and determine its decline, and the whole orbit it percuers seems to be some meteor tale, or planet history. The glory of its rise, or origin, is given to the reformed and religious tendency which the seraphic Luther had imparted to the human mind, because (the author sagely reasons), as there was an appetite, a natural want of reform, it generated an inclination for a self-acting impulse towards light; hence, an element of Protestantism predominated in society, lived and moved even in the bosom of the Church, produced in Catholicity, light, strength and energy, and, so long as it worked, reconquered through Jesuitism the whole of Protestant Europe. This satisfies one dogma of his theory, viz.: "Individual power giving movement to the whole world." Next, we have another favourite aphorism: "No power has ever risen to universal importance without instantly awakening in the minds of men a new order of Society." And, accordingly, Jesuitism, having attained its climax, must share the lot of the heterogeneous

body of which it was a part, and fall amid the eternal discrepancies of the Catholic Church.

Thus, to sum up in a few words, we have the history of that moral phenomenon, "Jesuitism." In the visions of Ignatius was revealed that institution, as we have seen of "most singular practical tendency," framed with all the "just calculations of worldly prudence, directing in its progress the human mind to virtue through its teaching and instructions, impressing on education an indelible character of religious influence, producing moral and virtuous citizens by its maxims in the confessional." And, lastly, who could have anticipated the result? ending "in defeat and failure," to give place to the new order of society, which, we must conjecture, means in Prussia, "the Evangelical Church," where police regulations enforce unanimity, and Scriptural dissidence is silenced by a monarch's mandate, and Protestantism is now a houseless, homeless shadow!

Next in order of "impellents" we find

"THE COUNCIL OF TRENT."

The historian who means to write history in one sense, and succeeds in establishing a contrary impression, is not in a very enviable position. To miss the object we aim at is disheartening enough, but to elaborate a system, adduce corroborating proofs, and arrive at a counter-conclusion by the innate stubbornness of unbending premises, can be classed in no other category than that of—total failures. If our author's character, as papal historian, shall escape that disaster, his good luck alone sustains his fame. The Council of Trent was one of the most important Catholic events of Church history: accordingly, it must come forth from his hands denuded of all its imposing claims on Christian admiration: whatever promise of good, whatever reforming prospects it held out to the world, as it was first projected, all emanated from the irresistible influence of its cotemporary reformer,—Protestantism. And when those hopes were blighted, those anticipations of light and truth dashed, it was the innate darkness of error that again expanded, and flung its opaque shadows and mists over the dawns of that bursting luminary. Still, on his own showing, this maimed or murky progeny bursts into great activity, "renews, confirms, establishes," and all but perpetuates Catholicity. Let us trace these singular inconsistencies through the chapters of his history which treat of the affairs of Trent.

Much research and conjecture are fruitlessly lavished to prove that Clement VII—that, according to the historian,

"most virtuous, but most ill-starred pontiff,—never could be reconciled to a general council; and, indeed, the terrible scenes which Protestant fury had enacted, in the sack and pillage of Rome, would naturally disincline his mind from any project of reuniting the perpetrators of such horrors, or their representatives, in any council of peace or reconciliation. The pontiff's difficulties and doubts are manifestly circumstantial, for he thus qualifies his dissent from the emperor's views by the condition: '*quando non concorrano le debite circostanze*;' " which explanatory sentence is omitted by Ranke, when he quotes the original letter of the pope! (B. i. c. 3.) Yet how natural such distrust was in the pontiff's mind. Clement was an eye-witness of that sanguinary outburst of Protestantism under Bourbon, when George Frandsberg, the leader of the assailing troops, all Lutherans, exclaimed with assassin bigotry: "If I get to Rome I will hang the pope."*

On the 6th of May, 1527, two hours before sunset, the Lutherans entered and sacked the "eternal city." "The splendour of Rome," says Ranke, "fills the beginning of the sixteenth century; it marks an astonishing period of development of the human mind; with this day it was extinguished for ever." Alas, we might add, the sack of the city's splendour did not go down with the retiring sun of that fatal day. On the following morning, the black smoke of the new-wood fires which the brutal soldiery had lit up in the halls of the papal palace, poured its hideous stains on the fresh and blooming frescos of the immortal Raphael: the stanzas, or chambers of the Vatican, which his divine genius had filled with life and beauty; the glowing vaults, where religion can point out her ennobling influence in the inspirations which his pencil has embodied; the storied records of those walls where history seemed to walk forth in grace and majesty; the groups, where kings, philosophers, and pontiffs, are more glorified by the artist's touch than by any exploit of their own life, were all, on that fatal morning, if not besmeared and blackened for ever, stamped with the haggard look of desolation, which saddens every mind that contemplates their matchless fame and glory. Clement VII might well distrust the sincerity of such reformers, and defer the council, to await "the concurrence of more favourable circumstances."

The historian who describes the ferocity, lust and plunder of those blood-thirsty soldiers, and who saw himself, and

* Book i. cap. 3. p. 107.

could appreciate even after the lapse of three hundred years, those frightful devastations of blind or maddened bigotry, affects to lament, and expresses amazement at, an admonition which the Pope's nuncio, Cardinal Campeggio, addressed to the emperor Charles V three years afterwards.

"With regret and repugnance," says Ranke, "I must say a few words of it,"* and in those few words he has again to answer for an important suppression! The admonition exhorts the emperor to bring back the Protestant recusants by peaceable and fair means; to work upon them also by promises and threats, and if they still remain stubborn, the emperor *had a right* to extirpate this poisonous plant with fire and sword; which extremity, adds the admonition, "may heaven avert."—*Che Dio nol voglia*—and this last sentiment of deprecating clemency, is not deemed worthy of the author's notice! We must learn, however, from him, the promoting causes of the council. "What, according to Ranke, Clement could not reconcile his mind to assent to, the impetus of Protestantism forced from the Papacy; for councils had maintained their popularity precisely because the popes had shown a natural aversion to them; and accordingly, in 1530, the emperor availing himself of that public opinion, promised a council within a short space of time: all the other princes (Protestants) joined in this resolve, from an anxiety to strip the pope of secular authority and privilege. In 1533, the emperor pressed, in a personal interview with the pontiff at Bologna, the project, and towards the close of the same pontificate, renewed his solicitations; but political and domestic afflictions weighed down the virtuous pontiff;—blameless, according to Ranke, in the midst of his misfortunes, yielding to inspiring hopes of patriotic ardour, which then animated the entire peninsula; the pontiff attempted to wrest Italy from the stranger; from north to south enthusiasm seconded the noble daring, but energy and action lay dormant, and the project of emancipation, with plaudits, failed, perhaps for ever.

"He was," says Ranke, "the most ill-starred pope that ever sat upon the throne." The succeeding pontiff, Paul III (Farnese) yielded to the mighty tide of public opinion and events, and summoned the council. "The pope, according to Ranke, saw it was necessary to the zealous inculcation of Catholicism." Could a better motive exist? The historian must discover a more profane one. The pope thought he perceived that the emperor claimed a right to summon a

* Book i. cap. 3. p. 111.

council, and he anticipated him. "The old procrastinator," says Ranke, "had at length found the wished-for moment; the emperor being busy in war, he could do as he pleased in the council the letters of convocation were accordingly sent out, and the council actually opened in December, 1545. Reform and dogma were simultaneously discussed, and in those discussions, Protestant principles had ardent and eloquent defenders; even Cardinal Pole, is insinuated as being a protector of the Lutheran system of justification and regeneration: that system might have triumphed, had not the Jesuits, Salmeron, and Lainez, warned the council against innovation;* but the great and triumphant counteraction against Protestantism in that council, was, [according to Ranke,] the emperor's recent victory over the Lutherans in Germany, and their universal submission to that conqueror's sway. How remarkably singular is the relation sometimes between cause and effect! Catholic principles triumphed at the council, and measures were taken to enforce them; foremost in that vanguard of the historian's marshalling, is the Inquisition, although the bull for the establishment of that tribunal bears the date of 21st July, 1542, and the opening of the council, as we have seen, December 1545, just three years and a half subsequent; but dates must succumb as well as facts, when theory or system is to be sustained. The council, twice interrupted, was re-opened a third and last time, January 1562. The narrative of the jarring elements which were there finally tranquillized, is, though not impartially told, well delineated by the author. His accuracy as to facts is, as usual, controvertible. "In this last re-union, the dissenting creeds, and their reconciliation with Catholic unity, was no longer thought of," according to Ranke, whereas, we have detailed to us by Pallavicini, many measures and many conferences for that express object. As a specimen of this oversight or inaccuracy, we shall enter into the examination of only a single example of injustice towards this historian, to whose general claims on veracity, we shall hereafter let Ranke himself bear testimony. "The emperor's ambassadors alone demanded the reforms, which the wants of Protestantism had in the previous sittings of the council so much enforced. But," continues our historian, "besides

* The reader of the eloquent article in the late number of the "Edinburgh Review," on St. Ignatius, &c. will be amused by the opposite view that is there taken of the conduct of Lainez and the Jesuits, at the Council of Trent.

those reforms of the Pope, Conclave, and Curia, the Emperor demanded the cup at the sacrament, permission for priests to marry, dispensation from fasting, purification of the breviary, erection of schools, church music with German words, and a reformation of the convents, &c. These important demands would have been a fundamental change in the constitution of the church," &c. Book iii. c. 7.

The theologian, or instructed Catholic, may smile at this last sentence, but every reader must regret, that the historian who dashes off with such pragmatic facility decisions on councils, popes, and fundamental principles of Catholicity, has still to learn the very rudiments of its doctrine and constitution. Our immediate object is his assertion, that the council was never occupied by those Protestant demands, nor that their historian ever noticed them. In his note, we read (p. 338),—

"Pallavicini almost entirely overlooks those demands. (xvii. 1-6.) *They are inconvenient to him*—nor have they in fact been made known under their proper form. They are presented to us in three extracts—the first in Sarpi and Rinaldi; the second in Bartholomew de Martyribus; Schellhorn has taken the third from the papers of Staphylus. They do not perfectly agree. I am inclined to think the original is to be found in Vienna; I have abided by Schellhorn."

Now this learned research and conjecture, would seem to approach somewhat to the ridiculous, if the too serious impeachment of the Italian historian did not mar the apparent play on his readers' credulity. Those demands, so far from being cushioned or concealed by Pallavicini, are as repeatedly set forth as the history of their recurrence before the council required. In the tenth book the reader will find them detailed in full, as they were presented by the Emperor Charles V to the council. At a subsequent period, the identical one under Ranke's notice, they are pressed again by the Duke of Cleves; and, not to mention other occasions, a highly interesting passage in refutation of Fra Paolo, or Paul Sarpi's account of those demands, occurs in book 24, chap. 12, which, as it may be acceptable to such readers as are deterred, like Ranke, by the ponderous volumes of Pallavicini, we shall here give nearly in his own words.

"Soave (or Sarpi) goes on to tell us that the Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria, earnestly demanded from the pope, the use of the chalice, the marriage of priests, and other alterations of the laws of the Church. How perfectly consistent with what he had already written to disparage papal authority, that he should here add—when those demands were referred by the council for the pope's

own decision, the emperor would no longer press them, knowing that the people would not accept them, unless the council, and not the pope, conceded them. Here Soave escapes a downright falsehood, for by stating both parts of a contradictory assertion—one part must be true. The lie here comes first, as a favourite child, and the truth is told only in the second part. The facts are, on the 1st of March, the pope in consistory bewails the depravity of times when such petitions exist, and then named a congregation of cardinals to examine into them. But Soave did not know that the use of the chalice was conceded under certain reservations and conditions, and that in the consistory of the 14th July, the emperor having renewed his solicitations for such privilege in his states, and that prayer being sustained by the approbation of his bishops, and ecclesiastical electors and princes, on the grounds, that unless it were conceded, all Germany would become not only Protestant, but infidel,—the pope, still expressing abhorrence of such innovations, authorized some German bishops to permit that rite, not universally, but restricting it to places and circumstances described, and under certain specific conditions. In Vienna, the permission was hailed with great satisfaction, and by the nuncio's report, two-thirds of the heretics had returned to the Church; before long, however, it was apparent that this momentary excitement, like a fermented draught given to the hectic patient, only depressed him the more on subsiding; still it was necessary to remove from the German mind, the impression, that the reluctance of the council and the pope, were injuriously callous to their religious welfare. Both the concession and its results were short-lived, for under Gregory XIII, and Sixtus Quintus, as the bishops who had those privileges, died, they were not renewed to their successors, and this so long delayed and far-famed indulgence, furnished another instance of the vain prognostics and disappointed hopes which precede and follow all extraordinary dispensations. Sarpi continues, Pallavicini, whilst narrating those demands of the Germans, introduces indirectly a great deal about the prohibition of priests' marriages, &c.; and as far as regards the antiquity and authority of that prohibitory law, I shall leave it in the hands of those theologians, who have so often and so ably discussed it; its utility must be obvious to all who reflect on it," &c.

This passage, too foreign to our purpose, thus concludes:—

"The pope never entertained the slightest notion of any relaxation of those laws, notwithstanding the solicitations of the Germans, so warmly pressed on him by the emperor."

Pallavicini cites the authorities for these details, namely, the "*Atti Consistoriali*," and a manuscript memorandum of Sixtus Quintus, among Cardinal Montalto's papers in the Vatican Archives! The existence of such authentic records,

as well as the circumstantial narrative of Pallavicini, our author either disbelieved or never read: whilst he pours out his triple tirade against the pope, the convents, and the council, from self-contradictory documents in Schellhorn, and then predicts, that such a narrative will be sustained by an undiscovered manuscript, to come forth some day from the Vienna archives! Is this to write history?

Greater injustice to this impartial and profound scholar and historian is offered by referring to his authority, to bear out a malevolent tirade against the preparatory sittings of the final sessions of the council. Book iii. chap. 7 :

"The bitterest animosity arose amongst the French, Italians, and Spanish delegates; the French jested about the Holy Ghost being brought to Trent in a knapsack; the Italians talked of Spanish eruptions and French diseases by which all the faithful were visited in turns; when the Bishop of Cadiz insisted that there had been renowned bishops and fathers of the Church whom no pope had appointed or invested, the Italians broke forth in a general outcry, and talked of anathema and heresy; the Spaniards retaliated the anathema on them; some mobs assembled, shouting Spain! Italy! Blood flowed in the streets and on the ground consecrated to peace."

Nothing can exceed the injustice of citing Pallavicini as an authority for such events. The reader is referred to the 15th book, where the 19th should have been the reference; and there not one syllable of the blasphemy and profaneness above narrated, nor of the shedding of blood on the ground consecrated to peace, is to be found! The heresy attributed to the Bishop of Cadiz, and the consequent interruption is there satisfactorily explained.

"When the legates obtained a hearing for the bishop, he said, 'If you interrupted the psalmist, when he said, 'There is no God,' and would not allow him to add, 'as the fool says';—you might with equal justice convict him of infidelity, as condemn me of heresy before my opinions are duly announced. If you allowed me to finish and did not interrupt, I would have added, that, although there was no necessity that bishops should nominally receive institution from the pope, still they were obliged to acknowledge the pontiff as superior; that the plenitude of jurisdiction resided in him, although he could not deprive bishops of its use and substance without sufficient cause.'"

It was obviously the object of the author to depict Trent as the focus of disorder, that he might thence deduce the observations which follow on the inadequacy of councils to fulfil

* Pallavicini, *Storia del Concilio*, &c. l. 19.

any longer their high destiny ; accordingly he says, book iii. page 341:

" It is a sublime idea, that, in seasons of difficulty, and especially during great errors in the Church, there exists an assembly of her chief shepherds able to remedy the evil. 'Let such an assembly,' says Augustine, 'consult together without arrogance or envy, in holy humility, in Catholic peace ; and, after acquiring greater experience, let it open that which was closed, and bring to light that which was hidden.' But, even in the earliest times, this idea was far from being realized ; how far less attainable now, when the Church was involved in a thousand contradictory relations with the state. On the contrary, the present state of affairs seemed to prove the truth of the assertion :—'that, in times of great perplexity, a convocation rather increased than removed the difficulties.' Again, 'in the present state of affairs, no reconciliation, no expedient was practicable : even in February, 1563, the position of affairs seemed desperate ; universal discord prevailed, each party adhered obstinately to its own opinions.'"

This, beyond doubt, seems a labyrinth of disorder, out of which we should expect to hear the historian say, no human ingenuity could guide the bewildered Church, and from which philosophy would anticipate downright dissolution and despair. But Ranke's design is to disparage to the utmost the institution itself to present it, bereft of all inherent energy and system, a chaos of dissention, indebted for its regeneration to the accident of individual capacity, and not to any intrinsic quality or providential guidance. To Pius the Fourth, the uncle of St. Charles Boromeo, is given the credit of attempting and conquering the difficulty, by his having dispatched the distinguished president of this council, Cardinal Morone, to the emperor at Inspruck ;—here, at a day's journey from Trent, to exercise his address and diplomacy in dictating and deciding the council's decrees !

" It was not," says Ranke, "the cardinal's intention to give way in essentials, nor to suffer the power of the pope to be weakened. The matter was" (to use his own words), "to hit upon such decisions as might satisfy the emperor, without trenching on the authority of the pope, or the legates."—Book iii. p. 345.

Our historian here tells us in a note, "that the most important document he has met with relating to the transactions of Trent, is Cardinal Morone's narrative of his legation ; that it is *short but conclusive* ; that neither Sarpi nor Pallavicini have noticed it, and that he found it in the Altieri Library in Rome." (page 344.) With feverish curiosity the reader naturally turns to the appendix to peruse this unique treasure, which no other

eye had discovered, and, with almost frantic dismay, he there finds not one word of that secret-telling document! "Unfortunately," says Ranke, "I could not transcribe what I ought to give here whole and entire, and I can only present the abstract in the third book": and such abstract being the scanty phrase we have repeated, will the candid reader "believe his eyes" when he compares it with the original Italian (three lines) in the note, and finds it to be an egregious misrepresentation of the cardinal's supposed, perhaps real, writing,—literally thus:—

"It was necessary to find such a modification as would, in some degree, appear satisfactory to the emperor, at the same time would not prejudice the pope's nor legates' authority, *whilst the council would be in perfect self-possession.*"

Thus, to secure the freedom of the council, the innate self-possessing liberty of decision, was the cardinal's object, whilst the author's design is to represent it as hopelessly manacled by its own internal embarrassments and strifes.

"Not in Trent," says Ranke, "in open opposition to Palavicini, but at the several courts, and by political negotiations were the important dissensions appeased, and the successful termination of the council secured. 'Morone, who had contributed the most to this result, had also found the art of conciliating the prelates personally. He afforded a signal proof of what a man of sense and address can effect even in circumstances of the greatest difficulty. To him, *if to any man*, is the Catholic Church indebted for the happy issue of the council.'—Book iii. p. 350.

After this peculiar view of individual agency, whether of God or man, we are surprised to read on the very next page, that the council sought, not so much to decide, as by adroit mediation to get rid of, the questions which had given occasion to bitterness and anger.

"The business of the council thenceforward progressed with astonishing rapidity. The proceedings were like those of an amicable congress, 'the spirit of opposition was subdued, and the council condescended to ask the pope for a confirmation of its decrees; so far was it from reviving the claims of Constance or of Basle to a superiority over the papal authority. Such was the successful issue,' continues Ranke, 'which so urgently demanded, so long deferred, twice dissolved, shaken by so many political storms, and even at a third convocation, beset with dangers, ended in the universal agreement of the Catholic world. The object which was certainly contemplated by the first movers of a general council, *i. e.* the limitation of the power of the pope, was not attained by it, on the contrary, that power emerged from the struggle, extended and

enhanced. The interpretation of the decrees, and the direction of the restored discipline, was concentrated in Rome, and Protestantism was thrust from her with countless anathemas. Primitive Catholicism included an element of Protestantism in its bosom, this was now for ever expelled, and the powers of the Church of Rome concentrated and collected against all future assaults."—Book iii. p. 355.

These singular and unlooked-for results, coming as they do in awkward opposition to the preconceived theories of cause and effect, must not escape the discriminating powers of reasoning which can still rectify vulgar errors of deduction; accordingly, Ranke would fain pour out the light of order on their too apparent discrepancies. He says: "This most important council, perhaps of all, and certainly of modern times, owed its signal success to the union of Catholicism with royalty"! and what (perhaps the reader will think) requires a still greater stretch of credulity, and certainly outstrips all conjecture, he adds that it (the council) derived that principle of success, and that germ of its future development, from a kindred element in Protestantism! That affinity, or congenial tendency, consisting in the union of sovereign and episcopal rights and dominion, the amalgamation of crown, crozier, sceptre, and cross! (Page 357-8, &c.)

Thus are the mighty phases of providential Wisdom obscured by the puny lucubrations of man's abortive philosophy! What can the reader imagine are to be the recognized results from this supple and dextrous policy of the council, as well as from the intrigues of the several courts?—perhaps *abuses*, no, but—

"Reforms," says Ranke, "of the highest importance for Catholicity: the faithful reclaimed and recalled to the practices of religion; seminaries founded, where the young clergy were carefully educated in austere habits and in the fear of God; parishes regulated; preaching; the frequentation of the sacraments enforced; and, lastly, an universal profession of faith, a measure the consequences of which were most important. No wonder (we may add, with Ranke) that on December the 4th, 1563, the last meeting of the prelates, they were full of emotion and gladness, and tears of joy were seen in many of those aged eyes."—Page 355.

We cannot better close this interesting subject than by a brief outline of the long critique which our author gives of the two rival historians of this council. To the very able analysis of their respective claims on the character of true historians, which extends over several pages of the appendix, we much regret the impossibility of doing ample justice.

There was, confessedly, before this, no fair and impartial attempt amongst Protestants to decide a question which divides the literary criticism of Europe; namely, the truth or falsehood of those two historians—Fra Paolo Sarpi and Cardinal Pallavicini. The Protestants hitherto have held Sarpi as the most veracious of historians, the Catholics as the most mendacious of narrators. Ranke will go far to decide the question, although he too studiously turns off from the final and clear deductions flowing from his own opinions and statement.

In the body of the history, sixth book, when treating of the affairs of Venice, he introduces a detailed notice of Paolo Sarpi, and represents him as one of the brightest literary and religious ornaments of his age:—

“ Paolo,” he says, “ indulged his love of solitude by entering, in his fourteenth year, a convent of the Servites in Venice, his native city. Every wish and desire of his life was dedicated to study, for which he possessed extraordinary aptitude. In the physical sciences he had remarkable success; his admirers say that he discovered the valves of the blood vessels, the expansion and contraction of the pupil of the eye, the first observation of the polar attraction of the magnet, &c. Above all, his mind was distinguished by comprehensiveness, method, and boldness in the paths of free investigation. It has been said that in secret he was a Protestant; it is not probable, however, that his Protestantism went beyond the first simple principles of the confession of Augsburg, if, indeed, he held those; at all events, he said mass every day during his whole life. It would be difficult to define to what form of Christianity he was inwardly attached; it was one often then held by men devoted to physical sciences—a religion of none of the established systems, and not yet absolutely defined, nor completely worked out. This, however, is certain, Fra Paolo entertained the most determined and irreconcilable hatred towards the secular influence of the papacy, probably the only passion he ever cherished. Some ascribed it to a refusal of a bishopric, a mortifying rejection, no doubt, for natural ambition and a manly spirit, but it had a far deeper foundation, a mingled political and religious sentiment, shared by his literary associates, who were all then at the helm of the state,” &c.

So far Ranke's account of his early life, and such characteristic features of the future historian, do not forebode much impartiality; however, we must allow the Servite to speak for himself, and then give our author's opinions of the high character he aspired to—of historian of the Council of Trent.

“ My object,” says Sarpi, “ is to write the history of the Council of Trent; for though many celebrated historians have touched upon

points of this matter, and John Sleidan, a most accurate historian, has detailed with the greatest industry the causes thereof, still there is not a complete history. As soon as I began to concern myself with the affairs of mankind, I had the greatest desire thoroughly to know this history. I collected all that had been written on the subject, in print and in manuscript; I sought out the notices and papers of deceased prelates, and of others who had taken a part in the council, and their correspondence. I spared no trouble nor labour, and I have had the good fortune to see whole collections of such documents, and from those abundant materials I have arranged my narrative."

"But," says our author, "Sarpi has given no accurate list of the historians, or the original correspondents, as was the custom of his predecessors; his only aim was, not to sift with critical accuracy nor work out philosophically, but to weave out of those records a history well written and complete. The printed historians he uses are, however, easily traced; above all, the only historian whom he mentions, Sleidan. That author he not only constantly follows without examining his sources, but he translates whole passages, as for instance"—

Then follows a long extract from both authors, shewing the plagiarism of Sarpi from Sleidan.*

"We cannot help remarking in this extract," says Ranke, "that Sarpi does not adhere to the facts as he found them; he states as a *fact*, what Sleidan gives as a *report*. This may be taken as a sample of innumerable other passages; but we meet with still more important changes. He frequently alters the expressions of the author he quotes, and makes them accord with his own erroneous views."

Here, again, a long citation, to prove this infidelity.

"But," continues Ranke, whose words we are all along using, "it is a still more important fact, that while Sarpi inserts the statements that he finds mixed with what he has met with in other places, he at the same time interweaves the whole narrative with his own observations, and those observations thoroughly imbued with bitterness and gall, chiefly of this character: 'The legate

* It is worth inquiring after this John Sleidan. He was a learned German lawyer, attached for many years to Cardinal du Belley, at Paris; but becoming a Lutheran, in A.D. 1542, he went to Strasburg, where he resided, and wrote the history of his own times. He was sent as delegate from the republic to the Council of Trent, in 1551, and employed in other public capacities until 1555, when the death of his wife caused the loss of his memory and understanding. His opinions (we should call them prejudices) on Catholicity are amply set forth in his work on the four great empires, in which all the prophecies of the prophet Daniel, and of the apocalypse of St. John, are applied in the ultra-Protestant sense to the Church of Rome!

convoked the assembly, and first gave his opinion, for the Holy Ghost, which usually moves the legates, to follow the wishes of the pope, and the bishops, those of the legates, now inspired them after its wonted manner.'—(A Catholic would call this writing—blasphemy.)

"From these examples we see how widely Sarpi differs from the compilers who had preceded him. His style has an agreeable flow, so that we cannot distinguish when he passes from one author to another; but his narrative bears the colour of his opinions—of his systematic opposition, dislike, and hatred to the Roman court."

So far for the use made of previous histories, in which, as it is well remarked, John Sleidan was his chief guide.

Ranke next examines the use he made of the manuscripts, almost all of which have been since printed, cites several passages, and shows how Sarpi, though he incorporates their substance into his narrative, never loses an opportunity to deduce an impression unfavourable to the council; sometimes purposely refrains from noticing its praise in the manuscript originals, even where such praise is not liable to suspicion:—

"He treats his manuscript authorities precisely as he does his printed documents, and that influences strongly his mode of viewing events."

Nine instances of such infidelity are here pointed out by Ranke! But we cannot follow the critique through those glaring misrepresentations, charged and sustained against Sarpi:—

"The last and chief object is: How did he use the more secret sources to which he alone had access, and which, he had reason to believe, would still remain unknown: such as instructions to the cardinals from the pope, and to ambassadors from the emperor?"

Here his additions and false imputations occur in every line, several are cited at length and refuted by Ranke:

"Here" he says, in one instance of the many cited, "he departs more widely from the original, and applies the words of the instruction to a case upon which they never could bear."

"The pope, in his instruction, reminds the emperor of his antipathy to a *national* council in Germany, and their perfect concurrence in the opinion that a *general* council could alone remedy all the wants and evils. This instruction Sarpi cites, and ascribes therein to the pope and emperor this singular and before unheard-of opinion.—'Recall,' says the pope to his legate, 'to his imperial majesty his opinion expressed to me at Bologna, that a national council would be most destructive of his own authority; for if his subjects once thought they could change their religion, they would soon easily alter their Government.'

"Now," Ranke remarks, "there is nothing of the sort in the pope's instruction, and I could not believe the affirmation of the author, without his authority, that the emperor ever so expressed himself.

"I do not think," continues Ranke, "my criticisms will appear too minute or captious: the only way to arrive at the conclusion, whether an author speaks the truth or not, is to compare him with the originals from which he has drawn. I find Sarpi deviating from his authorities on a point even more important than any of these already cited. In detailing the first conference between the emperor and Cardinal Contarini, he interweaves words never directed by the pope, and which, if they had been, would have made all conference a mockery. The pope's instruction is, that, first, it should be ascertained, if the Protestants would admit the primacy of Peter's chair, and the sacraments and other dogmas universally taught in all times in the Church. Sarpi translates this instruction, as if the pope, not only required those preliminary admissions, but also adds,—'and all the other things condemned in the bull of Pope Leo.'

"Now, had such been the instruction, the conference would have had no conceivable aim, for that bull expressly excluded many of the very doctrines to be examined, and the possibility of a successful issue lay in the vagueness of the pope's instructions, and the final judgment reserved to himself; whereas Contarini, according to Sarpi, was obliged to assert the papal authority in the sternest form, of all which there is not a word to be found in the instruction." (Appendix, &c.)

"In Sarpi's history," Ranke concludes "the authorities are brought together with diligence, and used with consummate skill; we cannot exactly say that they are falsified, but the whole work is coloured with a tinge of decided enmity to the papal power. All the reports and documents which he found were interpreted by him, in conformity with this impression which was natural to him, had its origin in the position of his native city, of the party to which he belonged, and of his own personal situation. His work is condemnatory and hostile, and is the first example of a history which accompanies the whole development of its subject with incessant blame."

This last sentence, if all others were wanting, is decisive of our author's opinion of Paul Sarpi.

We are now come to his critique of Cardinal Pallavicini, and, as it is a criticism upon a criticism, it becomes extremely difficult to convey in a sketch the minute analysis to which Ranke has subjected that work, and, in which, when we take into account his own peculiar views of the subjects discussed by both historians, as well as that Pallavicini should very naturally see indifferent or controverted points in another

light from either, we can well assert that no fallacy, either in argument or fact, is brought home against those three ponderous volumes of the jesuit cardinal.—Paul Sarpi's history was published in London, 1619, after his death, by Dominic di Spalatro, an archbishop who became a Protestant. Translations into Latin, French, and German, soon followed, and made its refutation the more necessary. A Roman Jesuit, Alciati, collected materials for the answer, but died before its completion. The general then selected Sforza Pallavicini, a member of the order, to perfect the work, and it appeared in 1656, nearly forty years after its rival predecessor.

"This work," says Ranke, "contains an enormous mass of matter, and is of the greatest importance to the history of the sixteenth century. The archives were all open to him; he had access to all available materials which Rome could furnish; not only the acts of the council, but the correspondence of the legates, and an immense variety of other documents were at his disposal. His authorities are paraded on his margin, and their number is prodigious, as he had so many unpublished sources to draw from, and, in fact, compiled his whole work from those documents. The most important question is, how did he use them? It has been my good fortune to see a whole series of documents, never printed, and quoted by him. We must compare the originals and the text"....."We must first acknowledge that the extracts which Pallavicini makes from those instructions and papers, and the use he puts them to, are often quite satisfactory. I have compared several," &c. "He has used an undoubted right in making some transpositions which do not at all affect the truth. It is true, he softens some strong expressions, but, as the substance is the same, we cannot make this a ground of censure; his principal object is to refute Sarpi. He places at the end of each volume a catalogue of his errors, and reckons them to amount to three hundred and sixty one, numberless others not in this catalogue, he says he has refuted. But, Pallavicini is not always the better informed of the two; for instance, he devotes a chapter to refute Sarpi's statement that Pope Paul III had proposed to Charles V to invest his nephew with the Duchy of Milan. He says, 'How would the pope dare to write such letters to the emperor, it would have been shameless dissimulation?' Pallavicini is so vehement, that we cannot help believing that he writes *bonâ fide*. Notwithstanding this, the pope actually wrote the letters, and Sarpi is correct."

Although this decision in Sarpi's favour is of very little importance, still the critic should have favoured his readers with a proof of the existence of those letters. Neither Guicciardini nor the Cardinal di Bologna speak of the letters,

though they do of the fact. "But the question," continues Ranke, "is, does Pallavicini err *bonâ fide*?" and his answer is, "Not always." For this decision a most extraordinary cause is assigned:—

"Pallavicini was sometimes more orthodox than the documents which he quotes; they were written before the council decreed; he wrote after the definitions and decisions were published. He is, therefore, more definite and authoritative than the instructions he quotes!"

Again, the critic says:—

"It is an insufferable departure from his original, to place the narrative of a nuncio, stating the necessity of the peace of Augsburg, as an apology in the mouth of the emperor for concluding that peace!"

They might, however, be the identical subjects of the dispatch and apology, although the critic finds it disingenuous in the historian to conjecture such a probability, and the reader must at all events be amused at the hypercriticism.

"Pallavicini dwells upon what is agreeable to him, but ignores whatever might be unpalatable to himself or to the curia. This must have a disadvantageous effect upon our knowledge of the subject. For example: Sarpi says that the council was transferred from Trent to Bologna, not on account of the plague, but to avoid the importunate demands for reform, made by the Spanish bishops, and backed by the emperor. But it was not convenient for Pallavicini to admit that orthodox prelates could present such 'censures,' as they were called, though they are given by Sarpi, with the pope's replies. Pallavicini says that he can find no trace of such documents or censures; the only thing he can find is an answer of the pope to some monks, but those he takes good care not to insert."

The reader will scarcely credit our deliberate assertion, that our critic never could have read a page of those two historians, on this important fact! for the first paragraph of the book and chapter cited from Pallavicini (book ix. chap. 9), and the slightest knowledge of the sessions of the council, would have rectified his (Ranke's) gross mistakes. The decrees in question, which one historian relates and the other denies, had, according to Sarpi, three sacraments for their object; and the motives of the transfer of the council, as disputed on by both historians, are the subject of the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of the same book, which we venture to assert no man can read without being satisfied that Sarpi's account is pure fable, if not malicious falsehood. Haste may suit romance, but history requires serious reading, and Ranke writes often without that precaution.

"He [Pallavicini] has an admirable talent for silence, and of letting alone what is not agreeable to him."

An instance is given from Visconti's *Letters*, of Sarpi's exaggeration and Pallavicini's reticence, in which the professor seems to betray an ignorance of Italian phraseology not to be expected in a critic. He says Sarpi takes more from those letters than they contain; he says that the cardinal Lorraine spoke very diffusely on the decree of enforcing residence. Pallavicini breaks out into the greatest violence at this, and says, "The very contrary is evident;" and quotes Visconti. Let us hear Visconti himself. He writes: "*Perche s'allargò molto, non potero seguire se non pochi prelati.*" It is therefore true, adds Ranke, that people could not follow him, and did not understand him! Whereas the true translator of the Italian letter would have come to a nearly opposite conclusion. It is obviously thus: "The affair ran to such a length that only a few prelates could deliver their opinions thereon."

This mistranslated extract was thought of sufficient importance to be added to the new edition, as it was not in that of Berlin, 1836!

Pallavicini's sole aim, according to Ranke, "is to confute his opponent, without caring to bring the truth to light. He acts like an advocate who has undertaken to defend a client, labouring under a heavy accusation, in all points and at all hazards. He brings forward what may benefit his case, and leaves out, or flatly denies, what may be injurious. In unimportant matters he is accurate, but he completely distorts what is essential."

These severe criticisms, if they were true, might leave to Pallavicini the character of a special pleader, and to his book that of a well digested brief, but his character as an historian would sink for ever. We naturally look with much anxiety for the grounds of such specific charges, and examining the passages in the critique on which they rest, we are astonished at the flimsy and fragile materials on which such severity of criticism is founded.

Though not interesting in itself, we must notice the most important specimen of infidelity alleged against Pallavicini. In Ranke's opinion it is "the most palpable error" cited in this analysis. The subject is the pope's instruction to his legate, going to the conference of Ratisbon. Ranke says:—

"Pallavicini knew of this instruction, and his manner of treating it affords us great insight into his character. He contradicts Sarpi

with great vehemence, for making the pope assert that he would satisfy the demands of Protestants, in as far they would agree with him on the points of the Catholic religion already established. This, says Pallavicini, is directly at variance with the truth. Does he mean that the contrary is the fact? The pope's words are: 'Videndum est, an in principiis nobiscum convenient.' 'We must see if they agree with us in essentials;' those once admitted, we shall do our utmost to settle the other controversies. It is certainly true that Sarpi is here in error, for he restricts the powers of the legate more than the facts warrant. He says too little of the yielding disposition of the pope. Pallavicini states that Sarpi states too much; enters into a distinction between articles of faith and others, of which nothing is said in the bull (*super aliis controversiis*!); brings together a multitude of things true, but not the whole truth, and which do not invalidate the words of the instruction."

So much for this cardinal error, the foundation stone of such grave severity and unjust censure. The expectant reader looks in vain for any other detection of prejudices and perversions among Ranke's minutial discrepancies and refined criticisms. We shall now close this secondary subject by a sketch from the same critic, of the relative abilities of these two celebrated antagonists in historic rivalry:—

"Their minds were of a completely opposite cast; that of Sarpi, acute, penetrating, sarcastic, and, although the '*Crusea*' will not admit his work into the catalogue of classics, on account of some provincialisms, his pure style suits his subject, whilst his manner of relating his facts places him second among the modern historians of Italy, I should say, after Machiavelli. Pallavicini is not without talent, and frequently draws admirable parallels. He is a skilful partisan; his was a talent for turning phrases and inventing subterfuges; his is somewhat of a heavy character of intellect. Sarpi is clear and transparent to the very bottom; Pallavicini is not without a certain easy flow of words, but muddy, flat, and shallow; both complete partisans, and not historians in the true sense."

The history of the Council of Trent is still to be written, and, if we credit our author, will ever remain so.

However that may be, it will be difficult, we think, for the peaceful student, little interested in the rivalry of either the lapsed Servite, or the dignified Jesuit, to retrace their portraits, as Ranke has given them, and not decide on their relative excellence,—their respective claims on his approbation. In the first, the sparkling genius, and the pellucid varnish, catch the eye's admiration, only to disappoint the taste and offend the judgment; there we see early prejudices, rancour of character, the bitter gall of disgust and dissatisfaction

brought to the task, of plagiarizing, and remodelling an old historian, John Sleiden. Then, we behold him distorting and displacing the secret details of manuscript chroniclers, and, to give the last finish to a portraiture of disingenuous malignity, he is again placed before us, perverting, almost in every line, the more secret, and, probably, never-to-be-published, instructions of popes and sovereigns to their ambassadors. These are, as the reader must have seen, the leading features of Sarpi's time-honoured history, as Ranke has wrought them out in masterly detail, and it needs no other pencil to throw over the picture a darker shade of deformity.

We have much to challenge respect and secure credibility, in the description of his maligned rival Pallavicini; he draws, we are told, from nought but original documents, the fountain-springs of history. The treasures of the Vatican archives supply his narrative, the hidden secrets of treaties, the long balanced policy of a slow and wary court are open to his view, and all since published and unpublished appear, when in his hands, to have been used "in a manner quite satisfactory." No falsification, no profane sneer, no addition to, nor subtraction from the record sullies his pages. Occasionally, Ranke labours to prove that Pallavicini ought to have taken a calmer view of a subject; ought to have defended and retorted with less earnestness, and merged into historic stoicism the triumph which the detecting of error, and the showing forth of truth, necessarily creates in an upright mind. On perusing over and again the eight or more passages wherein defective, or tortuous constructions are instanced, we confess that, in either interpretation, the difference weighs only as a feather in the balance of the mind, and influences in nought the decision of our judgment as to the right or wrong of the debated statement, whilst it leaves untouched the well-earned fame of this laborious and successful investigator after truth; and, we must add, establishes his decided superiority over his rival, even at the tribunal of our Protestant German Critic, Ranke.

THE POPES OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

It is impossible to peruse Ranke's history of these pontiffs without paying a due homage to his admirable developement of that historic period. Narrative, in his hands, loses all the dull monotony of the log-book; that weary task of recording each successive event, and following, step by step, the interchanging routine of peace and war, factions, struggle, and

civil strife. His mind is too elastic to be controlled by everyday occurrences, it springs out of the track of all his predecessors in the career of history, and heedless of annals, memoirs, and all such models, selects a far less toilsome course for its exertions and our advantage. Had his industry kept pace with his conceptions, his work would have still higher claims on our admiration, but the closing periods of the span he contemplated, bear marks of a too great anxiety to reach the distant goal, and leave his character for fame dependant on his vigorous efforts in the previous periods of his history. The work, however, excites and sustains the reader's interest throughout its varied epochs, and produces the pleasing impression, which every production of art must on the enlightened mind, when the stamp of genius is so conspicuously discernible. No one, we venture to say, will close his book without exclaiming, in the homely homage of sincere admiration, "Ranke is a clever writer." His systematic narrative is always most attractive, his candour often eminently impartial; in defiance of early prejudices, and, perhaps, actual interests, he tells truth of men and manners, blackened by the accumulated calumnies of the last three centuries. Even the usually cumbrous subjects of theology and controversy, derive an easy intelligence from his fluent pen: the abstruse differences of the Molonists and Jesuits, stand out in pleasing relief from his passing touch; and the still more unwelcome theories of justification, as they at last seem to repose in modern evangelicalism, after an almost perennial divergency from the parent channel, are brought to the level of ordinary capacity and lay reading.

These rare and invaluable qualities of an historian occasionally succumb in Ranke under the bias which is so natural in the most ingenuous when adverse subjects are discussed. That defect could only obscure or tarnish worth; but, we regret to add that too frequent instances of some more depreciating agency destroy their real value, and must excite deep regret. There is a haste and impetuosity which hurries him into great inconsistencies, and, starting with a fair and candid discernment, we find him often discanting and concluding under the influence of the most oblique judgment. The very subject of his eulogy in one chapter becomes the theme of censure in another; and the preponderance of papal power which here we find instrumental in every good, is there the spring and sole cause of every discomfiture in the same march of intellectual and moral progress. The temporalities of St.

Peter's successors, and the resources of concentrated riches and knowledge, are truly described by him as so many powerful levers to sustain and advance Catholicity; and yet the connexion of the spiritual and the temporal dominions is frequently set forth as the upsetting cause of the best religious projects. Again, in his own words:

"Whatever powerful contests and internal discussions appear within the bosom of Catholicity, the master idea retains the victory, the highest unity of Catholicity with its all-embracing power remains predominant; advances with steady course, unimpeded by moments of internal strife, from which it even borrows fresh energy for future conquests."

Still, when we come towards the close of his problem, all this seems lost to view, and the dissensions of Jansenists, Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans, are the starting point, and the temporal power the final causes of the Church's downfall, and the approaching utter disappearance of Catholicity. Book viii. *passim*.

There is scarcely a possibility of compressing into a few pages those eventful periods of modern history, and the most we can presume to promise ourselves is, to excite the curiosity of the reader to look at the originals by our feeble sketch of such attractive characters.

The object of the work, is the exhibition of religious progress and its agencies: accordingly, we shall indicate those movements as concisely as possible, occasionally pausing, where our guide falters or fails, to direct our readers in the true biography of the Roman pontiffs of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries.

With the acquisition and recovery of the temporal power of the popes under Julius II, and his victories, by which Bologna, Parma, and Piacenza were secured to the papal states, there is little to notice of interest, save to recall to the memory of the historic reader that the temporalities of St. Peter's chair antedate this period by several centuries, certainly remount to Pope Adrian I, Pepin, Charlemagne, if not with greater accuracy, two centuries higher, to that most illustrious of pontiffs, Saint Gregory the Great.

"The re-establishment of the states of the Church," says Ranke, "was at that time, Julius II, regarded by the world as a glorious, nay, even a religious enterprise, and the pope risked all to forward it."

He accordingly took the field himself; he was successful; endeavoured every where to appear as a liberator, treated

his new subjects wisely, and secured their attachment and fidelity.

The more genial and mightier project of the new Basilica of St. Peter's engaged the pontiff's peaceful energies—he laid the first stone by Bramante's design. In the midst of these bursting elements of power and intellect, Leo X (Medici) ascended the throne, and no being was ever better calculated to foster and enjoy their glories. Ariosto was the acquaintance of his youth, Macchiavelli his intimate friend, Raffaele his favourite genius; all his courtiers and ambassadors laud his religion, his goodness of heart, his learning; and, no doubt, Leo's gay and graceful court was entitled to those praises, when his life was contrasted with the horrors of Alexander VI's infamous family. Ranke omits to record of him, that biblical learning was the especial object of his patronage; that he established a chair of Hebrew in the Roman university, and pressed, by his letters and entreaties, Erasmus to edit the works of St. Jerome for the furtherance of that project; and that too in an age when literary enlightenment allured its votaries towards impiety, and widespread libertinism fostered religious innovations; when the study of the ancients would seem to have so captivated the human mind, and so amalgamated its elements with the mercurial character of that generation, as to displace almost every other influence; a species of intellectual sensuality predominated, poetry, painting, and music, all administered to its sway. Philosophy herself descended from æsthetics, and became half materialized in its rash theories. The pope was obliged to threaten Pietro Pomponozzo, one of the greatest philosophers of his day, to induce him to retract his opinions of the soul's materiality. There was an evident reflection of paganism, without the consciousness, a sort of antique incredulity and consequent corruption produced by the classical studies of that age; even, Ariosto complains to his friend Bembo of the perils and difficulties of educating his son Virginio, and, Ranke says, "that the young Luther was astonished when he visited Italy."*

* Luther's visit to Rome was A.D. 1510. Leo was not pope till 1513. Martin Luther came to Rome on some business of his vicar general, or of his order; had to travel on foot, and beg his way; arrived in ill-humour, and saw every thing in that murky mood of mind. Not even the austere St. Jerome could escape his splenetic forebodings: "I would not take ten thousand gilders and be in St. Jerome's place in the next world!" "Ich wollte nicht 10,000 gulden nehmen, und in der Gefahr stehen für unsern Herrn Gott. da Sanct Hieronymus inne stehet."—Tisch-Reden, fol. 413, Eisleben.

The leading policy of Leo's reign is well described by Ranke, as an effort, even at the greatest sacrifices, to preserve the independence of the Roman see, and a due balance of power among the sovereigns of France and Germany; but, the anti-religious, or reforming tendency of the age was never lost sight of by the pontiff; and a curious illustration of the jealous and counteracting disposition of the emperor Maximilian is well noticed. When he, (the emperor Maximilian) was pressed by papal influence to quash the prurient boldness of the young reformer, he said, "No! we might want him." "He excuses himself," says Vittori (who has left a manuscript compendium of the affair), "on account of the passport, or safety conduct he had granted, but, in reality, it was to keep the pope in check by Luther and his doctrines." At this eventful period, when the atmosphere was overcharged with fearful terrors, Leo died:

"His life," says this eloquent historian, "passed in a sort of intellectual intoxication, and in the unbroken gratification of all his wishes, the result of his own kindly and bountiful nature, his refined intellect, and his sense of merit; towards the close of his reign all the currents of his policy mingled in one full tide of triumph, and it may be counted amongst his felicities that he died then; other times followed, and it is difficult to suppose that he could have successfully opposed their unpropitious influences, although his name be stamped on a century, and on a great epoch of human advancement."

Ranke closes this eulogy by a cutting sarcasm, which he takes from a very discreditable authority, a lampoon on the old torso of Pasquin; it suited his purpose to revile what he was obliged to praise. "He glided in like a fox, he governed as a lion, he died like a dog."

Muratori tells us, that, when his holy successor Adrian VI was named, "The people burst into reproaches against the cardinals for that selection, and naught was heard but benedictions on the memory of Leo." This is certainly a better testimony than the pasquinade which Ranke puts in the mouth of the same people, as they accompanied Leo's remains to the grave.

The pope died at the early age of forty-six, and his pontificate, of eight years, seems to be visited with the unmerited censures and responsibility of subsequent misfortunes, which, for a series of years were lowering over the Church.

"Leo," says Guicciardino, "disappointed the world; he was destined, by the highest gifts of nature, and the best early principles,

to benefit the Church, but he forgot the duties of the pontiff to enjoy the glories of the prince."

Muratori is equally severe. No doubt, much prodigality and simony were the disgraceful vices of that age, but how can it be said that the pope ever lost sight of the interests of faith, and of the devastating progress of error,—the first duties of his state?

"How can we be told," says Monsieur Audin, in his admirable *Life of Luther* (Paris, 1841), "that in the religious quarrels in which Rome had such a stake, the Papacy was behind or remiss in its efforts, that, what religion and the Gospel maxims required was left unheeded? whereas, the treasures of patience, and the resources of zealous mildness were fairly exhausted in Luther's regard."

"The world was now for three years full of his quarrels about indulgences; every village in Germany rang with his name, and was up for or against his doctrines. As they advanced in age they acquired boldness. Luther was no longer the timid and retiring monk, but the most popular of orators; nay, to credit himself, when he would fain be silent, the press heralded forth his doctrines. At Rome, Militz will tell you, they would, even then, have given the world to silence him whom, neither Francis I in all his glory, nor Charles of Austria, (except during the intensely interesting event of his election) could throw into oblivion. What did not Leo do to avert the coming tempest? From the moment the integrity of the dogma was assailed, briefs were addressed to rouse the archbishops and bishops of Germany, to different religious orders, and to the convents of Saxony and Wirtemberg, to silence the innovator. Luther was deaf to the remonstrance. Then the pope had recourse to the emperor Maximilian, but without fruit. Perhaps the pomp of Rome might awe into respect the reformer. Luther holds two conferences with the cardinal Cajetano, exhausts his patience, and leaves his Eminence with a sneer. Then, Militz, a countryman, is the intercessor, and, in order to appease him, annihilates Luther's antagonists, Tezel and his questors, by his severe reprimands: but the reformer is not satisfied. Next, Staupitz, his own provincial, is unsuccessful, and, his bosom friend, Jerome Spalatin, undertakes the commission of reconciliation, but in vain. Even the poor monks of Jüterbock tried entreaty when the eloquence and learning of the former pacifiers had failed; but to no purpose. Thus, bent before the innovator, tiara and diadem, the cardinal's purple, and monk's coarse cowl; his inflexibility

was now fanaticism; to believe him, 'Deus rapit et pellit,' God drove him on," &c. (Letter to Silvius, Feb. 20, 1519).

Still greater injustice is done to the pontiff's memory by any accusation of severity or harshness. His reign was not that of a lion, but of a lamb.

"Never shall I forget," writes Erasmus to his friend, (book v. ep. 2), "the grace, the beauty, the elegant manners of Leo X; they at once struck me with admiration; his noble and lofty bearing, the blandness with which he received me, the indescribable charm of his conversation. The treasures which Plato required of a prince, shone forth in him—wisdom and goodness. Others are distinguished for feats of glory and of arms; to Leo belong the happiness of peace and the triumph of the arts, glories which never cost one tear nor sigh."

Even Luther seemed to have stayed the savage anger which bursts through every other line of his far-famed rabid epistle to the pope, to pay homage to the pontiff's personal virtues;—

"Among the monsters of this age against which I am waging war for now three years, my thoughts revert to you, O holy father. I protest, and I cannot mistake in this protestation, that never have I said or writ one word against thee.....You, Leo, you are a lamb in the midst of wolves; a Daniel amid lions; an Ezechiel among scorpions."

This filthy epistle escaped Ranke, when he flung his sarcasm at the memory of this most renowned of pontiffs, Leo X.

The accession of Adrian of Utrecht, was hailed by the friends of religion with great gratitude and joy. He was the mirror of every virtue; purity, piety, and learning, were the acquisitions and the habits of his life; but his "destiny," as supreme governor in those storms and strifes, may be read from his own hand, on his superb tomb, in *Santa Maria dell' Anima*: "Let a man be ever so good, how much depends on the times in which he is born." Beset by difficulties in Church and State, he learned by sad experience how difficult is the task of reforming the world. Poverty in the treasury; pestilence in the city, carrying off eighteen thousand inhabitants; the victorious Turk capturing from the Knights of Malta, Rhodes, and the Church's vanguard thus defeated, were miseries doubly aggravated by the stealthy and rapid strides of Luther in Germany, now backed by another invader, Zwinglius, in Switzerland. Well might Muratori write of such times, "*Poveri Cristiani in questi tempi.*"

In the midst of those warring elements, the second Medici pope ascended the throne, and if ever pilot were adapted to ride the storm, and bring the vessel through in safety, it was to all appearances Clement VII. In him talents, virtues, prudence, experience, all that could bespeak success, seemed to unite, and the plaudits of the world to anticipate the laurels due to those promised victories. As the prime minister of Leo, he had the knowledge of government, and his high character for skill and integrity all but secured the happy result of any undertaking. Alas! with those prognostics, his popedom is one of the saddest epochs of papal dominion. Italy had now an undisputed preeminence in the great ingredients of power, knowledge, and the arts. A spirit of independence, and a love of self-government, the natural outbreaks of civilization in every state, carried away every mind, and forced their influence on the pontiff and his court. From the Alps to the Appennines, the whole country rose against the Spaniard's sway. History tells the sad tale of the plunder of Rome, under Bourbon and his German Lutherans; the bitter fruits of the seductive tree of liberty, which Italy would reimplant in its once native soil. That dismal havoc was more than the passing thunderstorm; there was a scathful brand in its bursting elements, which settled on the very vitals of Catholicity: for during its raging excitement, religious fidelity was sacrificed to temporary vengeance, and Ferdinand, the emperor's brother, passed a decree at the convocation of Spire, securing liberty of conscience to the reforming creeds, and thus opened the floodgates of innovation and religious strife. Broken down by distress, the pontiff discovered the false light which allured him, and endeavoured to regain his position. He renewed his amity with the emperor, and urged him to measures of restraint against the boundless license of the innovators. It was on this emergency that the instruction for the nuncio Campeggio, to the emperor Charles V, was uttered, at which Ranke affects such compassionate regret. If ever retaliation were justifiable, Clement had a strong case against his Protestant aggressors; stained, as they were, with Roman carnage, and laden with Roman plunder. But neither the emperor nor the pope were solicitous for retributive justice; whilst both concurred in their anxiety for a general council, to stay the stormy elements that raged around them. Ranke, in contradiction, or in oblivion of all he had written and cited in favour of the pontiff's exalted character, says that he shrank

back from the personal exposure to which such a measure would subject him :—

“Clement had personal causes of apprehension. He was conscious that he was not of legitimate birth ; that he had not mounted to the highest dignity by an unsullied path ; that he had suffered himself to employ the resources of the Church to promote private interests ; had incurred a costly war, &c. ; for all which he might be called to account.”

All those assertions, with one exception, stand in direct contradiction to the historian's own narrative and cited manuscripts, which overflow with testimony of his merits and virtues ; besides, the object of the war was the too popular project of ridding Italy of a foreign domination. But if they were all as true as they are otherwise, no general council would have had to meddle with, or interrupt, them. The pope and emperor met at Bologna, to discuss the preliminary measures of a council, and the pontiff interrupted those conferences to betake himself to Marseilles, on a very different mission,—to negotiate with Francis I, the marriage of Catharine of Medicis, the pontiff's niece, with the French king's son. There the evil genius of Clement got the ascendancy, and Protestantism shared the triumph. Jealousy allied France with some of the smaller German states at variance with the emperor and his Catholic projects. Philip of Hesse recovered his dominions, aided by the French subsidies ; the treaty of Kaden followed, and debarred all further suits for the recovery of the confiscated Church property ; and thus this second stride in the headlong march of the Reformation gave legal security to that religious license already guaranteed at Spires. Wirtemberg led the way in embracing the reformed creed, as it had in seizing on ecclesiastical foundations. Denmark, Prussia, Brandenburg, and the Palatinate soon followed. “Within the space of a few years,” says Ranke, “the Reformation extended itself over Lower Germany, and established itself in Upper Germany for ever !”

The melancholy events of Henry the Eighth's petition for divorce, came like the drop of gall to overflow the chalice of the pope's declining years ; its history is too well sifted to be dwelt on here. It embittered the last days of this virtuous but ill-fated pontiff.

“We have called Leo fortunate,” concludes Ranke ; “Clement was perhaps a better man ; at all events, more blameless, more active, more acute, but most unfortunate ; perhaps the most ill-starred pope that ever sat upon the throne. He was doomed to

see the attempt to build up an independent temporal power lead to the contrary result.....The great Protestant schism unfolded itself with resistless power before his eyes; the conflict of spiritual and temporal interests, in which the papacy had involved itself, appears to have been calculated to secure the ascendancy of those very adverse powers in Church and State,—Spain trampled on the one, and Luther tore asunder the other.”

The opening scenes of the next pontificate, of Paul III (Farnese), are like the brilliant beams of a morning sun, after the murky clouds of the boisterous night were gone from the horizon. A number of the most learned men were raised to the purple, and amongst those most distinguished cardinals, the English refugee—cardinal Pole. Several reformatory decrees, for domestic and curial abuses, ushered in this pontificate, and the celebrated conference was held at Ratisbon, where reconciliation almost touched the hallowed boundary of religious union. Never did parties approximate nearer to universal concord and peace. The pope had selected cardinal Contarini as his representative; a man in whose character, mildness, truth, and pure morality, seemed reflected; and of whose learning cardinal Pole said, “that he was ignorant of nothing that the human mind could discover, and that his knowledge was crowned by his virtues.” Gropper and Pflug, theologians of great character in Vienna, represented the emperor, and Philip of Hesse selected Bucer and Melancthon, the most pacific of the Protestant party. On the 5th of April, 1541, the negociation opened. The cardinal succeeded, against all expectation, in bringing about unanimity on those four most difficult questions,—the nature of man, original sin, redemption, and even justification. This last point the Lutherans held, depended on faith alone; the cardinal added, on living and active faith. Bucer and Melancthon were satisfied, cardinal Pole full of congratulation and joy. But what occurred at Ratisbon should be confirmed by the pope and Luther, to whom an express was sent. He flashed into furious execrations at this patchwork combination of creeds, and saw nought but the devil in every shred!

Alas! for the world to have had such an umpire. The stalking-horse of politics just then appeared, to trample down the few lingering sparks of this hidden and holy fire. Francis I. saw, in the emperor's position as pacificator, his own decline. “Carnal envy,” says cardinal Contarini, “broke up the conference,” and he returned to Rome, having accomplished nothing of his noble mission and design for the pacification of the world.

From that apparent misfortune arose the mighty regeneration of the Church, in the immediate convocation of the Council of Trent. The glory of that step belongs to Paul III. Its opening efforts to recall the bewildered minds of nearly half of Europe's children, were such as the congregated wisdom of the world, under God's guidance, could alone effect. The chaos of fifty years of religious wrangling, the contested difficulties of theological controversy, were all but reduced to light and order. As the last and most important question of justification was receiving its fiat, the mighty magician that had evoked the storm, died.

The death of Luther, in 1546, would, one ought to conclude, have terminated the dissensions he so mainly called into existence; but what the cardinal Contarini wrote to Rome, on the previous death of Zwingli, was still too true: "If all the heresiarchs were not only dead, but converted, their heresy would prevail so long as love of plunder possessed the princes, and love of license the people, of Germany."

Ranke is more disingenuous in the very discursive notice he takes of the discussion at Trent, on justification, than in any other part of that history. He mixes up the deliberations on original sin with those on justification; insults the memory of the illustrious cardinal Pole, by interpreting some philosophical remarks on the first subject, as tendencies to Protestant opinions on the second; attributes to design the cardinal's absence from the council when that decree passed, whereas his declining health obliged his return to Rome, and his resignation as legate. Ranke copies throughout the refuted slanders of Fra Paolo, and adds one of his own against Pallavicini. "Sarpi," he says, "gives this discussion, not so Pallavicini." Whereas, if the reader will consult the eighth book of his history, he can measure the length and breadth of that error of Ranke's, in a long and most satisfactory account, as well as a refutation of Sarpi on the subject. Events over which this pontiff had no control, and, in part, political projects which posterity justly censures, stayed the triumphant progress of truth at the council, as well as the progressive energies of the emperor in reestablishing submission and allegiance in his kingdom. At the moment when both seemed to keep equal pace towards success, the council was transferred to Bologna, and there soon interrupted. Paul III forfeited the glory which seemed to have been his early destiny—to write the epitaph of heresy, and establish religious concord in the world.

His successor was the cardinal de Monte, who presided with Pole, and, after his departure, alone, as legate at Trent. Julius III not only reopened the council at Trent, but concurred in both moral and physical efforts with the emperor, to resist the reforming innovations; but France, bent on ambitious and anti-imperial projects, remained the ally of the Protestant belligerents, and Charles, though a veteran conqueror, saw himself, between the French on the Rhine, and the elector Maurice in the Tyrol, all but a captive. Those apparently evil results, had a most salutary influence at Rome. War, politics, and worldly wisdom, lost their value, and a new and religious spirit arose on the ascendant; that spirit asserted its rights against the Spanish and German pretensions at Trent, and turned with disgust from the old papal projects of family aggrandisement at home. Its first stride towards liberty was in the selection of cardinal Marcello Cervino, as Julius's successor, in 1555. "I had prayed," says a cotemporary, "that a pope might arise who would restore the ancient glories of the Church, the council, and the reform; and my wishes are now realized." Marcellus would suffer no relative to enter Rome; all his thoughts were on reform in Church and state, and the council, in all its energy. On the twenty-second day of his reign, Marcellus died! His successor was the austere cardinal Caraffa, Paul IV. At the advanced age of seventy-nine he ascended the papal throne, determined to reform the world, and seemed conscious of no other duty than the restoration of the ancient faith to all its pristine authority. That holy cause would seem to repudiate such impulses as the rigour of an inflexible and wayward mind could impart. The Congregation for Universal Reform, and the Inquisition, were admirable institutions if left to work out their own objects by their own machinery; but under the ardent and suspicious sway of the pontiff, became instruments of vehemence and severity. He suspected that the emperor fostered the Protestants, and threatened to excommunicate himself and his son Philip. From those groundless antipathies the pope advanced to open defiance, and took energetic measures to attack the imperial armies. His wicked nephews profited of this outburst to gain temporary advantages, and disgracefully sought Protestant aid against the duke of Alva, and his imperial armies. Defeat and misfortune taught wisdom to the pontiff's mind. Powerfully acted on by those reverses, his early reforms were returned to; his nephews, though cardinals, disgraced and

banished, and the whole character of the government was thenceforth altered. The dignity, devotion, and magnificence of public worship were greatly promoted by him; the decorations of the Sixtine and Pauline chapels, so well known in the Holy Week, at Rome, owe their origin to his zeal for religious ceremony. His decrees for reform discover the outlines of the decisions of the Council of Trent; but the same inflexibility and sternness of character still predominated, and the severest appeared the best mode of government. Every dissentient sentiment bore in his mind the suspicion of heresy. Cardinal Morone, who afterwards shone as the setting sun of the Council of Trent, and threw around its close all its golden glory, was cast into prison, and the cardinal legate, Pole, recalled from England, and all but disgraced in Rome. "The bitterest complaints," says Muratori, "burst forth from all quarters against the pope, when the dignity of legate was withdrawn from the archbishop of Canterbury, the brightest light of the Sacred College, and the mainstay of the Church of God in England, as his published works so well prove." Akin to this, but by far the most unlucky of the pontiff's well-intentioned but imprudent measures, was the repulsive authority with which the pretensions of the young queen Elizabeth were responded to. She proffered obedience, through the deceased queen's (Mary's) ambassador, Carney, to the pope, and the answer given was that she had no right in a disputed succession to ascend the throne without the pope's sanction: "Let her now put forward her pretensions, they should be duly entertained."*

"I never," says Muratori, "can reflect on this lamentable occurrence but with chilled feelings of sorrow and regret..... Whether Elizabeth was a sincere Protestant or a disguised Catholic, she was crowned and acted as a Catholic; and had no such severity

* This statement is questioned by the learned divine who is republishing Dodd's "Church History of England;" because no dispatch is found in the Foreign Office, London, to bear out the fact, and Pallavicini is supposed to have copied Sarpi in his statement. Those grounds are not quite satisfactory, to displace so old a tenant of history. The Records of State offices in Rome may still supply the English deficiency; and, undoubtedly, neither Muratori nor cardinal Pallavicini copy Sarpi; the very contrary being the fact. The eighth chapter of the fourteenth book of the Council of Trent opens with this narrative, and the controverted policy of the pontiff's reply. The margin bears as usual the authorities on which they rest. 1st. The life of the pontiff, written by Spondano, who discusses at great length the subject; 2d. the diary of the master of ceremonies; and 3d. the authority of Belcari; and Pallavicini unites with Spondano in maintaining, that though the pope's expression might be modified, his acts could not be otherwise. Dr. Lingard follows Pallavicini.

been exercised towards her, though it might not have determined her subsequent conduct, her memory would have had to bear the whole opprobrium of the deluge of error which overran Christendom. But evil has triumphed, and we must adore God's just judgments, though we cannot read the hidden characters of His decrees."

Catholicity, at this period, A.D. 1559, was in the darkest shadow of the passing eclipse. In Germany, Protestantism reigned far and wide; a Venetian ambassador reckoned that only a tenth part of the inhabitants of all Germany had remained faithful to the old religion. All the learned supporters of Catholicity who had taken the field against Luther were now dead, no young competitors for such an enterprise could be found; the colleges, the episcopal sees, the universities, were fast Protestantizing, and, for the previous twenty years, no student at the university of Vienna had taken priest's orders; even Bavaria seemed lost to Catholicity, its nobles becoming Protestants, the confession of Augsburg fully recognized, and the duke himself often attending Protestant sermons.

In Poland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Iceland, &c. reform received its legalized foundation at this precise period, 1557-8; Hungary had preceded in 1554; all the Rhenish provinces followed; Switzerland, and even France, were nearly captivated in Calvin's doctrine. The Venetian ambassador writes in this year, 1559, that three-fourths of France were filled by Geneva Protestantism; thus, in the north, east, and west of Europe, Catholicity, if not crushed altogether, was oppressed and dispirited, and, in less than forty years, that immense territory was overspread by Protestantism: from Iceland to the Pyrenees; from Finland to the summits of the Italian Alps! If, at that moment, one could survey the world from the heights of Rome, what an enormous havoc would not the spectator behold on the fatal field of religious dissension! and, the mind be as bewildered as the eye astonished to dwell on, or account for, such a spectacle. Ranke would trace all, to the interference of the successive pontiffs with politics and states; obviously overlooking the double character of the history of those popes, and their unceasing struggles to make their political efforts available in their religious enterprises, to stay the impetuous onflow of error and innovation. If Catholicity had but human energies to rely on, its final destiny would not long be a problem; it might struggle with its perils, emerge and float awhile, but exhaustion would, eventually, prostrate it for ever.

"Shaken to its very core," (says Ranke, with becoming candour,)

"endangered in the very ground-work of its being, it had found means to maintain and renew itself; up to the time of the last sittings of the council of Trent, Protestant opinions had continued to make their way with irresistible force. Now, however, things assumed a new aspect; the Catholic Church began then and there the work of self-restoration. We may affirm, generally, that she was once more inspired with a fresh and living energy; that she regenerated her creed, and originated a reform, which, on the whole, accorded with and satisfied the age."

The reader of Ranke is often gratified by similar outbreaks of historic truth, and half compensated for the distorted theories of fanciful principles and their results, which, indirectly, are sought to be fastened on the incidents and characters of such popes as Paul III, Paul IV, and Clement VII. The Catholic cannot stifle the triumphant feeling which such candour must suggest, when Ranke, after quarrelling with every other means of resuscitating the expiring Church, recognizes that pre-ordained instrument of restoration, a general council, as imparting vitality to organs which all human skill had failed to revive. That glorious work may be said to have begun under the succeeding pontiff, Pius IV, and his sainted nephew, Charles Borromeo. Their lives were passed in giving development to the regenerating Church reforms of the council of Trent. The historian sketches with great spirit the rapid progress of their success, but, concludes his account by a most ungenerous and puny calumny on the pontiff's setting glories. "His mind was relaxed from its tension when the council closed. He neglected divine service, indulged in the pleasures of the table," (as if the old man could have the powers of an ostrich!) "delighted in sumptuous palaces, &c.;" and, for this statement, a dispatch of the Venetian ambassador is cited, which, if it were worth the trouble to recite here, the reader would be satisfied does not sustain one iota of those assertions.

"The popes," he continues, "now renounced that worldly policy which had so frequently thrown Europe into confusion; their Italian principality, their extended territories, were exceedingly favourable to the success of their ecclesiastical undertakings: the surplus of its revenues greatly assisted the universal Catholic Church." "A boundless theatre of activity now opens on our view, the action beginning in many different places at once, especially in Germany: where Catholicity suffered its greatest defeats, the conflict ragged with greater acrimony."

The Jesuits are now done justice to, and their pre-eminent struggles are well told. We cannot permit ourselves even an analysis of this campaign of religious triumphs. It is well

and candidly narrated by the historian. It began in Bavaria, where the Duke Albert no sooner obtained the permission for communion, under two kinds, than he suddenly retraced his steps, and took the lead in Catholic reforms as opposed to the innovation of Protestantism; laboured with ardour to restore the Catholic faith; sent the Jesuits into Baden, after they had re-converted his own dominions, and, in less than two years, the whole country returned to Catholicity. Pius V, the sainted Dominican Ghislieri, dispatched the learned Canisius with the decrees of Trent to the ecclesiastical courts, and they were received. Seminaries were established, the bishops every where insisted on the *professio fidei*, which bears this pontiff's name on every step of Church preferment. By those, and similar disciplinary regulations, Catholicism arose in renovated strength in Germany.

"The greatest changes," says Ranke, "took place without noise, without attracting the observation of cotemporaries, or of historians, as if such were the natural and inevitable course of events."

The mission of the Jesuit preachers in France against the Huguenots was most triumphant. To father Augier, even the Protestants gave the palm of victory; his catechism had prodigious effect amongst the people, whilst Maldonatus and his biblical glories defied and overcame all competition among the learned.

Catherine of Medicis headed the religious movement; but the melancholy event of St. Bartholomew occurred to mark the fatal limit where politics and fanaticism usurp the functions of truth and religion, and long and bloody was the reaction which those struggles for preponderance caused and fed. England defied every effort of this sainted pope, who declared that he was ready to shed his blood for her conversion, and that object took a powerful hold on the mind of his successor, Gregory XIII (Boncompagni). His opening reign was, naturally, strongly influenced by the prevailing temperament of the warlike struggles around him; and an Austrian armament was hailed as an hopeful project for recalling those islands to the pristine faith, but neither Spain nor Austria responded to the pontiff's zeal. He elevated an English exile, Stuckly, to the command of an armament, and an Irish refugee, Geraldine, joined the expedition. Stuckly, now called the Marquis of Leinster, turned his troops to attack the Moors, whilst Geraldine alone proceeded to and landed in Ireland, in June 1579. The Earl of Desmond joined the invaders, and the whole country was up against

the Queen ; the struggle was of short duration ; money failed, Geraldine was killed, Desmond routed, and Elizabeth's armies completely victorious.

"Men and women," says Ranke, "were driven together into barns and there burned ; children were strangled, all Munster laid waste, and English settlers poured into the devastated country."—B. iv. c. 3.

The failure of arms brought the Pope's mind to its more congenial resources ; he established a college at Douay, through William (afterwards cardinal) Allen, and founded another college at Rome for the English mission, from whence Parsons and Campion were the first who came to England.

Switzerland was recalled to Catholicity through similar agencies, united to the zeal of Saint Charles Borromeo, but the great field of victory was the Austrian dominions. In 1586, by the zeal of Julius Echter bishop of Würzburg, and the preaching of the Jesuits, fourteen cities and two hundred villages, containing 72,000 inhabitants, returned to Catholicity. The counter-revolution pervaded every rank, and the nuncio Malaspina describes it as "a mighty current, carrying before it all obstacles." "The torrent of Protestantism," says Ranke, "was driven back with a force equal to that with which it overflowed the land ; preaching and teaching did much, and much was effected by ordinances and state regulations." "Catholicism marched with victorious strides from land to land." The most especial attention was given to education in the middle as well as in the higher ranks of life ; profound learning and practical science prevailed in the universities. The new calendar too was introduced to the world in Gregory's reign, which may truly be called a reign of light and truth in every department under the almost boundless sway of Catholicity.

The Venetian Ambassador in France writes that in 1582, the evening of that pontiff's reign, the number of Protestants in France had decreased seventy per cent. among the educated classes, whilst the common people were again all Catholic.

To Gregory XIII succeeded the celebrated Sixtus Quintus, 1585. The pontificate of "Fra Felice" is one of the brightest epochs of ecclesiastical sway. He was born at Fermo on the Adriatic coast, one of the fairest spots in that elysium ; there the poor Peretti watched the vineyard and tended the cattle by day, and studied his grammar by night at the lamp of the Madonna that hung on the cross-ways ; entered the order of St. Francis, rose to be its general, and at length bore away the tiara, "not by arts or dissimulation," says Ranke, with

great truth, "but by the true claims on that highest dignity: personal worth." In that exalted station, Baronius, Bellarmine, and Saint Philip Neri were his confidants and friends, and the history of his too short pontificate, is one succession of prodigies of art and power. Though Sixtus looked upon himself as an instrument in the hands of God, to advance the interests of all classes, still, throughout the complexity of political affairs and brilliant achievements, all was made subordinate to the benefit of religion. He had but one individual thought, one aim,—the triumph of Catholicism. The crowned heads of Europe looked up to him for counsel, and their destinies seemed to be at his beck. His kind forbearance towards Henry IV of France, though under excommunication; his wisdom in tranquillizing the ardent zeal of Philip of Spain; his moderation towards all, raised him to an exaltation abroad, which his great resources of wealth and dominion at home sustained, and enabled him to advance at every step the career of religion and the Church. His magnanimity won him universal applause; the king of Spain sent an autograph letter, informing his holiness that he had commanded his ministers at Naples and Milan to pay no less implicit obedience to the papal ordinances than to his own. Sixtus was moved to tears, "that the greatest monarch in the world," as he expressed it, "should honour a poor monk." Agriculture, arts, and manufactures, new cities, aqueducts, draining the Pontine marshes, building St. Peter's wonderful dome in twenty-two months; those and similar prodigies of imperial might, seemed to be his relaxations. His policy was upright. He governed single-handed and single-hearted. Nepotism was discarded, though he loved and favoured his family. He filled the vacancies of the college of cardinals with the most eminent men; they were truly, as his bull expresses it, "the salt of the earth, and light set upon a candlestick," &c. Never did mortal, in five years, leave such imperishable impressions of greatness, goodness, and glory, as Sixtus Quintus.*

We must hasten on to trace the further progress of the "religious movement." The three next succeeding pontificates scarcely occupied one year. Urban VII, thirteen days;

* There is a disingenuous translation, by Ranke, on this pontiff's character. He says we have an account which describes him as "malignant and cunning" (*arglistig und boshaft*): whilst in the original we read, "*una tenuta imperiosa e arrogante*." The account is anonymous, written before, and perhaps in the view of preventing, his election.

Gregory XIV, ten months; Innocent XI, two months. The short reign of Gregory was characterized by great efforts and great sacrifices to aid the triumphant cause of religion in France, but the career of victories set in as a mighty current on the election of cardinal Aldobrandini, 1592, as Clement VIII. Activity from the earliest periods of life was the pontiff's habit. "In every particular," says Ranke, (B. vi. 243) "this pope acted with enlightened prudence; he was fond of work, and his nature seemed to borrow fresh vigour from toil." "Every day, more and more," writes the imperial ambassador, Delfino, "we can see that zeal for God's glory, and the public good, alone directs the pope." His reign opens with the reconciliation of Henry IV to the Church. The accession of a monarch at once so victorious, so gallant, so warlike, shed a fulness and splendour of authority around the papal chair, and constituted France as a focus of Catholicism, from which mighty influences should diverge. That glorious conquest was the result of the pope's forethought and moderation; it restored harmony between the rival nations of France and Spain, and concentrated all their energies for the pontiff's darling object—religion. The theologian is familiar with the disputes on justification which then occupied the Catholic world, under the denominations of Molinists and Thomists, and their efforts to systematize the mysterious workings of God's grace in the soul. The pontiff took such paternal interest in the controversy, that he found time, amid his various occupations, to preside at thirty-seven disputations and sixty-five meetings.

The same zeal that laboured to establish truth in the Church, led him to assert right in his temporal dominion. The fiefdom of Ferrara devolved to the Church by the demise of the last of the D'Este family, and thenceforward became part of the pontifical domain.

"It is," says Ranke, "frequently assumed by historians, that Ferrara was in a peculiarly flourishing state under the last prince of the house of Este, but this is an illusion, like a multitude of others, which rests on antipathy to the secular power of Rome. Montaigne visited Ferrara in that reign; he admires the wide streets and beautiful palaces of the city, but even he was struck, as travellers are in our day, with their empty and desolate appearance, the country impoverished and neglected, oppressively taxed and governed, &c.....When, therefore, writers dwell on the prosperity and activity of Ferrara, they cannot mean this for either the country or the town, but merely for the court; even there tyranny too

often prevailed, and the immortal Tasso was imprisoned for seven years, for a few reproachful words spoken, in one of his melancholy moods, in the duke's presence."—Book vi. p. 278.

The transfer of Ferrara took place with the concurrence of the Catholic powers. It was indeed the pontiff's chief care to alienate none, to appease and preserve all:—

"The Papacy," says Ranke, "appears now employed in its highest vocation, as mediator and peace-maker; and the world was mainly indebted to Clement for the universal peace concluded at Vervins, 1598."—Book vi. p. 316.

Religious progress gained by this tranquillity, under the fostering zeal of the pontiff. The whole of Poland, where Protestantism had possessed itself of the episcopal sees, was recalled from its aberrations by the untiring advocacy of cardinal Bolognetto, aided by the kings Stephen and Sigismund. In a few years the catholics regained possession of the parish churches; and, as the letter of Waiwode of Culm expresses it, "the ancient God was worshipped there again." Dantzic alone continued Protestant; every where else, the nuncio writes, "Catholicity bears heresy to the tomb." The victories of religion, the Jesuits' colleges and missions, always directed by the nuncio, stretched their influence far and near. Several provinces of Prussia were recovered to the faith.

"The rapid and lasting change," says Ranke, "which was wrought in all those provinces is one of the most remarkable phenomena in history; are we to infer that Protestantism had not struck deep root amongst the people, or are we to ascribe it to the method pursued by the Jesuits,—their skill in controversy, their biblical knowledge, their active beneficence?"—Book vii. p. 413.

One striking instance of successful zeal deserves to be mentioned. It is said that in Grätz, at the festival of Easter 1596, there was but one Catholic communicant. Ferdinand, the emperor, went to Rome the following year; measures were taken to attack this stronghold of Protestantism, and at the Easter of 1603, just seven years afterwards, there were forty thousand communicants in that city; and "the stream of Catholicism," adds Ranke, "overspread the land."

The regeneration of Catholicity in France was one of the most brilliant epochs of this pontificate. In 1600 there were seven hundred and sixty parish churches, and two hundred fortified towns in the hands of the Protestants. The sincere cooperation of the king, Henry IV, the recall of the

Jesuits, and, above all, the internal renovation of the Church itself, restored Catholicity to her strayed children. St. Francis of Sales, and St. Vincent of Paul, were then conspicuous in the work of regeneration, and Protestantism shrunk back before the boundless activity of such antagonists.

"Their efforts," says our historian, in the candid homage of truth, which, in despite of prejudice, he so often pays to his convictions, and to facts,—“their efforts for the improvement or the consolation of humanity, the education of the poor, the promotion of learning, the mitigation of human suffering, every where command our attention. In Protestant countries, these objects are left to the energies of each successive generation, and to the necessities of the moment, but Catholicism aims at giving an unalterable basis to associations for such objects, and a uniform direction to the religious impulse which prompts them, that every effort may be consecrated to the service of the Church, and that successive generations may be trained by a silent and resistless process in the same spirit.”—Book vii. p. 450.

Akin to this candour is another attestation in favour of the so oft maligned theme of Catholic antipathies to literary progress:—

“In harmony with those views [he had been tracing to their elemental combinations the respective movements of Protestantism and Catholicity] is the fact, that literature on the Catholic side had attained to far greater perfection of regularity and form. We may indeed assert that the modern classical forms and character of literature in Italy, owe their development and finish to the auspices of the Church; in Spain, as far as the genius of the nation admitted; in France, with the most brilliant results. In the Germanic nations this classical tendency obtained no such triumph. Still less successful was the imitation of the antique amongst the Protestants of those nations. At the period in question the Catholic world was united, classical, monarchical; the Protestant, divided, romantic, republican.”

Clement the Eighth's pontificate closed in A.D. 1605; but with the prophet's mantle came down to his successor the glories of the pontiff, and Paul the Fifth's (Borghese) reign was one series of religious triumphs in Church and State. Ferdinand of Austria, Maximilian of Bavaria, and Philip of Spain, united their efforts with the pontiff for the propagation of Catholicity abroad and its supremacy at home. Protestantism had concentrated itself in the palatine Frederic, a prince of stern bigotry and sullen ambition; the Bohemians joined his standard, and all the minor Protestant princes took up arms with him. A single battle, on the Weissberg,

decided their fate; similar discomfiture awaited the Hugonots in France; and when Paul died, 1621, he left Europe celebrating the victories of religion and monarchy over Protestantism and rebellion.

The short pontificate of Gregory XV (Ludovisi) is as distinguished for peaceful triumphs and religious glory as the preceding one for warlike successes. His character, and that of his illustrious nephew, is best conveyed by the facts that by him the institution of the "Propaganda Fidei" was founded, the Roman college and church of St. Ignatius built, and that saint, as well as St. Francis Xavier, were canonized by him. "We must apply all our thoughts," says the pontiff, in his first allocution, "to extract the greatest possible advantage from the happy revolution that has taken place, and from the triumphant attitude of the Church." The conversion of Bohemia, and of a great part of Hungary, were the fruits of this magnanimous zeal, in 1624. The missionary Jesuits there reclaimed sixteen thousand souls. Still greater success followed the Propaganda missionaries; the nuncio is in amazement at the multitudes returning to the Church in Prague. The transfer of the palatinate to Bavaria, effected by the pope's influence with Austria and Spain, fixed Catholicism in those last holds of reform. "Your holiness," writes duke Maximilian, "has not only furthered, but completely accomplished this step." "Thy letter," replies the pope, "fills our bosom with a stream of delight; the daughter of Sion shall now shake off the ashes of mourning from her head, and array herself in festal garments."

The striking features of this period, says our historian, are a close union between all spiritual authorities (the Propaganda displaying, perhaps, the greatest vigour in the first years of its existence) and the pope; the result was the inevitable and final downfall of Protestantism in those countries; even a dawn of the struggling lights of Catholicism seemed to beam over England, by the accession of James I. The pope sent him word that he prayed for him, as the son of so virtuous a mother, and that he hoped still to see him a Catholic. But the still greater glories of this reign were the foreign missions. From South America to Japan, from Abyssynia to Mexico, the gospel light was poured forth on every tribe and in every country. In 1622, the Jesuits counted three millions of converts in Japan. In Abyssynia and in Egypt the old Nestorian heresiarchs passed over to papal submission, and even in Constantinople the

Jesuits triumphed in keeping possession of the mission in defiance of the patriarch, Cyrillus Lucaris, who had himself professed Protestant opinions.

"What a boundless, world-embracing activity!" concludes Ranke, "which ascended alike the Andes and the Alps; established outposts at Thibet and Scandinavia; penetrated into China as well as England; and everywhere, in this vast arena of activity, was young, vigorous, and untiring. The impetus, which is powerful at its centre, or starting point, imparts an increased activity to every agency of its wide diverging, almost boundless, circle."—Book vii. c. 2.

We feel that we have well nigh exhausted our readers' patience. Though from hence, in this *History of the Popes*, the historian's nerve begins to slacken,—the exciting narrative to languish,—still many episodes, such as Gustavus Vasa's partial triumphs over Catholicity, and the more romantic story of his daughter's (Queen Christina) submission and conversion to that vanquished but victorious cause, are replete with interest for the student of history. Our task for the present is accomplished. We must be satisfied to have accompanied our author through the reconquering periods of Catholicity, without any further inquiries after the data on which he attempts to work out his theory of its again "tottering and final fall." The suppression of the order of the Jesuits, and the internal dissensions in the Church, exemplified in the disputes of the Jansenists, are the great props of his system. To us those are the "mists of the mountain," the "dust swept away by the wind;" to him they present the throes of expiring greatness, the internal workings of a deathful process, which the French Revolution hastened to a crisis, and the wars of the first consul, followed by the impious vaultings of the same emperor, hurried on to the silent tomb. Accordingly, the Papal power, which through so many centuries bid defiance to Turk, Jew, and heretic, sinks into inanition under the sun-stroke of knowledge, which the progress of events and its own cherished fosterings had brought out upon the world. To this theory the whole work is adjusted, and its readers, who derive such profit and enjoy such pleasure from its graphic development of historic realities, find with amazement that they are pressed into "form and fashion" in order to sustain this, at best, histrionic view of facts. So much for theory!

Singular enough, the author had to witness results diametrically opposed to his conclusions. He notices the catastrophe,

for such he must have viewed the events passing before Europe, in the preface of his last edition; but still clings with parental fondness to his embryo conceptions, though stifled in Papal triumph before they ever felt philosophic life. Will he turn his eyes towards his own country, and with that candour which no doubt still lingers about his consciousness, ponder awhile on the struggles which are just now closed in his fatherland, and say on which side is victory? Is her abode at Berlin or at Posen? Over whose tomb reposes the never-dying laurel, or lingers the sigh of regret, or resound the plaudits of an admiring world? Is it on Frederic William's, his royal master, or the sainted Dunin's? Surely not *there* was the Papal power "checked and tottered once again to its fall"! The bark of the fisherman has been buffeted by and outlived many a storm; such was to be its destiny from its first launch upon the waters; "and when he entered into the boat his disciples followed him, and behold a great tempest arose, so that the boat was covered with waves."* Such still will be its history, amid tempests and trials, to float aloft upon the world's waters till it shall be safely anchored in the haven of peace. Then shall the Lord of the vessel "command the winds and the sea, and there will come a great, an eternal calm."

The philosopher may marvel, the Christian must rejoice, for the bark will speed its way and fulfil its destiny.

ART. III.—*Life and Times of John Reuchlin or Caprion, the Father of the Reformation.* By F. Barham, Esq., London: 1843.

WHATEVER ills afflicted this fair realm of England, from her conversion to Christianity under St. Augustine down to the fatal epoch of 1534, were most assuredly not attributable to the religion which, during that long and interesting period of her history, grew and flourished upon her soil in so singular a degree: for *that* was a religion more peculiarly adapted to bring a blessing on the land,—“a vision fair of peace and rest;” making it “a land of hills and plains expecting rain from heaven, and which the Lord

* St. Matthew, viii. 23-24.

God for ever visited, keeping his eyes for ever on it, from the beginning of the year unto the end thereof;”* devoting her whole substance in this, to the interests of a future world, and consecrating her whole self, both spiritual and temporal, to those hallowed purposes.

For, in the first place, it was a religion which ever made the Church her homestead. There she enthroned her God in splendid pageantry, collecting all her means to honour Him whom she adored, and attracting to His worship all the people over whom she ruled. There was enticing imagery for the young, and solemn service for the old; the note of sorrow or of triumph in her voice, the sign of mourning or of gladness on her altars, the daughter of Sion robed in “the garments of her glory,” or clad in the weeds of her affliction, as the season suggested; the emblem of redemption elevated on high, that while they gazed upon the sad symbol of their faith, it might excite compunction, and with compunction hope, and with hope charity. More elevated still, they beheld the representation of the last and awful doom, with Him, who was crucified for the sins of men, coming in great majesty and power to judge mankind by the standard of the cross, attended by choirs of angels to minister to his will, with companies of prophets and armies of martyrs to attest the judgment, and the whole host of heaven to do homage to his wisdom and his justice; the blessed on the right and the reprobate on the left, a gleam of eternal brightness indicating the reward of the one, and sulphurous flame and tormenting spirits the portion of the other. But this was not the only instruction which the pious votary might read in the decoration of the material temple. If his soul were oppressed, or his eyes wearied by the contemplation of this awful scene, and he sought relief by casting them on the ground, there was still a lesson ready for him, for they but rested on the memorials of the dead. If he were a sinner, he was again struck with terror; if he were looking with pious expectation for what was to come, he read his hope and his consolation; for he knew that if death were the destruction of the wicked, it was also the resurrection of the just. Around him he beheld depicted the whole story of revelation, to elevate the mind by teaching it the dignity of a Christian, and the value of an immortal soul; the end for which it was created, and the price paid for its redemption. There were all appliances

* See Deut. xi. 11-12.

to excite devotion, and every requisite to satisfy it,—the daily sacrifice, the varied service, the frequent prayer, the priest of God to distribute his graces, to give strength to the weak and fresh vigour to the strong, to relieve the penitent of his burden at the foot of the cross, and impress the judgments of heaven on the obdurate sinner,—to afford consolation to the sorrowful, courage to the timid, and assurance to the diffident; in fine, through the powers conferred upon her ministers by her divine Founder, as the vicegerents of Him who said, “Come to me, all ye who labour and are burdened, and I will ease and refresh you;” dispensing relief to all the miseries, temptations, and afflictions with which the poor wayfarer in this valley of tears is sure to be tried, bewildered, or oppressed.

It was the religion which, from St. Augustin to Sir Thomas More, never omitted to put forth the most splendid examples of the noblest virtues; of the most steadfast faith, the most heroic courage, and the most ardent charity; leaving monuments of zeal to attest the disinterested and benignant piety of men who enthroned the covenant of God in the heart, and gave it dominion over the passions.

It was the only religion which ever possessed within herself such incentives to virtue, or which provided such safeguards against vice; which ever realized the counsels of the Gospel, and of frail, sinful creatures, made men “rich in virtue,”—burying them in peace, but giving them a name which liveth unto generation and generation,* and sending their souls to that blessed abode, where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow, for the former things are passed away.”

It was the religion which, even “in the darkest times, was ever found to be fighting the cause of truth and right against sin, to be a witness for God, or defending the poor, or purifying or reforming her own functionaries, or promoting peace, or maintaining the holy faith committed to her;”† and it was the only religion that ever put forth all her energies, or combated successfully in such a cause.

And thus it was that the ancient religion of the realm covered the land with consecrated spots, where men were separated from this troubled world, and carried into serene and tranquil regions before their time—where they escaped

* Eccles. xliv. 6, 14.

† British Critic.

from the thorny desert, to dwell among enamelled meads—from the contagious atmosphere of every vice, to the salubrious abodes of every virtue. They “who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their age;” they whose sensitive nature rendered them alike incapable of resisting either the soft breeze or the rude blast, whose sympathizing tenderness ever melted before the feelings, or whose unresisting timidity ever yielded before the violence of others; they whose iniquities sat heavier on them than they could bear to carry amidst the haunts of sin, and who must needs lay them at the foot of the cross; they whose pilgrimage of toil and mourning had so bruised the heart that it could alone be healed within the balmy influence of the cloister, because there alone the voice of God could reach it amidst the sacred stillness, converting its sorrows into love,—all found their solace and their joy within these holy precincts.

There, too, it was, that the apostolic man was schooled in the science of the saints, till he went forth as the herald of salvation on his triumphant course, conquering sin and death, enlarging the boundaries of faith, and establishing the kingdom of God upon earth.

There it was that the storms of a thousand years swept unheeded over the virtue, which required the protection of the sanctuary to bring it to maturity, and where alone the sublime perfection of the Gospel could be attained: there, that men were congregated together to pray for the sins of their fellow-men—“for a world which forgets to pray for itself”—and to invoke the blessings of God upon his fallen creatures.

There it was that the arts and sciences found their cradle and their refuge, in a rude and troubled age; there the lives of the saints were chronicled, and the history of passing events recorded that otherwise had been lost in oblivion.

There it was that the word of God was treasured up, and explored for the benefit of others with less learning and less leisure than themselves, and there, even, that the classic lore of antiquity was preserved for the amusement and instruction of after generations, till the arts of more modern days were to place them beyond all future danger; then, as now, “a cloister without a library was said to be like a castle without an armoury.”

There it was that the renunciation of the superfluities of life was reckoned an honourable and meritorious sacrifice, and men were content to be abstemious themselves to enjoy the

means of gratifying the necessities of others; for there the hand of charity doled out the daily pittance to the destitute, without any offensive inquiry into the cause of a distress, the presence of which was alone a sufficient recommendation for relief. The spiritual, too, kept pace with the corporal works of mercy, and while food for the body was distributed without, food for the soul was abundantly supplied within.

It was the monastic rule that enabled the possessors of the abbey lands to let them on easy terms, which, together with the hospitality and charities which they practised, served as a check on the rapacity or cruelty of the feudal baron; and, as a consequence, a prosperous tenantry and a happy people were sure to grow up around the sanctuary. The same benefits were conferred by the property of the prelates and dignitaries of the Church, so that it became a proverb, "that it was better to be governed by a bishop's crozier than by a monarch's sceptre:" and such was the condition of about a fourth part of the kingdom, from which not an eighth probably of the revenue was collected. Yet another blessing did they bring with them, that when war and misery had well nigh desolated the land, through the reckless ambition of some daring noble, or the rough tyranny of some lawless sovereign, these "cities of refuge" usually escaped the general wreck, and remained as nurseries of virtue and of learning, for the regeneration of the people; while, if the Church also fell into disorder or decay, from similar causes or from other untoward circumstances, it was the monasteries that ever furnished the materials for its reform.

Such were among the blessings which the religion of our ancestors conferred upon the country. But there were others still; let us take them discursively, as they present themselves to the mind, without order or method.

It was the only religion which has ever really dedicated to God what belongs to God, lavishing the richest produce both of art and nature in His service, and making all things subservient to her sacred and exalted destinies; adorning the world with temples for His worship, which, having taken centuries to erect—and as many centuries having since passed over them—still stand to excite the admiration of all lovers of the beautiful and sublime, and to attest the superior zeal and piety inspired by the ancient faith.

It was the religion under which England was governed without a standing army, a star chamber, a national debt, or

poor law unions; under which all the best and proudest institutions of the country rose and flourished, and attained maturity; which freed the nation from the tyrannical exactions of the forest laws, and which won, and then consecrated by her sanction, the great charter of our liberties.

It was the only religion that ever really provided, without any state assistance, for the education of all classes—of the poor as well as of the rich—in school, in convent, or in college.

It was the only religion that has ever filled the hospitals with unpaid attendants, who, actuated solely by the charity of the Gospel, have brought every virtue of the Gospel with them, and supplied with a kind heart and a devout zeal the best remedies for the body, because administered in conjunction with the best medicines for the soul.

It was the first religion that ever advocated the cause of the slave in the face of power and interest, which broke down the wall of separation between the singular and even antagonist diversities of the human race, and placed "the son of the stranger upon an equality with the more favoured and cherished of her children. It was the only religion which ever established a company for the redemption of captives, even at the risk of their own liberty, and which, after an honourable existence of six hundred years, still survives the occasion for which it was created; the only religion in which piety and humanity have united to conquer the repugnance of our nature, and to congregate men of feeling hearts and enlightened minds within the dark caverns of the unhealthy mine, burying themselves alive within the bowels of the earth, in the sublime exercise of corporal and spiritual works of mercy to the wretched inmates of those dreary abodes, and whom the avarice of their fellow-men had condemned to this service of privation and misery.

It was the only religion that ever threw her mantle over the persecuted, the forlorn, and the unfortunate. Her voice was ever raised in their defence, and her laws were ever devised for their protection. She never failed to provide shelter and hospitality for the houseless traveller; the way-faring man of business, the prince, the prelate, and the pilgrim, all equally partook of the charity which the pious care of the faithful of old, had so munificently placed at the disposal of men bound by the most solemn compact to do good service to all comers; while the house of God, which they tenanted and served more especially, stood open to yield its

consolations where more was lacked than mere bodily rest and refreshment—that which might satisfy the cravings of the soul, heal the scathed spirit, and ease the burdened conscience. Even the most bold and indifferent, in those “ages of faith,” muttered a hasty *Pater* and *Ave*, and crossed themselves before they left the hospitable roof, and set forth upon their perilous way; while the sober and thoughtful made their more fervent orisons at the altar of God, offered up their griefs and their repentance, their hopes and their supplications, to the avenger of evil and the rewarder of good, the refuge of the weak and the comforter of the afflicted, that their pangs might be assuaged and their fears dispelled, claiming the protection of heaven, in the true feeling of a Christian, against the wiles of Satan and the machinations of wicked men; but more especially against the hazards with which those devout yet troubled times too often beset the path of the wanderer in this wilderness of sin and sorrow. There was a community of sentiment also between the casual guest and his hospitable hosts, which imparted such a consciousness of sympathy in all his feelings as infinitely to heighten the boon conferred upon him—which indeed seemed to be rather the immediate providence of heaven than the extorted charity of man,—and sent the pilgrim on his way with a hymn of gratitude to the giver of all good gifts, and of increased confidence in His favour.

It was the only religion that ever consecrated matrimony with a sacrament, or honoured celibacy as one of the first of virtues, remembering that the throne of the Lamb is surrounded by spotless virgins, who enjoy the blessed privilege of waiting on Him wherever he goeth.

It was the only religion that ever peopled the desert with anchorites, or filled the cloister with penitents from among the gay and dissolute; the only one that ever gained a barbarous people to civilization and Christianity; the only one that ever sent a tide of devoted warriors to stem the torrent of an infidel fanaticism which threatened to devastate the whole inheritance of Christ; the only one that ever converted a romantic lover into a true knight, or of a fanatic made a saint.

It was the religion that made Godfrey de Bouillon exclaim, in the gratitude of his triumph, that “he would never wear a crown of gold in that city wherein the Saviour of the world had worn a crown of thorns;” which induced Rodolphe of Hapsburgh, the sceptre not being at hand, to seize the

crucifix, saying, "This is my sceptre, I'll have no other;" and when Gregory VII thus expressed himself on his death-bed, surrounded as he was by every worldly sorrow, "Because I loved justice, and hated iniquity, therefore do I die in exile," that inspired a bystander to comfort him by the reply, "Sir, there is no place of exile for you, for the Lord hath given you the nations for your inheritance, and the boundaries of the earth for the limits of your dominion."

It was the only religion that ever knit all hearts together in blessed unity, which restrained the unlawful wanderings of the human mind, stifled schism in its birth, repressed error, reduced the loftiest spirits as well as the meanest understandings to a just obedience, established a happy sympathy between the greatest and the least, placed the prince and the peasant side by side on the bare pavement of her splendid temples, elevating the hopes of the one and depressing the pride of the other, and instructing both in that wholesome truth, that they worshipped a God who was no respecter of persons. It was the only religion that, by sound of anointed bell, has ever invited the poor husbandman to prayer before the rising of the sun, and has assembled him again at the termination of his labours, when crowds of pious and believing souls came to sanctify the declining day by filling the house of God with their holy chaunt, and proffering their supplications to heaven for protection till the coming morning.

It was the only religion that ever respected the censures of the Church, and exhibited to the Christian world the spectacle of a sovereign prince remaining for three hundred years without sepulture—as did Raymond of Toulouse—because he died under the ban of a spiritual attainder, the open enemy of God; the only one that ever produced a prelate bold enough to close the doors of the sanctuary against imperial majesty, considering even the presence of an emperor—the fountain of honour, the anointed of God, and the depository of his power—as a profane intrusion, when excluded, by his crimes, from the communion of the faithful.

It was the only religion which, at the voice of outraged virtue, ever shut her temples, hushed her bells, and made a whole people mourn in sackcloth and ashes, till the sins of their brethren were expiated in repentance; the only one that ever brought an offending sovereign to kneel in sorrow and humiliation as a suppliant for pardon at the feet of the common father of the faithful, the common protector of afflicted humanity.

It was the only religion in which the rights of the people were ever respected, and in which, for ten centuries and more, the canonical law, or at least imprescriptible usage, required their consent and cooperation in the election of bishops to govern the Church of God, and even in the appointment of the sovereign pontiff himself; and such was the confidence reposed in their decision, that *vox populi, vox Dei*, became a proverb; and this honourable privilege might have remained in their possession to this day, had not the vices with which they became infected, and the new order of things which grew up within the republic of Christendom, justly deprived them of it.

It was the only religion that could ever boast of the miraculous attestations of heaven in its favour, and which, in every age, has gone forth, and the signs have followed, casting out devils, speaking strange tongues, healing the sick, curing the lame, giving sight to the blind, and raising the dead to life.

It was the only religion that has ever sang the song of triumph over the solitary grave of a martyred missionary among the trackless deserts of the New World; and which, imparting fresh energies to their zeal, has carried the messengers of God with an heroic perseverance onwards in their enterprise, till, after incredible efforts and sacrifices, they at length reduced within the boundaries of civilization whole tribes of savage wanderers, almost as impatient of control as the wild beasts of the forests in which they dwelt, and converted them into a Christian republic, the most perfect that ever graced the annals of the human race.

It was the only religion that has ever carried the glad tidings of a crucified Redeemer among the empires of the east; among a people as singular for their civilization as for their obstinate repugnance to the light of the Gospel, and where religion, after struggling under alternate destinies for three hundred years, fertilizing the fields of Christianity with the blood of one hundred thousand martyrs,—numbers of them immolated under the most excruciating torments,—still presents attractions to the pious zeal of the missionary, who, at the peril of his life, brings succour to the persecuted and dispirited remnant of what were once so many flourishing provinces of the kingdom of God upon earth.*

* In 1596, there were in China about half a million of Christians, with more than 250 churches; and in Japan, in 1715, 300,000 Christians, and 300 churches,

It was the only religion, which, by its love of labour, and its patient industry, has ever converted an arid desert into a fruitful garden, and reared the standard of the cross among the mountain tops,—that cross, “whose breadth is charity, whose length is eternity, whose height is almighty power, and whose depth is unsearchable wisdom,”—hallowing even the rugged summits of some desolate rock by transforming it into the abode of piety and virtue: or, which planting the sacred emblem of our redemption along the common thoroughfare, invited the weary pilgrim to offer up his sorrows on the altar of Calvary, to drop a tear of compunction for his share in that tragedy of woe, to slake his thirst at that fountain of life, and gather strength and joy through the merits and sufferings of his Saviour.

It was the only religion that ever enlisted a society of volunteers in the cause of charity, to do daily duty amidst the dreary regions of the Alps, within the limits of eternal snows and incessant storm, beyond the habitation of man, and the boundary line of vegetation—a society which a thousand years of ceaseless labour has not robbed of the fresh vigour of its youth, and which still affords shelter and protection from the dangers of those inhospitable climes to all who need it, let their creed or colour be what it may.

It was the religion which alone has adorned the calendar with its thousand saints,—with an Antony, a Benedict, a Bruno, a Bernard, a Dominic, a Francis, an Ignatius, a Xavier, a Vincent of Paula, a Boromeo, a Francis of Sales, and Philip Neri—men who are despised and dishonoured by the world, but who, if we estimate greatness by the only true criterion, the benefits conferred upon mankind—are infinitely superior to those who condemn them: so that well may we apply to them and to ourselves those prophetic words of wisdom, “we fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honour: behold how they are numbered amongst the children of God, and their lot is among the saints!”

It was the religion in which “the covenant of the priesthood” has alone remained for ever in one unbroken line, verifying the promises of God to Peter, and, through Peter, to Peter’s successors, “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of

all through the indefatigable labours of the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits.

heaven, whatever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, whatever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," and then confirming the everlasting compact, by the assurance, "that heaven and earth should pass away, but that His word should not pass." Look at the singular verification of this great covenant in that eternal and mysterious city, which, serving for a thousand years as the capital of the last and most powerful of the five great empires, was appointed also as the spot wherein the grain of mustard-seed was to take root and grow into a tree, which, nourished by the blood of martyrs, soon covered with its shadow all the limits of the earth; a capital which, after the lapse of a few ages, in which the rising religion had to struggle for its ascendancy with all the powers and principalities of this world of pomp and vanity, and of the world of darkness and of Satan, was transferred to the sovereignty of him whose only claim was his rightful heritage from the poor fisherman Peter, who, in the pride of her imperial sway, had been barbarously and ignominiously crucified as a worthless and ignorant impostor. The heir of Peter, he was the only lawful depository of the "perpetual covenant," and which, for its blessed fulfilment under an over-ruling and Almighty Providence, he has faithfully transmitted to every succeeding generation; while the covenant itself, in eternal memorial of its divine origin, like that to which it had succeeded, written, as it were, upon the tablets of heaven by the finger of God in the great cathedral of Christendom, "the house of prayer for all nations!"*—hangs suspended over the tomb of Peter,—over the very relics of the simple unlettered fisherman, to whom that covenant was made, with all the splendour of art and nature collected around to honour and adorn the most gorgeous temple ever erected to God, or the most superb monument ever raised over the remains of man! Can any one doubt, then, of the accomplishment of the prophetic pledge? Behold it verified to the letter in the material Church; while history, and the attesting faith of one hundred and fifty millions of Christians dispersed throughout the universe, yet all professing allegiance to this same successor of Peter,—with those who first afflicted her bowing down to her, and those who slandered her worshipping the steps of her feet, and calling the city of Peter the city of the Lord—all proclaim its verification in the spiritual!†

Such being the characteristics of the religion which pre-

* Isaiah, lvi. 7.

† See Isaiah, lv. 14.

vailed in these islands previous to their fatal separation from the centre of Christendom, it is clear that we must look to other causes for the miseries which, even then, too frequently afflicted the land: nor need we go far in our investigation for the discovery. For it was not the Lord who had "deceived this people, saying: you shall have peace: and behold the sword reacheth even to the soul."* Sin alone will account for all. It had driven our first parents from a paradise of happiness into a wilderness of sorrow; had so dimmed the knowledge of good and evil, that it was with difficulty discerned by a generation now become the children of wrath, and whose corruption at length was such, that only a universal deluge could cleanse the earth from the foul pollution. Notwithstanding this signal vengeance of a repenting Maker upon a whole world, sin again recommenced its ravages, and the depravity was so spread, that, even the chosen people of God were too often infected with the leprosy, and too often became obnoxious to the devastating scourge of heaven. Levi himself was "a vessel of iniquity;"—from him descended Aaron and the priesthood, which, in the end, crowned the measure of their crimes, by condemning and crucifying the Messiah, who had won a title to their faith by the most stupendous miracles, and whom it was their duty to acknowledge and proclaim as their king and Saviour.

Sin it was that had so hardened the heart of Pharaoh, that the signs and wonders wrought for his conversion, but rendered him the more perverse and obdurate,—that had driven even the race most favoured by God into bondage, delivered them into the hands of the spoilers, and cut them off to a mere remnant,—that had all but reduced man to the condition of the brute beast,—that had called down fire and brimstone from heaven to make a smoking holocaust of whole cities to appease the excited vengeance of the Most High,—that had caused innumerable wars, and all their attendant miseries,—that had raised the vanity of one man to be expiated by the destruction of seventy thousand of his people,—that for three whole years had denied rain to the earth, so that there was a grievous famine,—that had destroyed the temple of God, and profaned the sacred vessels in the service of Baal,—and which, after immolating the Son of God in its impious fury as a blasphemer against heaven, adored an idol of Jupiter on the very spot on which he rose

* Jeremias, iv. 10.

from the dead, and erected a statue of Venus on the site on which the Creator of mankind was crucified for the sins of men! Neither did the expiation of past sins check the multiplication of new ones; and, ever since the birth of Christianity, the history of the world has still been but a succession of offences against heaven, and a series of just chastisements from God. We have still seen "in the place of judgment, wickedness, and in the place of justice iniquity;" we have still "walked in the way of the nations which the Lord had destroyed;" we have still been an obdurate and stiff-necked people, turning away our hearts and deceiving ourselves with error; we have still seen the people of God oppressed, and good "men fall before the children of iniquity;" we have ever been the friends of this world, and the enemies of Christ, and the obedient servants of sin unto death—so that there has been no cessation from crime, but for ever the same abundant cause for that beautiful and pathetic prayer of Tobias and Sara: "O Lord, take not vengeance of our sins, neither remember our offences, nor those of our parents." What marvel then, that, from time to time, the hand of God fell heavy on us and that evils and afflictions found us? It would indeed have been an undeserved mercy if they had not.

Let us now consider the character of the religion which succeeded to that, of which we have endeavoured to trace a faint outline, and which had well nigh existed for a thousand years in these realms, and then see whether this new order of things was not even a fresh kindling of the wrath of God, and a still heavier chastisement for our sins, rather than a boon from Him, "who openeth his hand, and filleth with blessing every living creature;" whether it were not, of its very self, a curse that blighted wherever it touched, and an awful and distinctive token of the malediction of Heaven—a malediction that carried with it this most miserable judgment also, that while it punished for past offences, it excited to new ones, so that the sinner has never ceased to add sin to sin.* Though, in its course, Protestantism swelled into a very deluge, which, for a time, swept everything before it, both the altar and the throne; changing Carmel into a wilderness; converting a pleasant garden, abounding in many virtues, into a moral waste overgrown with thorns and briars; driving faith, hope, and charity, from the sanctuary; and leaving us, even to this day, with "a land of closed churches, hushed

* Wisdom, iii. 29.

bells, unlighted altars, unstoled priests, as if the kingdom were under an interdict;”—yet, all this came not at once, though it all sprang but from one sin. Like the fall of Adam, the unbridled passion of Henry cast its deadening shade over a whole empire, infused its poison into the veins of a whole race, and verified to the letter that awful denunciation of divine vengeance, that “an unwise king shall be the ruin of his people.”

True it is, that this “first-born son of the Reformation,” came not in peace but with a sword, and was indeed born for the fall of many; for he it was, who, by severing the unity of the Church, removed the key-stone from the arch, and exposed the whole structure to certain ruin: it tottered for a few short moments under the feeble props, which a spurious and unnatural exercise of the power so lately usurped could supply, and then sunk into an utter and undistinguishable wreck.

Once that the covenant with Peter was violated, the only secure foundation for unity was torn up, and, though every possible effort was made to repair it, no ingenuity could devise a substitute. The pride of innovation proved greater than its power; and act after act was in vain passed for “the repression and extirpation of all errors, heresies, and other enormities;” “for the conservation of the peace, unity, and tranquillity of the realm;” for abolishing “*diversity of opinions*,” for establishing “the most perfect unity and concord in all things, and in especial in the true faith and religion of God;” and, though the whole power of the tiara was transferred to the crown,—which power the crown was nothing loth to exercise; and though it was backed by the civil authorities, with fire and faggot at their command,—of which too, they in their turn, were not slack to avail themselves; still diversity of opinions sprang up on all sides, and never ceased to occupy—often to elude—all the vigilance of the royal inquisitor, and to baffle the most barbarous execution of the law. But the authority which was powerless for good, was soon found to be most apt for mischief, and the tyrannical and unflinching disposition of him who wielded it, acting upon the dastardly subserviency of the great ones of the land,—the caitiff descendants of the proud barons of England,—for the first time, in the history of the country, laid all the liberties of the kingdom (which had been won with such

* Faber's Foreign Churches.

heroic resistance to arbitrary sway) prostrate at the feet of the monarch, giving equal force to the proclamation of the sovereign and the parliamentary law of the realm. Nay, so abjectly submissive, so passively obedient, did they become under the dawn of their new illuminations, and under the plastic hand of power, that they even passed a step in advance, and invested the *counsellors* of the king's successor, if he were under age, with the right of setting forth proclamations in his name, of the same authority as if issued by the king himself: and it was in virtue of this very act that the religion of the late reign was supplanted; that all the diversities of opinions, the errors, heresies, and other enormities which sacrificed the unity of the Church, the peace and tranquillity of the realm, and deluged it with irreligion, impiety, and sacrilege, were accomplished, during the minority of the infant sovereign who had succeeded to his more imperious, but less inconsistent father.

It was indeed to little purpose to pray to be delivered from schism, as they were ordered to do in the Litany of 1535, when they had wilfully run headlong into it; or, that all "perverse sects" might be avoided, when they had opened the broad road for their admission; or, that they might "withstand the frauds and snares of their ghostly enemy," when they themselves had set the toils; or, that they might "die in the very true Catholic faith," when they had not only most solemnly protested against it, and bound themselves by oath to abide in another, but had made the very profession of it high treason against the State! For is it not written, that "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish" through His appointment "Who maketh a hypocrite to reign for the sins of the people?" And thus again did they earn the recompense that awaited them, and "the congregation of hypocrites was made desolate." That desolation came indeed with a rapid and appalling vengeance. It rent the veil of the sanctuary, but it had no better covenant to establish in its place. No, the covenant of God, the inheritance of Christ, his seamless coat, the pillar and the ground of truth, was treated with as little ceremony as an antiquated building grown out of date and taste,—like one of those fashions which this capricious world of ours has decked herself out withal for a season, and then discarded as something of which it had grown weary because it lacked novelty, and which they had as good a right to change as to change the fancy of their vain apparel. What had, therefore, been venerated for its antiquity, for its ma-

jestic comeliness, its beauteous splendour, its happy adaptation to its purposes, for the associations which had grown up around it, and to which every succeeding age added new charms, and imparted a new interest, became despoiled of half its glory, contracted in all its fair proportions, and profaned in its most holy rites.

To give zest to the meagre fare which was now served up to the religious appetites of the people, in lieu of the sumptuous feast to which they had been hitherto accustomed, that discarded Church which had heretofore provided it with such a lavish hand, became the object of the bitterest antipathy. The dark unfeeling zealots, and ravenous extortioners, who were dividing the land between fanaticism and infidelity, "knew full well that the sword of the law could not have been wielded, with such deadly effect, against the holy and ancient religion of these islands, if that religion had not first been decried, abused, and maligned, until it appeared to the multitude a very moral monster. 'From the sole of its foot,' like its divine founder, 'to the top of its head, there was no soundness in it;' it was buffeted, abused, spit upon; it was covered with a mantle of derision; it was scourged, and drenched with vinegar and gall; the water of affliction entered into its very soul; and it was, when thus disfigured by a clamorous rabble, and seemingly abandoned by God, that the bigots and the fanatic cried out to the agents of the law and the sword,—'away with it, away with it.'"

Having crucified it, they buried it, and esteemed it dead, but, after a long sleep, it has risen, like its divine author, from the tomb: and God grant that the sower may again cast the good seed around! May he open rivers in the high hills, and fountains in the midst of the plains; may he turn the desert into pools of water, and the impassable land into streams! and may he plant in the wilderness the cedar and the thorn, and the myrtle, and the olive tree!* May they again grow and flourish, and cast their shadow over the length and breadth of the land; and may the desolate cities be again inhabited! The consequence of this total alienation from the ancient creed, was a new order of things, that left nothing wherewith the imagination might assist the reason; no associations, no reminiscences; the poetry of religion driven from her precincts, the mysteries of faith departing from her, no warmth of affection in her heart, and, consequently, no

* Isaias, xli. and liv.

glowing devotion in her prayers. It tore itself asunder from all former feelings and prepossessions; rendered the beautiful history of the English Church no better than a tale of fancy, and pronounced a verdict of condemnation against the greatest men that the nation ever produced, as well as against those to whom it was most deeply indebted. Not content with this state of internal desolation, it cut itself off from all sympathy with the rest of Christendom, and such was the fatuity by which the religious counsels of the country were thenceforth governed, that she appeared to be handed over to a judicial blindness in just punishment for her sins, a blindness which she has too faithfully transmitted from generation to generation: for, her subsequent story has never presented one interesting feature; exercising no influence beyond her own isolated territories; undertaking no enterprise, either in the cause of civilization, or Christianity; adding nothing to the store of religious knowledge, or of ecclesiastical history, but, on the contrary, manifestly retrograding in her course. As a member of the Christian community, she was a withered and lifeless branch, stirred only, from time to time, by the strife of her own internal dissensions. Usually sunk in apathy and indifference, she has been only roused to a knowledge of her own existence, by the spirit of angry contention within her own bosom; and, even here, she has been ever governed by external circumstances which belonged to the wretched concerns and interests of this world, and not of the next. In her infancy she cared little for doctrine or principle, provided she went wide enough from Rome, and established sufficient safeguards for the protection of the plunder which the abettors of the change were then enjoying; and, with this object in view, hostility to Rome was her best and surest resource. When the remembrance of Rome had been well nigh obliterated by a century of active persecution, the fears of a reaction in favour of the ancient creed, became a less powerful agent than the apprehension of an advance in the cause of innovation; for, Puritanism was beginning its work, driving on its approaches both against Church and State, undermining all authority, both civil and religious, and threatening universal anarchy and confusion. A return to better principles was the obvious policy of all who felt an interest in averting the impending evil, or who venerated any of the established institutions of the country. It was not, therefore, surprising that an attempt should be made to infuse a new spirit into the Church, if it were only as an object of human

policy; and to strengthen itself by drawing closer its alliance with the State, was its first and most natural impulse. The theory of the divine right of kings, and of passive obedience to their authority, was exalted into an article of Christian faith, and employed as the engine most suitable to the purpose. For, with all its licentiousness of principle, breaking through all the trammels which had hitherto restrained the capricious exercise of the human mind, overleaping all the landmarks which their fathers had set, wandering into the wild regions of fancy, and emancipating itself from the thralldom of spiritual authority, the new religion was not only as positive in its dogmas, and as determined to enforce them, as the religion it had supplanted, but actually introduced one doctrine, while it discarded many which had long been held by all,—which no sect, or denomination of Christians had ever yet defined as an article of faith,—a blind and passive obedience to the temporal sovereign. The identity of Church and State was a principle most serviceable to both, and each was but too anxious to enhance the power and privileges of the other. The natural tendency of this condition of things was an approach to the more substantial, better defined, better understood, and more comprehensive doctrines which had been overthrown, or remodeled, under circumstances which drove the new teaching to seek excuses for its transgressions in the necessities of the times, in which a spirit of protestation against Rome was the leading principle, and which almost alone governed it in its decisions, during the period of transition and separation. The attempt, however, was a signal failure, and the external energies of a new and fanatical sect, carried the day over a frail and tottering system, which evinced symptoms of decay in its very infancy, and which soon lost its force when it abandoned the only principles by which it could possibly retain it. From the restoration, to the final extinction of exclusion and persecution on account of religious opinions, the Anglican Church lay like a dismantled log upon the waters, disfiguring the fair ocean by its unsightly bulk—a serious injury to other craft, and wholly incapable of righting itself. During this melancholy period of death-like inertness, she seems to have reduced Christianity, as far as possible, to the standard of heathenism. There was neither reliance on, nor respect for authority; her doctrines were a paradox, and, for aught that any one believed of them, they might as well have been the mythology of the Greeks; her revenues were a mere maintenance for the priesthood;

her festivals only an occasion for feasting and display; while she was wholly bereft of any real influence over the faith or morals of the people, and performed a very secondary part amongst the social or political relations of the kingdom. But this moral sleep was not to endure for ever, and, during these latter days, a long period of peace, ever favourable for calm religious inquiry, a more intimate and friendly intercourse with other countries, and a general stir in the Christian world, have conspired to turn her attention upon herself again, upon her own inanimate condition, and induce her to endeavour to inspire fresh vigour into her system, and raise herself to a more elevated sphere in the religious commonwealth. Yet, after every attempt, how little has been achieved; and, whatever commendations may be due to the actors in this work of regeneration, we must still predict its utter failure, because of the natural and radical defects of the principles upon which they work; and, when the heat of this singular controversy is over within the bosom of a Church which has adopted unity of belief as an essential token of truth, and which has fenced its creed with all the powers at its command—the powers of the earth, pains, penalties, and disabilities; a controversy carried on by the most learned and most dignified of her sons, and one which has well nigh engaged the whole kingdom within the lists, and embroiled even the least contentious in the dispute, who can say that the cause of truth will have advanced even by a single step? Thus hath the modern Church of these realms been ever travelling on the confines of two worlds, the one of folly, the other of wisdom; too often does she cross the borders to the former, never does she enter the latter. Her language, too, partakes of the character of her conduct; it is one which none can understand farther than as it betrays the troubled and feverish condition in which she finds herself.

From the clear, distinct, and definite ideas attached to the authoritative decisions of the Catholic Church, and which ever held her in a real and practical unity both of faith and discipline throughout the land, and joined her in communion with all the orthodox and united Churches in the world, we must now fain be content with “the ambiguous formularies,” as they call them, of the wretched system which has been substituted in its stead. They themselves tell us of the “perplexing embarrassment” so prevalent amongst them on doctrinal points; we hear of nothing but “the perplexity of controversy;” of “conflicting opinions;” of articles which,

as to any intelligible meaning, are still in a state of transition; and after a discussion of three hundred years, as little likely to find any fixed interpretation as if they had never been discussed at all; the Church not knowing how even "strictly to determine the number of the sacraments,"—those "justifying rites, or instruments of communicating the atonement;"—and of a new "understanding of the Church and her system, in a way different from one of late popular." The doctrines of eternal truth are still fashioned according to "the necessities of the times;" the whole Church is divided within itself into High and Low,—at one time imbued with a spirit of Erastianism, at another, with Calvinism; while a *via media* is recommended by some as a cure for all her evils,—for "doctrines popularly misunderstood," for "internal disunion paralyzing her efforts, and wasting her energies." They tell us of her "maimed condition;" of her want of holiness sufficient to mark her out visibly as a true living branch of the holy Church;" of her possessing perhaps "the rudiments of every thing, but *nothing* developed, so that it should at once be 'manifest' to all, 'that God is in her of a truth;'" of " manifold divisions amongst themselves, contending upon points which they, on one side at least, state to be fundamental,"—"bandying about the name of heresy,"—and "casting out the names 'of brethren' as evil;" of "the impossibility of understanding each other, or making themselves understood;" of a state "more like the confusion of Babel," than that "city which is at unity in itself," and "in which it was promised that there should be one speech and one language;" of "the laity having, thus far, no living guide, 'the lips of the priest,' not 'teaching knowledge' for them,—for persons whom they alike respect, teach them differently, and one of the two great classes of teachers tells them often that the other is in fatal error;" of "our poor frail nature (being) fretted often, instead of being humbled, by what is so unseemly," so "that persons have difficulty in recognizing a Church so disturbed, as the representative of her who is 'the pillar and the ground of truth;'" of her "not possessing the note of holiness, so as at once, and without all doubt, to allay people's misgivings about her apostolic character;" of one party in the church "stigmatizing the other as 'the troublers of Israel;'" of "the censures or admonitions of their bishops tending rather to unsettle persons in their Church, than to convince and correct;" of "antagonist principles" at work in the same body, and yet schism considered as no sin—dissension as no evil token.

We hear the working of one party declared by the other to be "tending to re-establish error rather than truth,"—her ministers to be "the instruments of Satan, to hinder the true principles of the gospel," "on the very verge of an apostacy from Christ," and "as teaching another gospel," and consequently "that they ought to leave the Church," in which they were so teaching; "that nothing but evil came from them,"—"defacing the brightest glory of the Church, by forgetting the continued presence of her Lord," and fit only to be "singled out from the rest of our Lord's flock, as diseased and tainted sheep, who must be kept separate from the rest, lest they be corrupted." They tell us that their "intestine divisions (are) such that they disagree among themselves what the doctrines of the Church are, even as to the very sacrament whereby persons are made members of it;" of "their miserable disunion, and want of discipline;" of "their present confusion and disagreement as to the first principles of their Church, and their practical contradictions or neglect of them," so that for the present at least "she can be no spectacle of a Church 'holding the faith in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace,' and that unity and peace seem to be the last characteristics which belong to her;" that the real teaching of the Church is not to be discerned amidst the multitude of opinions and teachings of her ministers, so that those who constitute the "mighty movement now swelling month by month, day by day, within the Church, have received a sectarian name, in itself a blot upon the Church,"—while they whose office it is to guide that movement into its legitimate channel, and to witness the doctrines of the Church, have allowed the leaders and abettors of that movement "to be entitled 'heretics,' for vindicating an article of the creed, and left it undetermined whether (these) or they who opposed that teaching, spake the mind of the Church," while "the chaos of conflicting opinions rolled onwards" unarrested. "What wonder," exclaims the original leader of the movement, and we exclaim with him, "if some are faint-hearted whether our Lord be in the vessel, which is not only so tempest-tost, but whose very ship-men and pilots are so disunited, how or whither to guide her, 'neither sun nor stars appearing.'" And all this is but a consequence of the change.* What more has she gained yet? Out of her own

* See the charges of the bishops of Durham, Chester, Gloucester, Winchester, Calcutta, and of the archbishop of Dublin, as quoted and commented on in the Rev. Dr. Pusey's letter to the archbishop of Canterbury.

mouth shall we still condemn her: "Our vine," say they, "has been burnt with fire and cut down; our heathen populations; the extent of schism among us; fresh and fresh divisions, drawing away some of our more earnest members; our internal disunion, paralyzing our efforts, and wasting our energies; the fewness of those who share in works of piety, or charity; our greediness of gain, in order to minister to our luxuries; the indifference about holy things openly professed; the absence of any high standard, or dislike to it; the appalling strides of a lawless infidelity; these, and much besides, are saddening proofs of a past and present winter."* Again, "it may be confessed, that a secular temper came gradually over the Church during the last century, which was but little abated at the earliest part of this, and of which we have too many traces still. In earlier days, we never heard of self-denial, or any of the harder duties, even when collections were made for objects of charity; 'sacrifices' was a name unknown; every thing was on an easy footing; decency and propriety were the standards and substitutes for holiness; daily advancement seemed scarcely contemplated as possible; to live under rule was unthought of; fasting was apparently expiring, and hanging upon the lives of those elder members of families, who yet kept one or two of the most solemn yearly fasts; daily service was being fast given up, even in our towns, for want of worshippers; even in the resorts of those who had leisure, the very service in Lent was often broken in upon, because two or three could not be brought together. In the country, Good Friday itself was in whole districts neglected; catechizing disused; what discipline we might exercise, and training of the young neglected; our people grew wild, and most of what was earnest in the lower ranks fell into dissent. In whole districts, to belong to a new zealous sect was the very badge of spiritual life; to belong to the Church, was to be accounted lifeless. Communion was withdrawn from sight, and our 'daily bread' offered perhaps twice or thrice in the year. More are thought to have commemorated his precious death, in sects who knew of no further blessedness in the Holy Eucharist, than in the Church, which taught that thereby, 'he dwelleth in us, and we in him.' Doctrine and practice declined together; the true doctrine was forgotten; the service became cold and few came; religious fervour seemed to be out of the Church rather than

* Letter to the Rev. Dr. Jelf, p. 176, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D.

within it. What would now seem almost laxity, was then accounted to constitute men 'saints;' religion was never spoken of, nor common topics spoken of religiously; our final account seemed to be forgotten among the one sort, in the other, a 'judgment according to our works' was denied; measures of duty, teaching, ends, motives, hopes, seemed alike earthly, or, on the other hand, men were called upon to rely upon a Redeemer's blood, without being taught *how* to 'follow the blessed steps of his most holy life.' On one side was a foundation with nothing built thereon; on the other, a lowly building;—well perhaps that it was so, since it had no foundation. Even they who professed to be most unworldly, seemed to have their eyes fixed on some mere outward manifestations, or haunts of worldliness; to be lopping some 'uppermost branches,' not laying the axe to the root; expediency was the standard of popular morality; religious education, church building, and works of charity, were at a stand, so that if any one gave on a larger scale, he became a sort of witness against the world; efforts for the conversion of the heathen, were carried on more extensively by sects than by the Church; indevotion, was shown by complaints of the length of the service; unspirituality, by the continued proposals to alter it. In the state our empire was our idol: while fifty millions were year by year expended on war, not one five-hundredth could be obtained for one year for a religious purpose: the preferment, as it was called, of the Church, was matter of open state negotiation and bribery, so that a minister of the crown who disposed of it conscientiously, became, on this ground only, an object of admiration; we were ashamed to own, in the presence of our heathen subjects, that we were Christians, paid military respect to their idols, and denied our knowledge of our own God; the thought of sending out a bishop to India produced a panic; he entered it almost as a thief; he who was to bear the banner of the cross, was 'obliged to get him by stealth into the city' over which he was to preside, 'as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle:' at home, a celebrated statesman could venture to make it a ground of objection to a measure, that it would promote 'too much religion,' and was listened to; our very clergy seemed often more afraid of 'over-much' religion, than of over-little; their own claims, when they felt them, they seemed mostly to rest on their education, their birth, their manners, their kindliness, anything but the apostolic commission they bore from God! Of their

two great sections, the one seemed to maintain the skeleton of a traditional system, holding truth often as a negation of other truth, (as, baptismal regeneration to plead against the necessity of change in life); the other, despairing that 'these dry bones' could 'live,' betook themselves to a system foreign to our Church, formed themselves in the writings of the nonconformists, and so were often themselves driven into dissent, finding their teaching akin to it, not to the formularies of the Church. They sympathized more with those without the Church, than with those within, and were themselves, as they have sometimes owned, on the very verge of dissent. Of the sacraments, to use the language of an elder familiar with this school, 'the one was denied, the other regarded as a means of religious excitement.' One must even fear, that the dislike and disuse of the Athanasian Creed, argued a deeper disease, than the unwillingness to take up its anathemas, since one heard at the same time of the simplicity of the Christian religion, its reasonableness, in other words, its want of mystery."

"One may recite all this, which is only a specimen of much more that remains untold, though one must recite it with aching heart and shame of face."*

Let us now hear him who at first stood second on the list, but from being second is now first, having passed the original leader of the movement, as being perchance better qualified for the task, and having lately presented a splendid proof of his ingenuousness and sincerity: speaking, in his Introduction to his famous Tract, No. 90, of the actual condition of the Church of England, after a chequered existence of three hundred years, but at a period, when, if ever, she should have been walking in the ways of peace and light, in the full enjoyment of all the blessings of this peaceful and enlightened age: and yet what are his views? "It is a very serious truth," says he, "that persons and bodies who put themselves into a disadvantageous state, cannot at their pleasure extricate themselves from it. They are unworthy of it; they are in prison, and Christ is the keeper. There is but one way towards a real reformation,—a return to Him in heart and spirit, *whose sacred truth they have betrayed*; . . . our Church's strength would be irresistible, humanly speaking, *were it but at unity with itself*: if it remains divided, part against part, we shall see the energy which was meant to subdue the

* Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. 1842.

world preying upon itself, according to our Saviour's express assurance, that such a house 'cannot stand.' . . . Till we are stirred up to this religious course, let the Church sit still; let her children be content to be in bondage; let us work in chains; let us submit to our imperfections as a punishment; let us go on teaching through the medium of *indeterminate statements, and inconsistent precedents*, and principles but partially developed.* We are not better than our fathers;—let us not faint under that *body of death* which they bore about in patience; nor shrink from the penalty of sins, which they inherited from the age before them." Another, and a very reverential personage, and a very eminent partizan of this movement, has favoured us with the following commentary upon these observations, and which tend still more to develop the real and radically inefficient character of the Established Church—of a Church without law or grace. "Is Mr. Newman," says Mr. Ward, "*(so cautious and guarded in his statements as all admit him to be,)* is he to be supposed to use words of such unprecedented strength as these, *without meaning and at random?* Or, is it conceivable that he could use them, if he thought our articles fair and adequate exponents of Catholic truth? How could he speak and think as he does of the English Reformation, if he supposed that the formulary then *originated*, was even as naturally susceptible of Catholic as of Protestant interpretation? No! he would acknowledge, and apprehend, that as it has been expressed, while it is *patient* of a Catholic, it is *ambitious* of a Protestant sense; that, while it was never intended to *exclude* Catholics, it was written by, and in the spirit of Protestants; that in consequence of it, the English Church *seems* at least to give an uncertain sound; that she fails in one of her very principal duties, that of witnessing plainly and directly to Catholic truth; that she *seems* to include whom she ought to repel, to teach what she is bound to anathematize; and, that it is difficult to estimate the amount of responsibility she year by year incurs, on account of those (claiming, as many of them do, our warm love for a zeal, and earnest piety worthy of a purer faith) who remain buried in the darkness of Protestant error, because she fails in her duty of holding clearly forth to them the light of Gospel truth."†

* Or as it was expressed in the first edition, "with the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies."

† "A few words more in support of No. 90."

Was such language ever used? was it possible it ever *could* be used towards the ancient Church of these realms? But to that which has supplanted it, it applies with all the force of indisputable truth. Such, then, are her gains by the change! and such is the condition of the Anglican Church, as painted by those of her children who know her best, but which it is yet the boast and pride of most modern Englishmen to uphold as a model of perfection, and to glory in having substituted for the superstitions—as they, in their frenzy and delusion, call them—of the olden time.

Even more has she gained still! A measure of grace which is weighed by the justice, not by the mercy of God, and which gives no fruit to their labours. The very endeavours to rouse the sullen frame produce but a feverish excitement, a quicker circulation, a higher pulse, more present vigour, ending, as heretofore, in still greater debility for the future: and this indeed is the natural consequence of stimulants misapplied through ignorance of the disorder. Yet stimulants are not the only remedies prescribed, for there are many physicians, each with his own nostrum, and each with his own patients, though all items of the same great aggregate, while the variety of recipes create a strange conflict in her constitution. Greater and better men are needed for the work, but the people's sins and the vengeance of heaven yet interpose, making them still "bondmen of error," and delivering them over as victims to the "contradiction of tongues." Who, then, should bear to sit quiet in such a state? For is not their Church, according to their own showing, like a plague-stricken city, which all should make haste to quit who would not fall a prey to the pestilence? "The stars of heaven, and their brightness, display (not) their light (for her), the sun (is) darkened in his rising, nor does the moon shine with her light:"* that is, there is no longer "a sign among them," neither a column of cloud by day, nor a pillar of fire by night, so that the light of faith hath departed from them, and without faith there is no grace, and without grace there is no virtue. "The ways are made desolate; no one passeth by the road; the covenant is made void; he hath rejected the cities, and the land hath mourned:" and yet they remain within her as unconcerned as if the atmosphere were as pure as the heavens, and withal as full of confidence, contentment, and peace, as if the lamb were dwelling securely

with the wolf, the leopard were lying down with the kid, and the calf, the lion, and the sheep, were abiding together, so that a little child might lead them! Whereas the great rebellion against God of which we are speaking, was "the lifting up of the banner upon the dark mountain," gathering together all the passions of men "to lay the land desolate," "as a destruction from the Lord." It hushed the voice of prayer in a thousand sanctuaries, and made them over to the screaming of the bat, the croaking of the raven, and the hooting of the owl; verifying all the denunciations in which the judgment of heaven was pronounced upon sinful man, even when sin was done almost as much in ignorance as in wilfulness: "the house of our holiness and our glory, where our fathers praised thee, is burnt with fire, and all our lovely things are turned into ruins;"....the sanctuaries of God shall be "a ruinous heap of stones;..... and owls shall answer one another there, in the houses thereof;..... and the raven shall dwell in them;..... and thorns and nettles shall grow up in its houses;" and where there were a thousand vines, the place is now filled with thorns and briars. All this was accomplished to the letter: and the land was indeed desolate and forsaken, and a spectacle to the rest of Christendom. The asylum of peace and holiness became "a mouldering arch, and desecrated wall;" the refuge of the poor was no longer to be found; the churches were shut, the bells were silent, the holy places defaced; good men's bones cast out of their graves; the shrines plundered; the ashes of the saints scattered to the winds; the altars overturned, learning discouraged, piety decayed, infidelity rampant, and religion a very Babel of confusion!

Was all this done in envy of the ancient faith? Was it, that they would trample it under foot, because it was so beautiful? that they would destroy what they despaired to emulate? that they would despoil it of its treasures, because they knew not how to value them? that they would cut off their people from the best affections of the heart—from those heavenly consolations which seclusion alone can supply and nourish, that most precious balm for a wounded spirit, that blessed intercession of peaceful holiness for a sad and sinful world—not that they might transfer such heavenly privileges to themselves, for they knew neither how to prize them nor how to use them, but that they would not suffer the earth to be gladdened with joys, which *they* had not a soul to relish? All this was done, because what *was* done, was done in utter

recklessness of consequences, by those who led and profited by the sacrilege, and who, for the accomplishment of their ends, set all the worst passions of our nature in hostility to heaven,—avarice, craftiness, malice, and impiety, which then exercised a most bitter tyranny over the souls of men;—such was their sin, and such was their excuse! But now, when the lust of plunder has been laid at rest, not because it was satiated, but because there were no more spoils to covet, and the delirium so long sustained by the apprehension of a compulsory restitution of the ill-gotten wealth has long since passed away, and liberated our reason from its thralldom; what but a judicial fatuity can it be that still unites a whole people in such resolute opposition against every effort for the restoration of their lost blessings? Are they not herein abandoned by God to a spirit of blindness and of error? And may we not believe that the very judgment of heaven against the Jews, announced through the prophet Isaias, has fallen upon them also? “Go, said the Lord, and thou shalt say to this people: hearing, hear, and understand not: and see the vision and know it not. Blind the heart of this people, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes: lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and be converted and I heal them.” For is not the law of God as clear now as when it was declared, that “the ways of God are so plain that even fools shall not err therein?” or as when it was said, “This is the way, walk ye in it: and go not aside, neither to the right hand nor to the left”? or as when it was promised, that “the heart of fools should understand knowledge, and the tongue of stammerers should speak readily and plain”? Is not this blindness, then, too clearly another kindling of wrath for the sins of our forefathers, which have so afflicted the spirit of His Holy One, that He is turned to be our enemy, and fights against us? For is not our whole history, since this fatal rebellion against truth, a history of sin and shame, which has left a heavy legacy of repentance to us, but of the obligations of which we are still unconscious?

The great unruly torrent of the sixteenth century, which, in a day, uprooted the united labours of many ages, was indeed a second deluge, not for the sudden destruction of one generation alone, but sweeping away the souls of men as quickly as they succeeded each other, for a period of time which still endures, and the termination of which, even after three hundred years of expiation, is known only to Him who afflicts us

for the sins of our fathers and our own, until we confess our iniquities, and the iniquities of our ancestors, whereby they have transgressed against him, and walked contrary to him.* And thus are we still visited with "the day of revenge;" and "who shall accuse thee, O Lord, if the nations perish which thou hast made?" "for thou shalt be justified in thy words, and shalt overcome when thou art judged."

Another consequence of the change, and a very important one too, has been, that it has disconnected its followers from all the saints and sages of venerable antiquity, and thrown us upon a dreary waste, in which the eye is refreshed neither by flower nor by fruit. It has cut them off from all affinity and relationship with any one saint in the calendar, whether native or foreign; from "spirits without a home and without a name" on earth, but who have inherited "an everlasting name" in the imperishable home of the blessed, for whom altars have been erected in every department of Christendom, and whose memories are enshrined in the hearts of all true believers. And what an unenviable position to be in! unable to claim any share in the glory of these illustrious saints—with as wide a gulph between them, as between Lazarus and Dives—compelled to acknowledge the value, but without any partnership in the property—unworthy and unwilling to worship in the same temples in which *they* proffered their holy orisons, and in which *they* sacrificed the adorable mysteries, (unless perchance desecrated by the overthrow of both shrine and altar)—they are condemned to stand aloof in silent admiration at the crowds of faithful votaries who daily come to supplicate their intercession, with a devotion to which *they* remain wholly insensible. Should they not feel humiliated at the spectacle? Should it not startle them into reflection on the cause?—that they should find strangers, where they ought to meet brethren—that they alone should be sceptics, where all others are true believers? Why! it is a blessed thing to be associated with such beings, even in the humble position of suitors for their protection. What a wayward spirit must have taken possession of their minds, that they see it not! Hath not the Lord, in his wrath, mingled for them the spirit of a deep sleep, and shut up their eyes?† How, otherwise, should they not discern the futility of their principles, which they declare to be calculated for unity and Catholicity? For are they not disunited everywhere, even

* See Levit. xxvi.

† Isaiah xxix. 10.

in their own house; and are they not Catholics only amongst themselves? Let them but pass the limits of their own shores, and they are at once strangers in the land; they encounter an angel with a flaming sword at the gate of every sanctuary, because driven from the blessed plains of paradise in virtue of their disobedience, they are condemned to hard and unprofitable labour amongst the thorns and briars, and to wander like outcasts upon the face of the earth. Victims to their infidelity, they are alike aliens to a stedfast faith, as to a quiet conscience, and are become the inheritors of a vineyard, which ever baffles their skill and refuses its produce. Every hand is against them, and their hand is against every other; their days are days of warfare, and the battle never ceases within their borders.

Even when at her best, there is something so little about the interests and concerns of a mere national, isolated Church, in comparison with the gigantic concerns of the universal, that the thought of her must ever fall short of satisfying the mind, or filling the heart, as it is in the nature of our being, that they should desire to be filled and satisfied. Rome, on the other hand, has ever commanded a mysterious reverence, which, even in the days of temporal oppression and humiliation, has won her the sympathies of the world, and pointed to her as the future hope and refuge of all that was good and virtuous. The imagination ever lingers over her as on a sunny and a sacred spot; the cradle of Christianity, the nurse of empires both spiritual and temporal, the mother and guide of all the faithful in all the domains of God; fertilized by the blood of martyrs, sanctified by the piety of confessors, and rejoiced by the penitence of sinners. Armed with privileges, and with power never entrusted to any other city, with power to bind or to loose, to bless or to curse, the limits of her dominion circumscribed only by the utmost boundaries of the earth, with all the nations under the sun for her inheritance, she stands unrivalled and alone. Yet, all participation in the glory of this spiritual and mysterious kingdom, has England likewise forfeited by her apostacy.

Even in matters of smaller moment, how strikingly are not the characteristics of the two religions portrayed! In Catholicity, the most delightful associations, like so many cherished friends, follow and accompany you at every step, as you advance in her long and varied course—the presiding genius over music, painting and sculpture; over history, eloquence, poetry, and philosophy. While Protestantism, dating

only from a period of unrivalled excellence in the arts, has, nevertheless, nearly, if not entirely, discarded them from her service: she cleared the landscape of all its beauties, and left it cold, dull, dreary, and desolate. Contrast their respective ceremonials, the furniture, beauty, and decoration of their respective temples! What an imposing spectacle is a pontifical high-mass in St. Peter's, with all its gorgeous splendour, and picturesque magnificence, under the glittering fane which the inspiring genius of Christianity hath lifted into the clouds of heaven! Does it not transport us from this world into the next, to the choirs of angels, the altar of incense, and the throne of the Lamb? Can we dwell with the same mind upon the cold, tedious, heartless, lifeless worship, in its naked and misshapen rival in the national Church? Again; when death hath summoned us to our final reckoning, and the Church is called upon to perform the last sad offices over the lifeless corpse, and for the departed spirit, in what a different feeling is it not accomplished! In Catholicity, it is a real Christian function—a long and solemn line of cloistered monks and pious clergy, bearing the emblems of our redemption in presence of the corpse enveloped in a blaze of light, to tell of the hope of a blissful immortality,—all chaunting in mournful cadence a requiem for the departed soul, propitiating heaven in mitigation of her penalties, praying that the justice of God may be satisfied, and that the repentant sinner may speedily rest in his eternal home! Then, the propitiatory sacrifice offered up on the altar of the Most High, before a supplicating multitude, impressed by the appalling spectacle of death,—and we have a lesson for the living, and a blessing for the dead!

But, turn we to the same scene under the *Reformed* religion, and what is it? Is there anything so sickening to the heart as a great London funeral? Not an emblem of Christianity about it; belonging entirely to this world, without any reference whatever to the next—a long, long pageantry of *empty* carriages, in mere mockery of woe, and so singularly emblematical of the hollowness of the religion in whose service they are engaged! and when the poor, forlorn remains have been consigned to that grave, which is but too truly “covered with the dismal shade of death,” the final scene of the drama is still in keeping with the rest, and a monument is erected over them in a Christian Church, too often in total forgetfulness of heaven, recording only the deeds of earth, represented under the symbols of heathen mysticism.

We well remember the last sad offices over one of the best of monarchs,—our late lamented sovereign William IV, and certainly we never could have seen them displayed to greater advantage—and yet, what were they? Only a more solemn representation of the same heartless and unmeaning performance. The whole service was much too long and too tame,—the music was neither touching nor animating,—there was nothing to excite the feelings, and rouse the spirit to a sense of the high import of the awful scene, and awaken the soul from the lethargy of sin and death; nothing to startle the mind from the languid and fatal security in which it is too apt to indulge, and to bring the judgments of God before the unrepenting sinner. Not a single lesson was drawn from the terrific nature of the change; the difficulties of salvation, the penalties of sin, the immutable and eternal sentence pronounced upon us at the moment of our dissolution, were not one of them presented to the mind by the tame, dull ritual of the Reformed Church! The spectacle was left to speak for itself, and to tell much more than could be conveyed by a dry and frequent recapitulation of what no Christian ever doubted, and what, abstractedly considered, can make but little impression, the resurrection of the body! Not a prayer was proffered for the repose of the poor soul! God only knows, how much or how little it might have needed them! The termination was as cold and insipid as the rest: all the pompous titles of the terrestrial monarch were heralded forth, but of the King of kings no account was taken—no allusion to the passing glories of the world—to the vanity of loving aught but God—to the use of the talents entrusted to us—to the unsparing justice of heaven, which calls kings to the same tribunal as the meanest of their subjects, and where both are judged, according to their works, without respect to persons.

All her religious services,—for the same may be said of all,—being thus lowered in their character, and all her former religious associations being thus severed and lost, having descended from her proud pre-eminence in the commonwealth of Christendom, and faith, hope, and charity, having each and all of them waxed cold and dim under the revolution of feelings, and war of principles, which, as we have seen, have never ceased to infest her, as the most fearful consequence of her schism; let us for a moment consider whether she has gained anything to compensate for all this, even among the transitory concerns of this fleeting world.

We have already seen what, in this respect, she was, before the fatal epoch we have endeavoured to illustrate; let us view her, for an instant, in her present condition. In lieu of monasteries, we have workhouses; in place of voluntary charity, an unfeeling compulsory assessment for the poor; jails are multiplied or enlarged; whole masses of the population are unemployed and starving; while vice and crime are increased beyond all former precedent, and discontent and turbulence reign throughout. We have principles of equality, where we had heretofore principles of subordination; a spirit of worldly ambition and insatiable covetousness, where formerly was a chivalrous sacrifice of self, and a generous outlay of riches for the public good. Coarse, vulgar, riotous mirth, have been substituted for the light-hearted, innocent amusements of the people; among the higher ranks, society is overgrown, and the best feelings of the heart are supplanted by pride, envy, hatred, emulation, and contention; while a universal, luxurious extravagance has dissipated the means of benevolence, and handed over half the ancient estates of the kingdom to the Jew and the stockjobber.

Still she has had her reward, and what is it? "The harvest of the river is her revenue: and she is become the mart of the nations . . . her merchants are princes, and her traders the nobles of the earth." But with the reward of Tyre, may she not also inherit her chastisements?—"and the earth is infected by the inhabitants thereof: *because they have transgressed the laws, THEY HAVE CHANGED THE ORDINANCE, they have broken the everlasting covenant.*—THEREFORE shall a curse devour the earth, and the inhabitants thereof shall sin: and *therefore* they that dwell therein shall be mad, and few men shall be left." Long indeed have these prophecies been fulfilled amongst *us*—long have "the inhabitants of the island" been delivered over to a spirit of religious madness, and the faithful adherents of the ancient and everlasting covenant are but a few—a mere remnant of the inheritance of Christ!

ART. IV.—*Spicilegium Romanum*. Tom. 1—8, Royal 8vo.
Romæ: Typis Collegii Urbani, 1839-42.*

THE appearance of a work from the pen of Cardinal Mai, is an event in which the entire literary world is interested. It is hardly three years since his eminence completed the publication of the *Vaticana Collectio*, and simultaneously with this immense work appeared the ten volumes of *Auctores Classici*. How the interval, up to the present year, has been spent, is attested by the eight goodly volumes whose title appears above;—each considerably larger than those of the former series, and containing matter, if not so curious, yet, perhaps, of greater general interest and utility.

Without a leisurely, and indeed studious, examination of each separate volume, it is impossible to form any idea of the prodigious difficulty of such a work. But assume the very lowest standard of editorial labour;—forget altogether the preliminary drudgery of searching for unpublished manuscripts in a vast store-house like the Vatican, so often visited upon a similar errand; omit the physical labour of deciphering their faded, perhaps obliterated characters, and the still more perplexing task of ascertaining whether and how far this may still be unpublished; of plodding through whole volumes of "*Excerpta*" and "*Catenæ*," for a mere chance of being rewarded in the end by the discovery of two or three inedited fragments of a lost classic, or a few undiscovered homilies of a Holy Father:—abstract from the toil of translating and illustrating their contents, of prefixing explanatory prefaces, and appending critical or dogmatical notes:—in a word, forget every thing except the mechanical drudgery of preparing the copy, and correcting the proofs; reduce the office of editor to the mere duty of copyist, or supervisor of the press; and still the publication of eight such volumes, in such a space, by one unaided individual, will be a prodigy of industry and labour, almost incredible in one, whose high station and public duties must necessarily absorb so large a portion of his time.†

The nature of this vast collection may be gathered from the title, *Spicilegium*; and we may form an idea of the treasures of the Vatican library, from the fact, that, ransacked

* Though the volumes bear different dates, all were published together in the early part of the present spring.

† His eminence, in addition to his other numerous and honourable occupations, has just received the additional burden of *Prefettu dell' Indice*; one of the most laborious and responsible in the Roman court.

for nearly five centuries by the learned of every country, and of every profession, it can still afford "Gleanings" so rich, so varied, and so copious, as those which his eminence has here given to the world. Each of the eight volumes before us contains nearly seven hundred, several of them seven hundred and fifty pages, and within a few weeks two similar volumes will be added to the series.*

The collection is of a very miscellaneous nature, containing works in Greek, Latin, and Italian,—in poetry and in prose,—in ancient and modern literature, and in every department of both divinity, philosophy, law, history, medicine, and even military science. Nothing of merit is too obscure to escape the observation, or too insignificant to be below the notice, of this universal scholar. From a homily of St. Augustine, to a fragment of Menander;—from a scrap of Dion Cassius, to a drinking song of the middle ages, he finds a place for all in his ample pages; and illustrates all by that profound and universal erudition, with which long converse with every source, edited and inedited, of human knowledge, has enriched his cultivated mind. A complete history of the Vatican library would comprise in itself a compendium of the literary history of the world; nor can we conceive a more interesting task, than to trace its vicissitudes from St. Sylvester to Gregory XVI,—from Mgr. Laureani, the present prefect, up to Johannes Levita, librarian of St. Gregory the Great.† And yet we doubt if, throughout this immense space of years there be a single epoch in the history of the Vatican, so distinguished by activity,—a period in which so much has been done to communicate its treasures to the world, as the period which has elapsed since the discriminating eye of Pius VI selected Angelo Mai as the fittest guardian of its treasures. Others have fallen upon happier times, as Perotto, and Cervino, and Sirletus, and Baronius;—times, when to find a work ready to one's hand, there needed but to open the first manuscript which presented itself. Others, too, as Leo Allatius and Assemani, confined their researches chiefly to one particular department. But Cardinal Mai has come after them all: he has had to plod through exhausted fields, whose best fruits had already been gathered, content to glean up

* *Annali della Scienze Religiose*, January and February, 1843, p. 146.

† A very interesting sketch will be found in the preface of Joseph Assemani's "*Codicum Vaticanorum Descriptio*," vol. i. But the chapter on the librarians, though extremely erudite, contains little more than their names and the date of their appointment.

the few ears which escaped the searching eye, not only of the first reaper, but of the numberless gleaners who had followed in his steps. He has given his attention, too, to every single department without distinction. And yet in each and all he has had the good fortune and address to produce fruits not unworthy to be placed beside the choicest produce of the golden ages of literature. It will of course be impossible to give, in a single article, anything approaching to a minute account of the various works contained in this extensive miscellany. We shall find an early opportunity of returning to examine it more in detail;—particularly several works of the fathers, and early ecclesiastical writers. For the present, we must be content to give a general notion of the most remarkable works comprised in the volumes already published.

There are many persons to whom the first volume will perhaps appear the most interesting in the entire series. It contains a collection of biographical notices of eminent men (for the most part Italian) who lived in the fifteenth century, written by a contemporary, and evidently drawn from personal knowledge of the events which he describes. The author was a Florentine, named Vespasiano. Though he is frequently referred to by Italian historians, but little of his personal history was hitherto known. He is mentioned with great praise by Muratori,* who regarded the supposed loss of this work as an irreparable injury to the history of the fifteenth century; and Mehusi, in the preface of his life of Ambrose of Camaldoli, has given some scattered notices regarding him. But Cardinal Mai has thrown light on much that was hitherto obscure. He has collected with great judgment, from the lives now first published (which are written with great modesty and simplicity), many very interesting particulars regarding the author. He appears to have been born about 1420, and, on the death of his father, engaged in the most honourable and influential occupation of bookseller. Vespasian, however, had a spirit beyond the commercial part of his profession. His well known taste and acquirements gained him many friends; and he seems to have used, with great disinterestedness the influence with the learned and the noble which his position enabled him to command. There are few of the distinguished literary characters of this brilliant epoch, whom he did not number among his friends; scarce

* *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, tom. xxv. p. 251.

one of the munificent patrons of literature that then figured in Italy, with whom he was not in close and familiar relation. Manetti, Perotto, the two Paldonfini, Leonardo d'Arezzo, and the Acciajuoli, were his intimate friends; Sozomen of Pistoja addresses him almost as a brother; while the illustrious pontiff Nicholas V, and the enlightened princes Cosmo de' Medici and Federico d'Urbino, received him on the footing of an equal and a friend. To the literary history of this interesting period, therefore, his work is a valuable accession. A great deal of the learned gossip of the times—facts as well as characters—may be collected from his pages; and except that Vespasiano had many, instead of one, "immortal friend," he may, in a certain sense, be called the Boswell of the fifteenth century. There are few ancient libraries in Italy, in the collection of which he had not a share;—the Dominican library of St. Mark, and the Medicean at Florence,—that of Ferrara, the Sforza library at Pesaro, and the Vatican itself, owe many of their choicest treasures to his active and enterprising spirit. He has given in several instances (pp. 193-4, 336-8) catalogues of the works that he himself procured, which may even still be useful in throwing light on the date and character of some manuscripts whose history is doubtful or obscure. Upon subjects like these, he writes with a simple and ingenuous enthusiasm which sits very gracefully upon his quaint old phraseology. An hour spent over his pages almost carries one back to those golden times, when the love of letters drew men from all quarters of the world to the treasure-houses of Italy;—when expeditions were despatched into Greece, to collect manuscripts in every quarter, and masters of the Greek language were tempted by the most flattering offers to settle in Italy;—when Cosmo de' Medici kept forty-five scribes constantly employed in the transcription of manuscripts;—when Palla Strozzi regarded the acquisition of Chrysoloras among the noblest triumphs of his life, and Nicholas V sent out Enocho d'Ascolo to all the cities and monasteries of Europe, commanding all, under the censures of the Church, to throw open their literary treasures to his inspection, that, through him, they might be communicated to the world.

Although the style of Vespasiano is careless, and even ungrammatical (to such a degree, indeed, that, in order to render it readable, Cardinal Mai has been obliged to make considerable alterations), yet his vocabulary is the purest Tuscan, and his eminence regards the work as, in this respect, a valuable acquisition to the language.

Six of the lives had already been published, among which are those of the popes Nicholas V and Eugene IV, which Muratori has given in the twenty-fifth volume of the *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*. The editor, however, very judiciously has given all together, those which were published as well as the ninety-seven which were still inedited. From an ancient manuscript catalogue, cited in the preface of the eighth volume of the *Spicilegium*, it would appear that Vespasiano had written at least twelve other lives, the titles of which are there given; and it is certain that he also wrote a work *De Illustribus Feminis*, probably upon the same plan. Both these, however, seem to be irrecoverably lost.

The lives are arranged under five heads: * I. Popes and sovereign princes; II. Cardinals; III. Bishops, prelates, and religious; IV. Statesmen; V. Men of letters. Under the first head, the lives of Nicholas V and Eugene are already known; but Muratori looked upon that of Alfonso of Naples as lost. It is a long and extremely interesting life; and, taken along with those of the Sforzas of Pesaro, Cosmo de' Medici, and Frederico d'Urbino, contains many new particulars both of the foreign and domestic history of Italy in those troubled times. Among the lives of the cardinals, that of Bessarion, though it contains little that is new, is perhaps on the whole the most favourable specimen of the author's manner. The catalogue of his library (pp. 193-4) is a great literary curiosity. The lives of SS. Antoninus and Bernardinus, too, are no inconsiderable accession to our stock of ancient sacred biography.

But our readers will naturally feel more interest in a few of the lives which bring us nearer home; though perhaps there are not many who will recognize the English names in the strange dress which they wear in the pages of the quaint old Florentine. It is not easy to guess, for example, that Gulielmo *Grain* (p. 280, *et seq.*) is William Gray, who was bishop of Ely under Henry VI (1454-80). Vespasiano's account, which he had from his own lips, contains some particulars not mentioned by Godwin.† One of his anecdotes is a curious illustration of the state of Germany in those times.

* The editor has very appropriately prefixed, as an introduction, Baldo's very elegant and interesting "Trattato dell' Istoria," which, though well known to the learned, had never before been published.

† We know not whether there be any ground for Vespasiano's statement, that he was of the royal blood. Godwin says he was one of the noble family of the Grays of Codnor.

During Gray's residence as a student at the university of Cologne (to which, we may observe, Godwin makes no allusion), the style which he maintained created an exaggerated idea of his wealth, which proved extremely inconvenient when he wished to leave Cologne for the purpose of completing his studies in Italy. There were many, he feared, who but waited his departure to assail him upon the road; and, even if he escaped from their hands, he was almost sure to fall among the "robbers of the Rhine." To avoid both, he feigned sickness, and giving his physician directions to continue his visits regularly for eight days, he quitted Cologne with a single companion, in the guise of an *Irish* pilgrim, which would be less likely to attract observation: our countrymen enjoying, even then, the character of not being overburdened with the goods of this world. Still less, we should suppose, at least judging from ourselves, will the name *Andrea Ols* be referred to its rightful owner, whom, after some examination, we believe to be the Andrew Huls, or Holleys, who is mentioned in a commission given by Rymer,* as one of four commissioners appointed by Henry VI (July 26, 1429), to treat with the ambassadors of Arragon. The particulars of his history are, we believe, new, and not uninteresting. But we prefer to give the following scene from the life of the notorious John, earl of Worcester, surnamed "the Butcher," who was beheaded in the civil commotions of 1470. In the manuscript he is called *Duca di Sestri*; but Cardinal Mai well conjectures, that this is a mistake either of the author or of the transcriber, and that the allusion is to this ill-fated nobleman, who, according to Rymer,† was appointed high constable of England by Edward II. The story is told with a simplicity and grace not unworthy of the father of history himself.

"They discovered his place of concealment, and carried him a prisoner to London. According to their wont, all the mob cried out that he should die; and the chief occasion of his death was his having revived certain laws, against the will of the people. For this cause he was condemned to death. They wished that he should die after the fashion of royal culprits, and, for this purpose, erected an immense scaffold, all adorned with tapestry and hangings and other ornaments. While he was going to execution..... all shouted out, as he passed along, that he should die, because he had passed the 'law of Padua,' as it was called, because he had

* Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. iv. part ii. p. 156.

† Ibid. xi. 634.

studied there. And therefore it is best always to do what is right, and not to trust to the favour of the people, who are like the sunny gleams of a winter day, which quickly come and quickly flit away.

"When he was on his way to execution he was accompanied by several religious, both English and Italian. Among them was an Italian of the order of St. Dominick, a pious and eloquent man; and as he walked by the side of the nobleman, he said to him, 'My lord, you are brought here for your unheard-of cruelties, and especially because, in your desire to exterminate certain families hostile to the government, you put to death, from the sole desire of preserving your power, two most innocent children, not a year old.' The duke replied that he had done it for the state's sake. The friar replied that 'for the state we may do what is just and honourable, but nothing else; and that it was the opinion of St. Jerome, that no merciful man ever died an evil death, whereas it was the contrary for the impious and cruel.' These ultra-montanos have very great devotion, and especially in all matters of religion. When duke John was about to be beheaded, he turned to the headsman, and prayed him to cut off his head in three strokes, in reverence of the Most Holy Trinity, though he could have cut it off in one. The headsman did as he had promised, and took off his head in three strokes. If he chose this manner of death in penance for his sins, it is to be hoped that God had mercy on him; seeing that he was moved by a certain fear, and selected this death in punishment for his sins. The greater number of men of rank are blinded by ambition, and know not God, and therefore come to an evil end."—tom. i. pp. 526-8.

Most gladly would we dwell at greater length upon these simple and unstudied sketches, and particularly on the fifth part, which contains the lives of Vespasiano's literary contemporaries, among whom he appears completely at home. The lives of Poggio, Leonardo d'Arezzo, Manetti, and Nicolo Nicoli, are full of most curious and interesting matter, most of which fell under the author's own observation, or was derived from the parties themselves, or their immediate friends. One of the anecdotes in Poggio's life is not very complimentary to the literary character of England in those days. He used, in his playful moods, to tell of the prodigious loss of time at meals which he observed during his mission to that country under Martin V, and to relate how, to keep himself awake during the three or four hours of their interminable dinners and suppers, he used to *rise several times from table and bathe his eyes in cold water!* The catalogue of Poggio's wholesale literary discoveries (p. 549) will excite the envy of many a less happy modern editor, whose ambition

is ordinarily limited to the discovery of a few stray readings, or perhaps half-a-dozen conjectural emendations. It includes, among many other works, the *De Oratore*, the letters to Atticus, and several orations of Cicero, Aulus Gellius, Silius Italicus, Quintilian, Lucretius, the *Argonauticon* of Valerius Flaccus, Columella's *Agriculture*, and several treatises of Tertullian and Eusebius. We should add that his researches were undertaken at the instance of the pope, who was the most munificent patron of letters in that munificent age.

The second volume is much more miscellaneous in its contents. It commences with an inedited, though long known, translation, in very graceful Latin hexameters, of the second, third, fourth, and fifth books of the *Iliad*, by the accomplished Angelo Poliziano, whom cardinal Mai justly calls *Musarum Amor*. The manuscript from which it is printed is the very copy presented by the author to Lorenzo de' Medici, and by Leo X to the Vatican. It is one of those which were carried to Paris by the French, but restored after 1815. From the concluding words of the dedication to Lorenzo—

——“Sed tu nos protege ab omni
Si quis adest, teneros qui carpat Zoilus annos,”—

it would appear that it was written while Poliziano was still very young, and amid the graver occupations of after years was suffered to remain unfinished.

It is a matter of more serious regret that the celebrated cardinal Sadoletto's work, *De Christiana Ecclesia* (which follows next in order) is also imperfect; the manuscript containing only the first book. It was written while the author was engaged in that celebrated commission of reform which Paul III intrusted to Sadoletto, Contarini, Caraffa, Pole, Fregoso, bishop of Salerno, and three other equally distinguished cardinals, whom he had created for the occasion. This circumstance naturally adds to the authority of Sadoletto's opinions, although it is well known that in some points he differed from the rest of his brethren. The sections on clerical celibacy (pp. 160-78) will be read with great interest. To this work the editor has appended two theological, or rather scriptural, dissertations, by the same author; and a number of his letters, which, as well as those of cardinal Aleander, will well repay the trouble of perusal.

The chief part of the volume, however, is occupied with a Greek commentary on the poems of St. Gregory Nazianzen. The author calls himself Cosmas Hierosolymitanus; and his

eminence very clearly proves him to be that Cosmas, bishop of Majuma, in the patriarchate of Jerusalem, who was the contemporary and friend of St. John Damascene. He is already known by his own poems, which possess considerable merit.* Although the work is imperfect, wanting the third part, yet, as each of the parts is independent of the others, the published portion is a complete work in itself. In addition to its own intrinsic value,† it supplies us with several lost fragments of St. Gregory's poetry. To Cosmas's commentary is added, very judiciously, a similar collection of the historical and mythological allusions contained in St. Gregory's funeral oration on St. Basil, and in that entitled *Ἐπὶ τα ἀγία φῶτα*. It is compiled by an abbot named Nonnus. These works are principally interesting, as forming a supplement to the similar collections which are printed in the second volume of St. Gregory's works.

We pass over several Greek discourses attributed to Libanius, the rhetorician, and a prologue, to the *Arithmetica* of Nichomachus, in order to come to a short supplement of this volume; which, as it belongs to that class of manuscripts which Cardinal Mai has made peculiarly his own, merits our especial attention. It is a fragment of an early ecclesiastical historian, printed from a very ancient palimpsest, the original writing of which had been effaced, to make way for the *Iliad* of Homer, which is now found re-written upon it.‡ It is with great reluctance we yield to the necessity which our limits prescribe, of condensing his eminence's account of these valuable fragments. Did our space permit, we should much prefer to give it entire in his own elegant, but simple and unaffected latinity. A fac-simile of the manuscripts, *omissa Homerica veste*, is appended to the volume.

During a short sojourn at Frascati, in the May of 1842, Cardinal Mai frequently visited the library of the Basilian monks at Grotta Ferrata, whose store of Greek manuscripts was once among the richest in Italy, though many of its treasures have been transferred to the Barberini, and still more to the Vatican library, especially under Pius VI and Pius VII. The state of his eminence's health forbade any close or long continued application; but the old passion made

* Biblioth. Patrum, tom. xii. p. 737, *et seq.*

† For a testimony of the primacy of St. Peter, see p. 274.

‡ The reader will observe in this circumstance a confirmation of the line of observation which we adopted in a former article upon cardinal Mai's palimpsests.

him forget these prudential considerations, and he found it impossible to resist the temptation of examining one manuscript, evidently palimpsest, though its characters were very much defaced. It proved to be a fragment of the Iliad, written upon a number of reprepared sheets. The original subjects, however (for it was entirely made up of scraps), were for the most part sacred or liturgical; but, on closer examination, he found four leaves which had been historical. The first hope which occurred was, that these four leaves formed one continuous sheet (*quaternio*); but he was disappointed to find that, though these four leaves evidently formed parts of the same work, yet all were separate and independent fragments. Thus, the first leaf contains part of the reign of Julian;—(the Persian expedition, the end of which, however, unhappily is not given); the second, comprises the reign of Arcadius and Theodosius; the third, some later events of Theodosius; and the fourth, part of the reign of Justinian. The author was evidently a contemporary of Justinian, whom he repeatedly calls ὁ ἐνσεβὴς ἡμῶν δεσπότης (pp. 27-8); a phrase which clearly implies, that Justinian was the reigning emperor when the history was written.

The fragments, which had been very carefully erased by the scribe who prepared the palimpsest, being deciphered, it remained to determine the author, and to ascertain whether they had yet been published. His eminence discovered several entire sentences (especially in the first fragment) in Johannes Malala. This writer, however, was long posterior to Justinian;* and, as the Byzantine historians, especially the later among them, copied the very words of their predecessors, without scruple and almost without alteration, the recurrence of the very same passage in two works, cannot be taken as an argument of the identity of their authors. But besides, much of the Tusculan fragment is not in Malala at all; and there are several points in which the narrative of the former entirely differs from his. For example, the very first sentence (p. 6) relates to the prodigies by which the rebuilding of the temple of Jerusalem, under Julian, was supernaturally interrupted; an event on which Malala is entirely silent. Neither is there any trace in the latter of the very graphic description of Theodosius's personal appearance, (p. 16) nor of the indignity offered to Pope Vigilius, in being dragged by the beard from the very altar, because he refused

* See Hodg. Dissertatio ad Johan. Malalam, cap. xv.

to confirm, at the instance of Theodora, the heretical patriarch Anthimus (p. 26). But there is a further discrepancy of rather more importance. Malala relates, that in the month of January, at the thirteenth indiction, the name of Pope Vigilius, and that of Mennas the patriarch, were expunged from the sacred diptychs: *κατεβιβάσθη τὸ ὄνομα Μηνα τοῦ ἀρχιεπισκόπου ἐκ τῶν ἀγγίων διπτύχων, καὶ τὸ ὄνομα βιγίλιου τοῦ ἀρχιεπισκόπου Ρώμης*. Whereas, the author of this ancient fragment agrees with Theophanes* and Anastasius the Librarian,† in stating that the name of Mennas was erased, and that of Vigilius *read first*;—the words *πρῶτον ἐλέγετο* being subjoined in both these authors to the passage as it runs in Malala. This important discrepancy, Cardinal Mai ingeniously explains by supposing, either that these words were maliciously suppressed by the copyist of the manuscript from which Malala was edited, if he were a schismatic (a circumstance of which there are numberless examples), or omitted accidentally in the hurry of transcription.

We recommend these very curious fragments to the reader's notice. The exile and persecution of St. Chrysostom, are very graphically described, and in considerable detail. The editor does not venture to determine the author, though he mentions the names of Theodorus Lector and Zacharias Scholasticus, both contemporaries of Justinian.

The third volume possesses more interest for the theological student. A large portion of it is occupied with a history of seventy miracles performed by the martyrs SS. Cyrus and John, compiled by St. Sophronius, patriarch of Jerusalem, who died about the year 640. This venerable man, himself, recovered his sight at the intercession of these martyrs; and, in gratitude, composed this work, one of the most precious monuments of those centuries. Cardinal Mai's edition is printed from a manuscript of the thirteenth century, which formerly belonged to the library of Giotta Ferrata, but now is in the Vatican; most probably the very manuscript to which the Bollandists (March 11) refer, and which, had not their labours been interrupted, they proposed to publish. The accompanying Latin version is scarcely inferior in interest to the original. The first twelve chapters of this translation are almost contemporary with the text, being the work of Boniface, who was counsellor of the Roman Church in 685, under Benedict II and Lugiis I. The prologue, with the remaining chapters, are by the celebrated Anastasius, the

* Opera, p. 192.

† p. 64.

librarian, who lived in the end of the ninth century. In addition to its historical value, this work is remarkable, as having been cited with approval in the Iconoclast controversy, by the second Council of Nice. The passages quoted will be found at pp. 68, 380, and 403; but, to these and others of a similar character, we shall have occasion to refer in a future article.

To this work of S. Sophronius, his eminence has added a very appropriate pendant, in the Acts of the Martyrdom of St. Peter, of Alexandria, also translated by Anastasius. These acts were published by Combefis, with a version of his own. But the text of the Vatican manuscript is far superior to that employed by him; and those who are acquainted with the general character of his versions, will not regret to find that Cardinal Mai has substituted the ancient translation of Anastasius.

There existed among the monastic authors, from the earliest times, a practice of compiling *Catenæ* of the fathers on different subjects, or on different books of Scripture, either as a collection of their opinions, or as a kind of joint commentary on the particular book in question. The number of such manuscripts in the Vatican is very great, and several of them have already been published in the Cardinal's former series. As no part of his eminence's task (excepting always the palimpsests) was half so laborious, so none so strikingly displays his extraordinary erudition, as the judgment and skill with which he has selected from so many undigested fragments of different authors, thrown together without reference and without guide, those portions which were still, wholly or in part, inedited, and referred them to their respective authors. About twenty pages of the third volume are devoted to selections from a similar compilation. The *Catenæ* from which these selections are taken, like those published in the seventh and eighth volumes of the *Vaticana Collectio*, were drawn up by the monophysite heretics, and are partly in the Arabic, partly in the Syriac, language. Even these, however, Cardinal Mai presses into service; and in reading the striking, but hitherto unknown, testimonies to the doctrines of our Church—to the real presence and the holy sacrifice of the altar—with which they abound, we could not help being struck by the providential disposition of things, which employs the enemies of the Church as instruments for the preservation of testimonies to her doctrine.

Among the extracts which the Cardinal has given from these *Catenæ* (the principal one of which is called *Fides Patrum*) are some from St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, SS. Sylvester, Felix, and Innocent I, Hierotheus, a very early bishop of Athens, cited in the work attributed to Dionysius, the Areopagite, and several others; some—as Severus, patriarch of Constantinople—openly monophysite; others, whom, though strictly orthodox on the Eutychian question, the monophysite compiler endeavours to wrest to the confirmation of his own peculiar opinions.

The volume closes with two most important letters;—the first, addressed by Henry VIII of England, *contra Lutherum ejusque hæresim*; the second, by Leo X, to the same monarch, in reply to the commendatory letter in which he had presented Cuthbert Tunstal to the holy father, for canonical institution in the see of London. The former is a long and very elaborate production, addressed to the princes of Saxony, written with considerable warmth, but yet with great dignity and spirit. It is without any date. It would appear from the prefatory remarks, that the editor supposes it to be anterior to one addressed by the King to Leo X, which, as we shall hereafter see, is given in the preface of the sixth volume. It is true, that the king, in that letter, alludes to one which he had directed, *ad Cæsaream Majestatem omnesque Principes Electores*. But it must have been different from this. The letter to Leo is dated May 21, 1521; whereas, the letter now before us, being written after Luther had replied to the *assertio septem sacramentorum* (1522), must have been, at the earliest, late in that year. The reader, moreover, will observe, that this is addressed not to the “Emperor and Electors,” but to the “Princes of Saxony,” only. The letter to which Henry, when writing to the pope, refers, must be the remonstrance which he addressed to Charles V, in the very commencement of his reign.*

The king's reply to Luther's scurrility is quite characteristic:—

“My adversary has made clear to the whole world either of two things;—his own utter imbecility, or the perfect conclusiveness of

* It is difficult to determine the date of this letter; but it must have been before Luther's apology, to which it is not unlikely that it gave occasion, as this was written at the instance of the elector of Saxony and king of Denmark. Cardinal Mai is unable to say definitively that it is inedited. As far as our present means of examining enable us to speak, we think it is. Even if it be not, it is not unworthy of republication.

my arguments, to which he could find no reply but silly scoffs and frenzied invectives. If he imagine I am moved by these, he is egregiously mistaken. For though he calls me mad, and calls me so, I think, more than a thousand times, yet I never shall be so mad as to be annoyed at being called mad by a madman. I am deceived, therefore, or this fellow's foul-mouthed contumelies against me, and against the royal name, will excite your indignation, most illustrious princes, more than it does mine. For there is a certain reverence of nobility which binds generous minds together, and makes them, even in an enemy, while they hate and persecute the man, yet honour the person and venerate the dignity. How could you find in the world a man of generous birth so rude and barbarous, as to be induced, even by the bitterest hostility, to assail a nobleman with scurrilous and petulant tongue. Still less will any one possessing the generous nobility of virtue, in that degree in which I am persuaded you all possess it, suffer calmly the name of a prince and a friend to be made a mocking for low-bred scoundrels."—T. iii. p. 743.

We cannot pursue this topic further; but it may not be uninteresting to translate the concluding paragraph of the letter, which throws light on the motives of the opposition with which Luther's version of the bible was universally received by the catholic powers of Germany; an opposition often misunderstood and misrepresented:—

"When I was on the point of sealing the letter, it occurred to me that Luther, in the silly stuff which he has published against me, excuses himself from replying to the rest, under the pretence that he is translating the bible. I think it right therefore to exhort you, above all things, to use every means to prevent his so doing. For, though I do not deny that it is good that the holy scriptures should be read in all languages, yet it is certainly most perilous that they should be read in a version, the bad faith of which makes it clear to every one, that his design is to pervert what is good and salutary by a false translation, so that the unlettered people may imagine they are reading from the holy scriptures what the execrable man has drawn from execrable motives. Once again, farewell, most serene and well beloved princes."—p. 749.

In the preface of the sixth volume, the editor has given four other letters of the same prince. Two of these are addressed to Cardinal Sixtus Gara Roboreus, nephew of Julius II, the former (April 29, 1519) announcing the death of his father, Henry VII; the latter (July 8, 1519) his coronation, along with his queen, Catherine, of whom he speaks in terms of such affectionate praise, as completely to confute (especially

when we consider that, by his father's death, he was then entirely free) the opinion of some historians,* that he was forced into this marriage, so fatal in its after consequences, by the command of his father, who was unwilling to restore the dowry which Catharine had brought on her marriage with Henry's elder brother, Arthur. The other two, addressed to Leo X, are still more important. One (May 21, 1521) is the private letter which accompanied the presentation copy of the *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*.† It is entirely different from the published dedication prefixed to the book,‡ and contains many fervent protestations of his "devotion to the apostolic see," and "zeal for the holy Roman Church," which the king pledges himself "ever to defend and protect with all his power." To the other (August 8, 1522) we have already alluded. It is the document presenting Cuthbert Tunstal to the pope, for canonical institution to the see of London. Its language presents a curious contrast with the claims which the king afterwards put forward. Here he simply commends Tunstal to the pope, as one "whom he judges to be most worthy that the care and burden of the see should be entrusted to him by his holiness;" and after professing his own affection for the personal virtues of the prelate, "earnestly entreats that the pope will deign to promote him to the aforesaid see, and constitute him pastor and bishop therein." There is not a single word to indicate any idea on the king's part, that he possessed, or wished to exercise, an independent power of election or institution, or any other than that of simple nomination and presentation.

As we shall have occasion to return in a future article to the works of St. Sophronius, which form the chief contents of the fourth volume, we shall here content ourselves with a brief enumeration of them. They are:—1. A discourse on St. John the Baptist. 2. A very interesting commentary on the liturgy. 3. A charming collection of hymns in anacreontic metre (edited with a translation, and a critical preface and notes, by a literary protégé of the cardinal, Don Pietro Matranga,

* Among others, even the Maurists, in the "Art de vérifier les dates.

† Four copies of this work are still shown in the Vatican. They are all presentation copies. Three have the autograph signature of the king; and the fourth, in addition, contains the following rather flat and ungraceful distich:—

"Henricus Anglorum Rex, Leo Decime, mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitie."

‡ See this curious document, pp. 1-4. Edition of Paris, 1562.

vice-rector of the Greek college at Rome). 4. A *Triodion*, or collection of prayers. The manuscript from which it is printed is similar to the *Triodia* described by Leo Allatius, which were intended, not so much for private use, as for the public service of the Church. The Vatican *Triodion* contains prayers from eight different authors, among whom are St. John Damascene and Theodore Studites. The principal source, however, from which it is drawn, is St. Sophronius; and the others, being partly edited already, partly of little interest, the cardinal has confined himself to the prayers taken from St. Sophronius only. They fill a hundred pages of small and crowded type.

The reader may perhaps be disappointed to find these and several other works in the *Spicilegium* unaccompanied by a Latin version; and his regret will naturally be encreased by the recollection of the fidelity, as well as classical elegance, which distinguished the translation of the former series. His eminence has made his own explanation, in the preface of the tenth volume of the *Auctores Classici*:—

"Many persons will ask," says he, "why I have published St. Cyril and other authors in Greek only. I answer, that, on the one hand, overpowered by the number of valuable works which surround me, and on the other, oppressed by want of time, and yet entertaining a hope of repose and learned leisure at some future period, I have for the present done what I deemed most important; and, to prevent further delay, I have hastened to commit to the press, and thus rescue for ever from the danger of decay, and the uncertain vicissitudes of fortune, these precious relics of ancient, and especially of sacred literature. Therefore I have been so sparing of paper, that I even excluded the gospel texts from these commentaries [of Cyril], conceiving the numbers of the verses a sufficient indication. However, I hope, should life be spared me, to translate hereafter, at least St. Cyril, in order that those unacquainted with Greek may not be excluded from the participation of the salutary doctrines of this most holy father."—*Classici Auctores X*, p. xix.

However we may regret the want thus created, we cannot condemn—on the contrary we must commend—this resolution, and admire the self-denial which enables a scholar so accomplished as Cardinal Mai, to confine himself within these comparatively humble limits. It is impossible not to recog-

* We shall cite only the concluding lines of the hymn on the blessed Eucharist:—

"Ὁ πάθος, ὡ φίλῃ, ἣν διὰ χριστὸς
Σάρκα βροτῶς ἰδίην ὠπασε δαΐρα."

nize, in the extraordinary success which has attended his eminence's labours, a special vocation for the department to which he has devoted himself, and which few possess the opportunities, still fewer the qualifications, to pursue with advantage or success. Editors and translators we have in abundance,—perhaps, indeed, in excess: centuries may elapse before another Mai shall arise: and on the other hand, a few such years as those whose wondrous fruits we now see before us, will have left but little in the editorial line undone, even in the Vatican, all exhaustless as it has been traditionally reputed.

Besides these works of St. Sophronius, and part of an ancient life of SS. Cyrus and John, translated by Anastasius the librarian, contained in the body of the fourth volume, the introductory part contains:—i. A most eloquent panegyric of the monastic state, by Serapion, an ancient Egyptian bishop, whom St. Jerome mentions in his work, *De Viris Illustribus*.* ii. A homily on Pentecost, attributed to St. Chrysostom, but on the genuineness of which the editor does not definitively pronounce. iii. A homily of Diadochus, bishop of Photice, in the fifth century. iv. Five homilies of St. Proclus, the disciple and amanuensis of St. John Chrysostom, and one of his successors in the see of Constantinople.† The first of these, in Greek and Latin, is printed from a manuscript of the tenth century; the second, from a palimpsest, from which it was defaced to make way for a treatise of St. Chrysostom. The remaining three are lost in Greek, but have been preserved in the Syriac version, from which they are here re-translated into Latin. We have, besides, three short discourses of St. Cyril of Alexandria, on the martyrs Cyrus and John; the prologue of a *Catena* on St. Matthew, by the celebrated western Iconoclast, Claudius of Turin, which his eminence proposes at some future time to publish in full; several fragments of ancient sacred biography; four homilies of Paulinus, bishop of Beziers (*Biterrensis*), in the middle of the fifth century, and one of St. Peter Damian.

But among the miscellaneous contents of the latter part of the fourth volume, the most remarkable is a history of the martyrdom of St. Artemius, collected by St. John Damascene, from the history of the Arian Philostorgius. This his-

* *De Viris Illust.* cap. xcix.

† Most of his works will be found in the "*Bibliotheca Patrum*;" they were published in 1 vol. 4to, by P. Ricardo. Rome, 1630.

tory originally consisted of twelve books, each of which, like the lines of an acrostic, commenced with one of the letters of his name. But it is now entirely lost, except what Photeus has preserved in his compendium (published by Godefray, and afterwards more correctly by Henry de Valois). Tillemont accuses St. Artemius of Arianism.* It is gratifying to find his orthodoxy fully established in the work thus recovered, and that, too, on the testimony of a writer who was himself an Arian.

Another important acquisition is the *Πανοπλία*, or *Thesaurus Fidei Orthodoxæ* of Nicetas of Chona, a Greek author of the twelfth century. Of the twenty-five books in which it was originally composed, but five have been published, and these only in the Latin version of Morel.† The editor expresses his regret that want of leisure, and other more important considerations, have interfered to prevent his giving the work entire. But he deems it better not to pass it over entirely; and therefore has selected (in Greek only) from the unpublished books the most interesting portions, under the following heads:—i. The Macedonians; ii. The Nestorians; iii. The Eutychians; iv. The fifth council; v. The sect of Eutychians called *Αφθαρτοδοκῆται*, or *Incorrupticolæ*; vii. The sixth council; viii. The Saracens; ix. The Lizicinians; a sect of whom we confess never to have heard even the name, till we read it in his eminence's extracts from Nicetas (p. 498). According to his account, this sect took its origin and name from Lizix, a Manichean, who in the reign of the emperor Michael II, denied the divinity of our Lord, and the divine maternity of the blessed Virgin, and scoffed at the cross and the sacred mysteries. He seems to have seduced many into his heresy; but by the zeal and eloquence of St. Methodius was brought back to the faith, and reconciled to the Church,—almost a solitary example of such a mercy to an heresiarch, if such he can be considered.

Nicetas is followed, not inappropriately, by Theodore of Mopsuesta. Almost all the commentaries of this gifted but misguided man have perished; but in the present volume Cardinal Mai has collected a large portion of his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, from an ancient manuscript *Catena* in the Vatican. The first six chapters are scanty and

* Tom. vii. p. 731.

† In 1 vol. 8vo. 1580. They are also in (we think) the twelfth volume of the *Bib. Patrum*.

imperfect: but the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, appear to be almost complete. The commentary of the eleventh verse of the eighth chapter, is a clear and satisfactory acknowledgment of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father; and in the hurried examination with which we have been forced to content ourselves, we have not been able to discover any trace of the heterodox opinions which the author is known to have entertained.

The volume closes with a fragment of Ferraudus the deacon, and (as if to verify the miscellaneous character which the title conveys) another of a work upon military tactics, by Asclepiadotus, an ancient Greek writer.

The portion of Apponius's commentary on the Canticle, with which the fifth volume commences, would have been regarded some years since as a valuable accession to our ancient biblical literature. But it has lost some of its interest, by the publication of the entire work from the same manuscript, by the Cistercian fathers of St. Croce, in Gerusalemme, in whose library (known to bibliographers as the *Bibliotheca Lessoriana*) it is preserved. Bellarmine, in his *Scriptores Ecclesiastici*, describes Apponius as a writer of the ninth century; but Labbe very clearly proves that he was much earlier. Venerable Bede, who died in the end of the seventh century, cites him by name, and in a way which implies that he was already well known;* and Cardinal Mai, with very great probability, refers him to the middle of the sixth. Apponius addresses his commentary to a priest named Armenius. It is impossible to fix with absolute certainty the precise time at which Armenius lived. But one of the letters of Agnellus (who was bishop of Ravenna in the middle of the sixth century) is addressed to a priest who is of the same name, and, there is strong reason to believe, the same person with the Armenius to whom Apponius dedicates his commentary. It is divided into twelve books: of these, six were published in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*. Cardinal Mai has added the seventh, eighth, and part of the ninth. The edition of the Cistercians comprises all. The commentary, independently of its antiquity, appears, as far as we can judge, to possess considerable intrinsic merit; at page 54 will be found a very clear exposition of the power of the keys, and of the practice of confession and priestly absolution.

The work of Apponius is followed by three sermons of

* Conc. sup. Canticum. lib. ii. *sub finem*.

Faustus, bishop of Riez (Rejensis), in the fifth century, and one of Faustinus, of whom little seems to be known with certainty. We have read these sermons with great pleasure; and we would gladly see a similar spirit in many of our more polished modern discourses. The conclusion of Faustus's homily *De Spiritu Sancto* (p. 96), and of that of Faustinus *De Epiphania*, are not unworthy, either in sentiment or in manner, of the happiest efforts of St. Augustine or St. Leo.

A still more valuable relic of antiquity, is a Latin version of St. Cyril's (of Alexandria) treatise against Nestorianism. The original, it is true, is preserved in Aubert's edition; but an ancient version, and especially from the classic pen of Arnobius, is no mean acquisition. In the controversy of Arnobius and Serapion, the latter calls on Arnobius to produce the entire treatise of St. Cyril from which he had quoted, lest they should be deceived by garbled extracts selected at pleasure. Arnobius complies; but the manuscript from which Feu-ardent printed his edition* of this discussion, stopped short (possibly from the indolence of the copyist) at the words "*cumque fuisset codex apertus recitatus est titulus sic etc.*" In the doubt thus created, Feu-ardent not only was obliged to omit St. Cyril's treatise in his edition, but is unable to determine in his notes to which of the treatises Arnobius appealed. Cardinal Mai has been fortunate enough to find in the Vatican two manuscripts of the *Conflictus Arnobii et Serapianis de Deo uno et trino*, both of which supply the deficiency. The tract quoted by Arnobius is the seventeenth of the *Homiliæ Paschales*.

In the same volume the editor has introduced a long and very minute account of several ancient manuscript catalogues, of some of the oldest and most remarkable libraries in Italy and Germany, which the bibliographer will read with much interest. It occupies about a hundred pages of very small type. The libraries selected are those of Lauresham (Lorsch), Resbach, Corbie, and Fulda, in Germany; and in Italy, those of Monte Casino, Nonantula, Santa Croce, in Gerusalemme; and lastly, the most interesting of all—the celebrated Ambrosian library at Milan; which was the scene of Cardinal Mai's earliest literary essays, and which, even though it had

* Appended to Feu-ardent's edition of St. Irenæus (Cologne, 1596), p. 552. For an enumeration of the smaller tracts which follow St. Cyril's work, and of several others which want of space compels us to omit, we must refer to the "Spicilegium" itself, or to a very complete catalogue of its contents in the "Annale delle Scienze Religiose," January and February, 1843, pp. 146-50.

no ancient glories to boast, has acquired in our own times enough, and more than enough of fame in his successful labours.

We cannot help regretting, that his eminence did not annex some account also of the catalogues of the private libraries, many of which, he informs us, are still preserved in the Vatican. There are few who would not feel pleasure in conning over, at least in their titles, the books of such men as Bessarion, Picus of Mirandula, Sirlito, or Onofrio Panvinio. However, nothing could be more interesting than the catalogues of the monastic libraries. The lover of ancient literature will here discover, not without many a regret, for their after fate, that the calumniated monks of the middle age, preserved through all the vicissitudes of empires and dynasties, which succeeded the incursions of the northern hordes, and through all the anarchy and barbarism into which Europe was plunged by these revolutions, many a precious treasure, of which, by the suppression of the monastic institutions, and the fanatical destruction of their libraries, Protestantism, with all its boasted enlightenment and love of letters, robbed the world,—even long after what is unjustly called “the revival of literature” in the fifteenth century. While he sighs over the titles of many a lost treasure here registered—the works of Cælius Aurelian, Pollio’s commentary on the *Æneid*, Vacca’s scholion on the *Pharsalia*, treatises of Terullian, Ambrose, Gregory, and Fulgentius,—seventy-seven hymns of Venerable Bede, and numberless similar relics; he will, perhaps, form a different estimate of these misrepresented bodies, from whose history, as it is ordinarily told to the British public, everything that is not discreditable to their memory, has, in almost every instance, been studiously excluded.

Among the other works comprised in the fifth volume, the most curious is one by the celebrated scholiast on Homer, Eustathius, who was archbishop of Thessalonica, in the twelfth century. He has hitherto been but little known as a writer upon sacred subjects; and perhaps, on the contrary, the fashion has been to confound him with the herd of classic triflers, who waste their years and their talents, in sifting the grammatical and critical niceties of language, to the neglect of the more solid and useful departments, not alone of sacred, but even of profane learning. The theological student, therefore, will be gratified to recognize his old acquaintance in the new, and, perhaps, more appropriate character of commen-

tator on the Pentecost Hymn of St. John Damascene. His commentary occupies two hundred pages, and is drawn up exactly on the plan of the Homeric scholia. Independently of its literary interest, it will be found useful in defining the origin and precise meaning of many theological, or rather liturgical phrases, whose signification, even with the aid of Ducange, it is often extremely difficult to determine. In the publication of Eustathius, the editor's task was no sinecure. The manuscript is of cotton, and the writing, besides being extremely minute, is full of very peculiar and perplexing contractions. The affinity of subject induced him to add to the work of Eustathius, a few pages of similar scholia, upon other hymns of St. John Damascene, by Johannes Zonara, and Theodorus Prodromus, and a short discourse on those of St. Gregory Nazianzen, by an author named Nicetas, of whom we have not been able to learn anything, except that he was bishop of Dalybria.*

We have already anticipated in another place, part of the contents of the sixth volume;—the letters of Henry VIII, which are inserted among the prefatory matter. But the principal interest of this volume, will be found to consist in a series of lives of the popes, from St. Peter down to Gregory VII. The author of this valuable work, of which Muratori speaks in the highest terms, was a Spanish bishop, named Bernardo, originally bishop of Tuy, but afterwards translated to the see of Lydève, in France, where he died in his seventieth year, 1331. He brought the series down to John XXII, to whom it is dedicated; but Muratori, in his *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, has given only the lives of the pontiffs posterior to Gregory VII. Cardinal Mai, accordingly, has completed the work, by publishing from an ancient Mexican manuscript, all the previous lives which were wanting in that edited by Muratori. Many of them will be read with great interest; but it is necessary to observe that, in consequence of the insertion of the lives of a few anti-popes, who are

* In the fifth volume will also be found eleven Greek declamations of Charičius, from whom four similar compositions are published in the second volume; also a specimen of a Greek commentary on Hippocrates, by Theophilus, and a larger fragment of a similar work by the master of Theophilus, who was named Stephen. We must not omit to mention a few smaller scraps of Dion Cassius, which this indefatigable restorer of lost literature has discovered; and which, inconsiderable as they may appear, he has not thought unworthy of a place in the end of the volume, as a supplement to the valuable relics of the same author, which he had already given in the memorable second volume of the "Vaticana Collectio."

numbered according to their assumed titles, the order and designation of some of the pontiffs, is different from that ordinarily adopted by other authors, especially the more modern ecclesiastical historians.

To this valuable series, the cardinal has appended several smaller ancient biographies of the popes;—one by Bonizo, bishop of Sutra; another, collected from various manuscripts, by Zaccagni, formerly librarian of the Vatican, who had prepared the work for the press, but died before its publication. Among these miscellaneous lives will be found the last chapter of a contemporary life of Innocent III (published, but imperfectly, by Muratori).^{*} Hurter, in his life of Innocent, regrets this deficiency very much. Cardinal Mai, however, discovered a manuscript, which supplies this gap in the life as published by Muratori. The supplement (which contains an account of the charitable and pious endowments and bequests of the pontiff) will be found at page 301-12. Many of them are very curious; and, perhaps the document, as a whole, throws greater light on the character of this great pontiff, than a lengthened history of the events of his reign. With the same view, his eminence sought out and discovered a considerable number of the sermons of Innocent, which had never before been published. The printed collection of his works (Venice, 1578) contains only sixty-eight; but one of the Vatican manuscripts has no less than seventy-nine; and to remove all doubt as to the authenticity of the undated discourses contained in it, they are found, not collected together as if in an appendix, but interspersed with those whose authenticity is undoubted. Several of these which we have read, especially that upon "The pharisee and the publican," and that "On the contempt of earthly sufferings," are not only full of most admirable matter, but replete with tenderness and pathos of the very highest order. There is occasionally, it is true, a good deal of that mysticism which was in use with the preachers of those times: but even the sermon, which is most remarkable for it—the discourse "On the four chariots of the prophet Zachary,"[†] is at the same time equally remarkable for the eloquence, clearness, and unction, with which the moral lesson is conveyed.

The theological reader may sometimes have seen allusions to a large collection of canons, by St. Anselm, of Lucca, which exists in manuscript in the Vatican. It is divided

^{*} *Rer. Ital. Scriptores*, iii. pp. 486-567.

[†] See particularly pp. 544-5.

into thirteen books, all of which are distributed into chapters, under separate titles. The editor's first intention was to publish it entire, but circumstances obliged him to content himself with giving the titles of the chapters, which form as it were a summary of the work:—a plan which he also found it expedient to adopt, with regard to another work of similar character in nine books, to which Ballerini refers, as also the treatise of Sjecardo, bishop of Cremona, *De officiis Ecclesiasticis*.

We must hasten over the remaining contents of the sixth volume. A few fragments of an unknown ecclesiastical historian, and of extracts from the *Excerpta Gnomica*, of a monk named Cyrus Georgidius, (a sort of common-place-book, similar to that from which the valuable fragments of the historical palimpsest were drawn), are not without interest. The latter of these it must have cost almost endless labour to examine, particularly with the view of ascertaining whether the extracts (for which the reference is never given in the manuscript) had been previously published. It contains, among other curiosities, a few new lines of Menander, the comedian. The volume ends with Cardinal Pallavicini's beautiful, but hitherto inedited treatise, *Del Principe Letterato*.

As yet we have not spoken of the preface of this volume, because it is to a certain extent independent in its matter. Besides an elaborate and most erudite notice of the works already described, it contains an account of several valuable and interesting manuscripts still inedited;—which, however, we trust the illustrious editor will yet find an opportunity of publishing. Among these we would willingly select as a specimen, a most simple and beautiful defence of the use of sacred images, attributed to Gregory II, and several very decisive testimonies from the Greek Church to the supremacy of the pope, and the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father. But, in order to relieve the tediousness which we feel a string of meagre bibliographical notices, such as we have hitherto given, must necessarily produce, we prefer to transcribe the following account of a very old manuscript, which, if it be not of any great utility, is at least a curiosity in its way.

“Innocent III, in his sermon addressed *Ad Claustrales*, enumerates among the other imperfections of the monastic life, the violation of silence, if not by words, at least by signs. On the contrary, the anonymous author who accompanied St. Peter Damian in his visit to the monastery of Cluny, and wrote an account of it, which

we have published in the sixth volume of the *Scriptores Veteres*, praises the monks of that community for their habit of employing signs, in order to avoid the violation of silence. And yet, Innocent III, and this writer, do not contradict one another; for the one is speaking of the correct and moderate use of signs; the other, of the excess and abuse of the practice; for there can be no doubt that, where the number of signs is very great, and the signs themselves are arbitrary and far-fetched, there must be great loss of time and much idle curiosity, in acquiring a knowledge of the system. However, I conceived a desire to learn something of the nature of the practice, and after a short search, I discovered an old and very beautiful manuscript (No. 564) containing in two books, a most curious account of the mode of life of the Cluny monks. The fifth chapter of the first book, which is very long, and divided into twenty-two sections, gives the rules for speaking by signs, which perhaps may have prepared the way for that admirable system, now so usefully employed in the instruction of the deaf and dumb. However, the dumb learn signs, because they wish to speak, whereas, the monks of Cluny learned them in order to avoid speaking, remembering Menander's maxim, that οὐδὲν σωπῆς ἔστι χρησιμώτερον. The chapter is entitled *De signis Loquendi*; and its sections are—1, on signs of different kinds of bread; 2, on signs of vegetables; 3, on signs of fish; 4, on signs of different kinds of food; 5, on signs of apples; 6, on signs of foreign apples; 7, on signs of different kinds of herbs; 8, on signs of spices; 9, on signs of liquors; 10, on signs of vessels; 11, on signs appertaining to dress; 12, on signs of ecclesiastical things; 13, on signs of masses and hours; 14, on signs of priestly vestments; 15, on signs of things relating to divine worship; 16, on signs of books; 17, on signs of persons; 18, on miscellaneous signs; 19, on signs of buildings; 20, on signs which relate to writing; 21, on signs of iron instruments; 22, on signs of animals.

“We shall now give a specimen of the sixteenth section. ‘For the general sign of a book extend the hand, and move it as if in turning the leaves of a book. For the sign of a missal, premising the general sign, add the sign of the cross. For the sign of a breviary, premising the general sign, extend the right hand between the thumb and four-finger of the left, as if polishing iron. (This is the common sign of everything that is in frequent use.) For the sign of the epistle-book, premising the general sign, add the sign of the cross upon the breast. For the sign of the gospels, premising the general sign, add the sign of the cross upon the forehead. For the sign of the book from which the lessons are read in the nocturns, premising the general sign, place the hand upon the cheek,’ &c.

“This extract is scarcely one-fifth of the sixteenth section.”—*Spicilegium*, tom. vi. pp. 38-40.

The seventh volume partakes less of the nature of a miscellany than any other in the collection. It contains only two works;—the first, a treatise of St. Germanus, of Constantinople; the second, a work of the celebrated Photius, patriarch of the same see. The former was a contemporary of St. Gregory II, in the beginning of the eighth century. He was a determined opponent of Leo the Iconoclast, by whom he was forced to resign his see. His works were burned by order of the emperor, and to this circumstance Cardinal Mai attributes the extreme rarity of copies. This learned and holy man, on the strength of a passage of Theophanes (probably corrupt) was accused of monothelism, and although he is well defended by the Bollandists (March 12), it is very satisfactory to find that his own work, now first published by Cardinal Mai, clearly attests his orthodoxy on this, as on every other point of Catholic faith. It is entitled, *De SS. Synodis et Hæresibus*, and contains an abstract of the origin and history of all the heresies up to his time. It is divided into fifty chapters. The reader will find (41-44) a concise but satisfactory account of the Iconoclast heresy, with a very clear and explicit statement of the true doctrine of the Church on the use of sacred images, with an ample defence of the practice, from the misrepresentations by which it was assailed;—misrepresentations precisely similar to those which are directed against our own practice at the present day.

The manuscript from which this interesting relic is printed, contained also a work of Photius, which is perhaps more important for the ecclesiastical reader. It is a complete body of the canon law of the Greek Church, as it existed in his time. The first idea of the author, when he commenced the work, was simply to collect all the canons of the first ten councils, to which he afterwards added those of the councils held under himself, thus carrying the work down to 883. This great collection he called *συναγωγή*. Afterwards, in order to facilitate the study of the body of ecclesiastical law, by methodizing its contents, he arranged these canons under fourteen heads; and this new work, called *συντάγμα*, though entirely distinct, is frequently confounded with the former, even by such men as Fabricius, and Assemani, and Morelli. A third modification was to make at once an index, and an abridgment of the *Syntagma*. Instead of drawing up at full, under each title, the whole series of canons which refer to it, he merely set down the numbers of the canons as they stood in the larger work. It is easy to conceive the importance of

this arrangement, in times when all was done by the tedious and laborious process of transcription, for the difficulty of copying was greatly diminished, if not entirely removed, and the utility of the Syntagma proportionally increased. This latter work was already known, and is published in the collected edition of the works of Photius. It is the Syntagma that Cardinal Mai has given to us in the present volume. The manuscript from which it is taken, seems not to have been known to any one but Vossius. It originally belonged to the Colonna family, but was recently transferred to the Vatican. In the preface, and also in a note (at p. 25-6) on the famous twenty-eighth canon of Chalcedon, will be found several interesting testimonies on the papal supremacy, to which, however, we must for the present be content to refer the reader.

Among the miscellaneous contents of the eighth volume, we can only particularize a few; beginning with four short discourses of St. Augustine, though they are placed last in the volume; they are all taken from very ancient manuscripts, and both in style, in matter, and in the allusions with which they abound, present every evidence of authenticity. The third and fourth are unhappily imperfect, particularly the third, the manuscript having suffered very much from time.

Next to St. Augustine, the treatise of Sedulius, our countryman, *Rectoribus Christianis*, has of course the first claim upon us. We say our countryman, for Cardinal Mai proves very clearly in his preface that this can be no other than Sedulius Scotigena. The history of this work is rather singular. Its existence in manuscript was long known, but, what may appear almost impossible, a doubt had arisen whether it was ever published. That it was prepared for the press by Freher in 1612, appears quite certain; and Schöttgen says that Fabricius mentions its publication in octavo at Leipsic, in 1619; but he adds that he has never been able to find any one who has seen or alluded to it; and the cardinal's researches have been unsuccessful in resolving the doubt. He determined, therefore, that in these circumstances it might be practically regarded as inedited, and that, even though this impression were false, the work had become so exceedingly rare, that it was as much, or perhaps more, exposed to the danger of being entirely lost, as though it still remained in manuscript. For this service thus rendered to the ecclesiastical literature of our country, we feel sincerely grateful; and the more so as his eminence proposes to give, in the ninth, Sedulius's *Explanationes in Præfationes St. Hieronymi ad Evangelia*, and the

ninth volume of the *Scriptores Veteres* already published contains his *Expositiones in SS. Matthæum, Marcum, et Lucam.*

The greater part of the contents of the eighth volume, however, belongs to the literature of the fifteenth century. Those who remember Cardinal Valeris's delightful treatise, *De occupationibus Cardinali Diacono dignis*, published in the *Scriptores Veteres*, will learn with pleasure that the present volume contains three other tracts, written in the same charming spirit, and with the same classic elegance by which the former work is distinguished. Two of these, *De Cauta Imitatione SS. Episcoporum* and *Quatenus fugiendi sint Honores*, are addressed to the inimitable Cardinal Frederic Borromeo. An equally interesting specimen of modern latinity, are the letters of Antonio Galato (who died in 1517), and those of the celebrated Antonio Graziani, secretary of Cardinal Commendon, afterwards bishop of Amerida. We fully subscribe to the judgment of the editor, who places these letters upon a level with those of Poggio himself; and we are tempted to crave the reader's indulgence for a departure from our ordinary custom, and to insert one of Graziani's letters in the original Latin. We select one of domestic interest, being addressed to the celebrated Nicholas Sanders, and written at a period when all communications between England and Rome cannot but be of importance. We abstain from any commentary upon the letter. It may be useful as affording some light regarding the position of the individuals who are named in it, and is written in a spirit so evidently confidential, as to make us regret that the collection of Graziani's letters contains only one of them addressed to Sanders, and still more that the one to which it is intended as a reply is unhappily wanting:—

L. Antonius Maria Gratianus Nicholao Sandero. S.P.D.

"Omnem conditionem eorum, qui in Anglia pro christiana religione, et pro communi libertate, utraque impotente femine dominatu oppressa, arma ceperunt, statumque Anglici regni mihi demonstrarunt litteræ tuæ, quas ad me XV. cal. Martii longissimas dedisti; in quibus ex omnibus partibus cum prudentia tum singularis pietas in patriam tuā sese ostendit; quæ profecto me, tanta præsertim amoris erga me significatione adjuncta, vel in medio, dolore, quem ex istarum rerum perturbatione cepi, mirifice delectarit. Sic enim, Sandere, velim existimes, probitatem, religionem, excellentem doctrinam tuam, tanti a me fieri ut ex omnibus amicis, ad quos diligendos ipsorum me virtus adduxit, te uno mihi neque cariorum esse quenquam, neque ullius benevolentiam jucundiorum:

cui certe benevolentiae tantum tribuo, ut tuam de patriae salute sollicitudinem curamque, communem mihi ducam, planeque ea sic afficiat, ut ne nobis quidem ipsis, quibus tanti fuit catholicae fidei professio, ut pro ea extorres patria, iis rebus omnibus careatis, quae sunt hominibus carissimae, studio et voluntate in praestantissimi regni salute, concedam. Quod si par animo mihi facultas suppetet, ne tu ex rebus ipsis intelligeres, quam amanti tui, quam cupido rei publicae patriam tuam commendasses.

“Sed redeo ad tuam epistolam. Ea mihi reddita est ad xii. cal. Aprilis, quam cum legissem, continuo ad Cardinalem qui, ut scis, singulari est in vestram gentem animo, detuli. Is eodem die quod conveniendi tum Pontificem propter ejus incommodam valetudinem potestas nemini erat, pontificis ipsius intimo conciliorum ministro ostendit; et apud eum reliquit, quo pontificem de omnibus rebus, quae scripsisti, edocere posset. Quod et factum est ab eo diligenter; et plane est quod speremus currentem pontificis animum ad vos complectendos suscipendosque iis litteris incitatum iri. Sed incredibile est, sanctissimus senex quam multis curis occupationibusque destineatur; ut nisi Dei singulari in ecclesiam benignitate, quae tot temporum procellis sic cuncta miscente adversario humani generis haud alio gubernatore eget, conservaretur, fieri non posse videatur, ut illa aetate, illa etiam tenuitate valetudinis, tantis rerum fluctibus tempestatibusque sustinendis sufficeret. Quo minus mirum tibi videri debet, si non ut quaeque provincia fluctuare coepit, continuo ad opem ferendam praesto sumus.”

He proceeds to enumerate the perils and difficulties from every quarter which beset the Church, and perplex the counsels of the pontiff; but assures him, notwithstanding, that,

“In tantarum rerum curis cogitationibusque, quae pontificem maximum maxime tangunt, ne vos quidem expertes opis suae princeps, paterna plane in omnes charitate, quicumque ecclesiae Dei amantes sunt, relinquet. Nam et de iis ipsis remediis, quae tu commemoras, cogitatum ante est, et adhibebuntur cum exploratum erit salutaria fore; adhuc quidem habere videntur deliberationem; de qua re cum clarissimo viro priore Anglia, qui eximia pietate omnem suam industriam, curas, labores, in patriae salute consumit, multumque apud optimum quemque Cardinalium et gratia et opinione virtutis pollet, locuti sumus. Ipse, ut arbitror, omnia Francisco Inglefieldio tuo a quo mihi longam et prudenter scriptam epistolam nuper ostendit, prescribet. Tu de Francisco ipso cognosces: ego certe agendo, rogando, monendo, ubi opus fuerit, meam vobis et tibi in primis diligentiam ac fidem praestabo.

“Warmiensi Cardinali legendam epistolam tuam dedi, deque ea ipse et Cardinalis meus acturi sunt cum pontifice. Qui quidem Cardinales tibi salutem ut adscriberem, suis verbis uterque mihi mandavit. Ego abs te peto ut crebras ad nos, et ut instituisti facere,

plenas de omnibus rebus litteras mittas. Gratias facere mihi nihil enim causæ est, cur non te utilem patriæ tuæ operam præstiturum confideres, si Romæ esses. Vale. Romæ. IIII. cal Apr. 1570."—*Spicilegium* viii. pp. 456-8.

Besides these letters, Cardinal Mai has inserted in this volume a very curious historical work by the same author, designed as a supplement to his work *De Casibus Adversis Illustrum Virorum sui Ævi*. It is the history of an adventurer named Dispota,—one of those daring pretenders to royalty, who, like Lambert Simnel in England, contrived to personate a real or imaginary character; and though he was a base-born Cretan, and, indeed, a slave, effectually imposed on the credulity of his followers, and, from the humble post of copyist in the Vatican library, managed to establish himself for two years (1560-2) in the possession of the principality of Wallachia. The story, to us at least, is entirely new, and it is written with an unstudied elegance, and an approach to classic purity, which might almost deceive the most practised and fastidious critic.

The latinity of Graziani presents a curious contrast with that of which the reader will find a specimen in the lives of three Neapolitan viceroys (pp. 609-52), written by Giulio Cesare, who died in 1631. The excellence of the matter induced Cardinal Mai to overlook the carelessness and inelegance of the composition; and as he thought it advisable to rewrite the lives, and to improve the latinity, they may now be read with considerable interest.

Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the modern Latin prose writers comprised in the eighth volume. But it contains, besides, several specimens of modern Latin poetry, from the unpublished writings of Cardinals Commendone and Bembo, and of the celebrated Sannazzaro.* Among these, the most remarkable is a very pretty epic, in five hundred lines, entitled *Sarca*, by Bembo; which, without being, like most modern poems, offensively mythological, has as much of that character as sits gracefully upon the Latin hexameter. Its mythology, indeed, might rather be called allegory; being merely a personification of the rivers, lakes, and mountains in the locality where the scene is laid. The river Sarca asks the Benacus for his daughter Garda in marriage. His suit is

* To these we should not omit to add two Italian poems of the fourteenth century, which are inserted in the preface; especially one in *terza rima*, by Simon of Siena, addressed to the blessed Virgin, on occasion of the plague which visited that city in 1383.

accepted, on the condition of his mingling his streams with the Benacus (then a tiny streamlet), so that from the union a lake (to be called Garda) should be formed. All the river gods and goddesses of the neighbourhood assemble to the nuptials; and the prophetess Manto foretells that a son will be born (to be called Mincius), whose waters will encircle Mantua. Upon this prediction turns the main point of the poem, which is intended as a tribute to the poetic eminence of Jovian and Sannazzaro. Of this Mincius, and a nymph named Maia, the prophetess foretells, will be born an illustrious poet, Virgil, whose memory will long outlive him, and will continue, even to the latest times, to produce its fruits in the poets, who after his day will shed lustre on his country. The poem concludes with a panegyric of Jovian and Accius Sannazzarius:—

“Accius ille suæ ornabit qui tempora cultu
Ingenii, clarisque viris, tenerisque puellis
Delicia, toto vivens cunctabitur orbe.”

We cannot conclude our notice of the eighth volume, without particularizing a fragment, small though it is, of one of the most extraordinary men of modern times,—the celebrated, but short-lived, Augustinian Onofrio Pauvinio. Thoroughly conversant with all the theological learning of his order—an eminent controversialist—a perfect linguist—and an accomplished historian, he was, above all, the most profound antiquarian the world, perhaps, has ever seen. Unhappily, however, for classical literature, just as he had completed his researches in Roman antiquities, which he proposed to give to the world in a hundred books, he died at the premature age of thirty-nine (1568). Cardinal Mai, in the present volume, gives the preface of this gigantic work, and holds out a hope that we may expect the remainder of his manuscripts which still lie inedited in the Vatican. The preface was in part published in the Venetian edition of the commentaries on the Roman republic: but it is well deserving of publication in its complete form, and will give an idea of the profound and universal reading of this wonderful man.

We must here abruptly close this sketch of the *Spicilegium Romanum*. Brief and imperfect as the notice of a work so extensive must necessarily be, it may serve, notwithstanding, to give some idea of its valuable contents, and to induce our readers to examine for themselves. We cannot conceal our shame at the indifference with which Cardinal Mai's publications,—which are not only read, but, in many cases, re-published,

on the continent,—seem (at least, judging from the public journals *) to be regarded in this country. There is no class of students for whom they should not possess great interest; and especially there is no catholic (and, we suppose, now-a-days, no Anglican) library complete without them.

For the present, therefore, we take our leave, pledging ourselves to return to the work, as soon as the remaining volumes shall be published,

ART. V.—1. *The Edinburgh Review*. No. CLV. February 1843.

2. *The Bible in Spain; or, The Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman, in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula*. By George Borrow. Three volumes, 8vo. London, 1843. Second Edition.

“THE form of persecution is altered,—the spirit remains the same. Those who heretofore would have used the dagger, or the knife of the assassin, employ now only the tongue, or the pen of the calumniator; and instead of murdering bodies, exhaust their energies in assassinating reputation. Calumny has been substituted for murder, and the faction which has so long rioted in Irish [Catholic] blood, consoles its virulent and malignant passions by indulging in ever varying, never-dying falsehood, and truculent slander.”†

Never did the illustrious writer of this paragraph utter a more incontestable truth. The war of slander against the Catholic Church has not, it is true, *begun* in latter times: it has existed from the beginning. In the days of our fathers, it was backed by persecution—that is, persecution of the body: in ours, shame and fear, but principally fear, have stayed the arm of persecution; and they in whom the old sanguinary spirit still resides, are unwilling to avow, or unable to gratify, their propensity. The demon of slander having thus lost the protection of her old ally, has strengthened her hands the more, and, being thrown upon her own resources, has become crafty in proportion as she has been left

* We are bound to make an honourable exception in favour of the “*Dublin Evening Post*,” which has devoted a considerable share of its interesting literary columns to a series of very agreeable and scholarlike notices of the various publications of the learned cardinal.

† O’Connell’s *Ireland*, p. 43.

unaided, and has assumed a garb she was not hitherto accustomed to wear, because she did not require it.

It is time, it is more than time, that something should be done to arouse the attention of the Catholic public to the pestilent state of our literature, in all its departments, especially as regards Catholicity in Ireland. Anti-Catholic views are circulated everywhere around us, not always, as of old, in their own naked, palpable shapes, which men could see with their eyes, and shudder at, and fly from; no longer bearing their proper titles legibly upon them. Their dress is changed, but nothing else. Like the devils that tempted St. Anthony, they assume a thousand different forms, the sublime, the beautiful, the ludicrous, the fairly proportioned, the distorted: their essence unchanged, the evil spirit in all. The press in London, in Dublin, in Edinburgh, everywhere, is teeming with publications of the class we allude to; whose avowed object is to instruct, to amuse, and, not unfrequently, to "conciliate;" but whose real, though disguised, object is to injure the Catholic priesthood and the doctrines and practices of the Catholic religion, by ridicule, by sarcasm, by an affectation of impartiality, by the 'damning of faint praise,' by a systematic use of the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*. No place is too sacred for them to penetrate. Like the gods of paganism, there is no shape they will not assume to win worshippers. They are to be met with in the bookseller's shop, in the circulating library, in the reading-room, and, alas! too often in the "parlour windows" of respectable Catholic families; in cheap monthly issues of popular works; in the rich engraving, in the neatly executed woodcut; in quarto, in duodecimo; in thick volumes, and in thin pamphlets; in embossed cloth, in purple morocco, in shining gold.

The evil has gone on increasing from year to year; it has progressed with the advancing desire for information, or taste for mere literature, and the consequent increase in the circulation of books. Young students for the legal and medical professions, the sons of shopkeepers, and of respectable farmers, and of country gentlemen, tradesmen, young boys at seminaries and public schools; all these (and how large the number comprised under so many denominations taken together!) all these are now in the habit of reading new productions, popular histories, biographies, tales, travels, magazines, reviews, and the like. Facilities for gratifying, for glutting this general rage are enlarged. The multiplication of circulating libraries; the new system, now so popular, of

publishing in monthly parts, at the price of a shilling each, or less, large and expensive works, which would be sure to deter many a purchaser, if offered only at the price of the entire made up in volumes; the equally popular system of publishing "people's editions;" these and other causes, which it is needless to enumerate, have contributed to make books of every kind, especially worthless and bad books, as easily to be procured as the *Catholic Piety*, or *Think well on't*. Whoever has a shilling to spare may purchase a reprint of Hall's Libel upon Maynooth College,* or a number of the new edition of Carleton's libels on the Irish priesthood and people, under the softer title of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, with its beastly slanders, and its pictured caricatures, representing the persons and things most revered by the Irish people, so as to provoke the laughter of the scoffer and the infidel, but to kindle the indignation of any man who has a single spark of Irish feeling—of Catholic Irish (*quis separabit?*) feeling in his bosom. We are quite sure that such books have not yet effected any *general* mischief in Ireland,—thanks to the burning and unconquerable devotion of her children to the faith of their fathers, and their own heroic priesthood. But that these books are beginning to be very widely circulated among the classes above mentioned, and that they have wrought some evil, and injured the moral and religious feeling of some, we know for certain, both from our own personal observation, and from the most competent testimony. We *know* young men religiously educated, of religious parents, and themselves, up to the period when these detestable books fell into their hands, devout and practical Catholics; but whose heads have since then been turned; their minds filled with pointed sarcasms, insidious humour, lying incidents and stories of immoral and uncatholic tendency; their religious principles weakened and corrupted. While engaged in writing these lines, we are informed, by a zealous and well-informed clergyman of the diocese of * * *,—one too in nothing bigoted, and in politics of the most liberal views,—that, in the parish in

* Reprinted from "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.," by Mr. and Mrs. C. Hall; an interesting and most insidious, and, therefore, most dangerous work, to which we mean soon to direct our readers' attention, perhaps in our next number. As a sample of the *objectionable* parts, we may here mention that, in one of the notes subjoined to the account of Maynooth College, there are no less than *five* gross and calumnious falsehoods, in matters of plain fact, in the short space of *four* lines! In another note, on the same subject, there are *three* still grosser and more calumnious falsehoods, in matters of *notorious* fact, in the space of *three* lines!! Truly this is the age of reckless slander.

which he officiates, he has seen on the table, in respectable farmers' houses, such books as Carleton's *Libels*, where books of the kind were unknown until lately; and has witnessed the effect of reading them in the younger branches of the families,—the withering and the wasting away of high-toned Catholic feeling, and rigid Catholic purity, which follow, as a matter of course, from the circulation among such classes of these moral poisons. We mention this merely as one fact out of a mass of others still more afflicting, and which have come to our knowledge through equally authentic sources. We are no alarmists: but we do think that these are facts worth attending to; and that the system, for it is a *system*, which leads to such results, ought to be exposed publicly, fearlessly, directly.

We call upon the honest and *truly* patriotic portion of the press to assist us. We call upon them in the name—we need not say of Catholicity, but—of the common principles of morality, of truth, of justice, and in the name of the purity of the Irish character. Our words can directly reach but the class which, enjoying literary leisure, are in the habit of reading reviews: but theirs reach all, and penetrate through the masses of society, from the highest to the lowest. This is no topic of (what is called in the phraseology of the day) a *sectarian* nature; it requires no discussion on articles of faith, or texts of Scripture, or written tradition. In truth, a man need not be a Catholic to embrace the substance of our views, any more than he need be a Catholic to join in a public denunciation of the practice of picking pockets, or stabbing in the dark. We are sure that some who are not Catholics would think with us. We of course believe all Protestants to be in error: but our business is not now with the contributors to popular literature, as they are advocates of Protestantism, but as they are false and base calumniators. If, indeed, as we believe, and could easily shew, the great Reformers have been wicked men, and Protestantism has been begotten, and nurtured, and defended, and kept in existence by calumny, and force, and rapine, and blood; this we think a decisive argument against the Reformation. But with this argument we have nothing to do, at present. Our object is, not to brandish theological arguments, but to state and publish plain facts,—rather to show what are the sentiments put forward in certain writings, with a view to warn our own against their pernicious influence, than to confute those sentiments, with a view to confound or convince our opponents.

We are on the defensive more than the offensive side:—indeed, on the latter side not at all, except in so far as is necessary for our direct purpose.

But let us come to particulars, to “Proofs and Illustrations;” other general observations which occur to us, we shall find another opportunity for introducing,—if not in the present, in a subsequent article.

We commence with the *Edinburgh Review*. We place it first on our list, not because we think it the *very* worst of its class; but because its high literary character, its advocacy of certain liberal views, and the general ignorance that prevails of the reckless bigotry which so often marks its language regarding the Catholic *religion*, render it one of the most dangerous.*

We have no wish to speak lightly of the literary merits of the *Edinburgh Review*, although we think they have been not a little overrated. It is, indeed, to us, anything but grateful to denounce a periodical so long the steady friend of Catholic Emancipation; whose pages have been so often illuminated by the wit and eloquence of some of the wittiest and most eloquent men of the age; to denounce it too for qualities which sink it far lower, as an advocate of truth, or justice, or truly liberal opinions, than the occasional contributions we have referred to, raise it in other respects. This is indeed a labour we would rather avoid, and which we were beginning to flatter ourselves it would not be necessary for us to undertake: for we thought we had perceived of late years, among not a few of the bitterest fruits of by-gone prejudice and ignorance, the growth of better feelings and juster notions in the *Edinburgh Review*. But an article in the February number, on “Borrow's Bible in Spain,” has dashed our too fond hopes, and has exhibited once more the demon of slander, of mocking and malignant Calvinistic slander, grinning out from the pages of this periodical.

Some of our Catholic readers, who know the *Edinburgh*

* We think it right to say, moreover, that it is owing to the dissertation on “Borrow's Bible,” that this series of papers is commenced in our present number. The writer of this article had indeed resolved a considerable time back to enter on this task. He wished nevertheless to wait a little longer, until the pressure of engrossing and unavoidable occupations should be relaxed, and leisure thus afforded him of doing all the justice to his subject which its importance demands, and his own slender abilities would enable him to accomplish. But, on the one hand, he had no prospect of soon enjoying the wished-for leisure, and, on the other, he thought it better that the good work should be attempted by an inferior artist or with inferior means, than not attempted at all: “Ab alio potiusquam a me, a me potiusquam a nemine.”

Review only through its more moderate articles, may be startled at these strong words of ours, and others—*e. g.* the Catholic lawyers, who eat meat on Fridays—may be offended at them. Let such readers, if any such there shall happen to be, suspend their judgment, for the present; and, when they shall have read the extracts we are about to give, say whether the spirit of a work, of which these are but specimens, would not justify language even stronger than we have used.

The reviewer, in the first paragraph of his dissertation, tells us of Mr. Borrow, that he is “if at times serious even unto sadness, never churlish or ascetic—never morose or misanthropic; the milk of human kindness flows in his veins; his disposition is cheerful, such as becomes the bearer of tidings of peace—solemn as becomes their vital import. His every feeling is an inlet of joy; his pages, true exponents of the man, are studded with heartfelt admiration of the beauties of nature, &c.”—(p. 105.)

Truly these are magnificent eulogiums, and scattered with no sparing hand; such as might befit some shadowy being of the poet's dream, some being who wanted but “the adornment of bright wings,” to look like an inhabitant of a higher sphere—an angel of peace, whose feet are beautiful on the mountains, whose glance is sunshine, whose voice is music. Well, we read the extracts from Mr. Borrow's book in the *Edinburgh Review*, and then we sent for the book itself, and read it attentively. Alas! what a change came over the lovely vision of human perfection which the reviewer had conjured up before our too easy imagination. This serious, and sweet, and cheerful creature, with the “inlets of joy,” and the “studded pages,” this new evangelist, this wingless cherub stood revealed before us, in his own reality—a gloomy bigot, and furious fanatic; petulant, frivolous, cynical, vulgar, pedantic; tasteless, arrogant, abusive. We speak of him only as he has pictured himself in his own book, as he exists there: who George Borrow is, or rather what he is, we know not, except as far as his book and his reviewer tell us. His book is a clumsy, ill-written, disgusting libel upon Catholicity; and, but for the virulent anti-Catholic phrenzy that pervades it, we can hardly conceive it possible that it would have found a dozen readers, or a single panegyrist. Frantic antipathy to the Pope, and to every thing Catholic, not only forms the burden of these three (for there are *three*) volumes, but it is the whole, their alpha and omega, their body and spirit: take this away, and you do not leave even a gibbering

skeleton behind. In reading them through, we felt as one in a night-mare, with all the goblins dancing on him; as one in pitchy darkness with a troop of devils yelling in his ears.

We are not going to write a review or a confutation of Mr. Borrow's work. It is an *avowedly* anti-Catholic publication, and therefore beside our present purpose; besides that, our direct business is with another adversary. But we shall cull some extracts from its pages, that our readers may, first of all, see what sort of idol the Edinburgh Reviewer has taken for the object of his last worship.

"The work now offered to the public," writes Mr. Borrow, in his preface, "consists of a narrative of what occurred to me during a residence in that country [Spain] to which I was sent by the Bible Society, as its agent, for the purpose of printing and circulating the Scriptures."—(*Pref.* ix.)

In a dialogue, which he entitles a "Serious Discourse," between himself and a gypsy, named Antonio, the speakers thus express themselves:—

Borrow. "Did you not hear me speak in the foros about God and Tebleque? It was to declare his glory to the Cales and the Gentiles, that I came to the land of Spain."

Antonio. "And who sent you on this errand?"

(A very pertinent and extremely embarrassing query this, by the way: we wonder where a Gypsy could have picked up such a theological poser.)

Borrow. "You would scarcely understand me were I to inform you. Know, however, that there are many in foreign lands who lament the darkness that envelopes Spain, and the scenes of cruelty, robbery and murder which deform it."—*Borrow*, i. 205.)

Mr. Borrow, then, is a missionary—a missionary sent out by a gang of conspirators against Christianity, who denominate themselves the Bible Society; whose head-quarters are, we believe, fixed in London, and who live and carry on their operations at the expense of some thousands of persons, who are dupes, or knaves enough to spend their money in supporting a swarm of vagabonds, trampers, incendiaries, and hypocrites, in every quarter of the globe. Mr. Borrow is a tramper—nay, to borrow the phrase of the Edinburgh Review, (p. 105) a 'jockey tramper, philologist, and missionary:' and this tramping missionary has published three goodly volumes, purporting to detail the history of a Bible campaign, the eventful story of the period of his life, devoted to the single all-absorbing object of distributing the Bible in Spain. Let

us give our readers some general notion of the beauties of these "studded pages." The volumes are filled with matter of all sorts; with words and phrases from Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, Portuguese, Turkish, Arabic, and we cannot say how many other tongues. They give us adventures without end;—how a sailor dreamed that he fell into the sea, and how he did fall into it (i. 2); how Mr. Borrow scared a big, fierce mastiff, by looking him full in the eyes; how he behaved with genuine Protestant impertinence and indecorum to a convent of nuns, and how he afterwards devoured some "sweet and delicious cheesecakes," the handiwork of the aforesaid nuns;* how he went to Spain for the purpose, among other things, of tanning his face;† how he met a wild-looking lad who gabbled in a most incoherent manner, who screamed like a hyena, and barked like a terrier, and who was, after all, "light, merry, and anything but malevolent" (i. 25); how fond he is of the flesh of roasted

* "He entered a dark stone apartment, at one corner of which was a kind of window, occupied by a turning table, at which articles were received into the convent or delivered out. He [the guide] rang the bell, and, without saying a word, retired, leaving me rather perplexed; but presently I heard, though the speaker was invisible, a soft feminine voice demanding who I was, and what I wanted. I replied, that I was an Englishman travelling into Spain. . . . The voice then said,—"I suppose [the supposition was natural] you are a military man, going to fight against the king, like the rest of your countrymen." 'No,' said I, 'I am not a military man, but a Christian; and I go not to shed blood, but to endeavour to introduce the Gospel of Christ into a country where it is not known'; whereupon there was a stifled titter. [No wonder, indeed: the nuns should have shewn him to the door forthwith: he deserved to be kicked out for his insolence; but probably they took him to be some monomaniac]. I then inquired if there were any copies of the Holy Scriptures in the convent; but the friendly voice could give me no information on that point, —and I scarcely believe that its possessor understood the purport of my question. [How could she comprehend what this raving intruder would be at?] . . . On my inquiring whether the nuns did not frequently find the time exceedingly heavy on their hands, it stated that, when they had nothing better to do, they employed themselves in making cheesecakes, which they disposed of in the neighbourhood. I thanked the voice for its communications, and walked away. Whilst proceeding under the wall of the house towards the south-west, I heard a fresh and louder tittering above my head [the good sisters evidently took him for a monomaniac], and, looking up, saw three or four windows crowded with dusky faces and black waving hair,—these belonged to the nuns, anxious to obtain a view of the stranger. [Their curiosity was very natural: it is not often they would expect to see such a strange sight.] After kissing my hand repeatedly, I moved on, &c. . . . I returned to the inn, where I refreshed myself with tea and very sweet and delicious cheesecakes, the handiwork of the nuns in the convent above." (i. 112-116.)

* "I was about to tan my northern complexion, by exposing myself to the hot sun of Spain, in the humble hope of being able to cleanse some of the foul stains of Popery from the minds of its children," &c. (i. 148.)

rabbits and gallant swine, and how he luxuriated upon them;* how he was pitched into the mud, and flew into a rage;† how he rode a lame, wall-eyed beast, covered with sores, which “cantered along like the wind” (i. 146); how he likes to sleep in a manger, listening to the horses and mules grinding their provender (i. 190); how he was compared, by the Spanish prime-minister, to a certain hunchbacked fanatic;‡ how he was spoken of as a “plaguy pestilent fellow” (i. 284); how he was likely to become a second S. Stephen (ii. 8); how he preferred a mule to a horse, and how a mule once laughed at him;§ how he swallowed nearly a pint of brandy on one occasion, and half-a-gallon of milk on another;|| how he lived among the gypsies, and how fond he was of them (i. chap. 9, *et passim*); how he saw the carcass of a horse half devoured, with an enormous vulture standing on him, which, at his

* “Rabbits at Pegoens seem to be a standard article of food. . . We had one fried, the gravy of which was delicious; and afterwards a roasted one, which was brought up on a dish entire: the hostess, having first washed her hands, proceeded to tear the animal to pieces, which having accomplished, she poured over the fragments a sweet sauce. I ate heartily of both dishes, particularly of the last.” (i. 34.)

“Gallant swine they are [those of Alentejo], with short legs and portly bodies; . . . and for the excellence of their flesh I can vouch, having frequently luxuriated upon it: . . . the loin, when broiled on live embers, is delicious, especially when eaten with olives.” (i. 39.)

“Antonio made his appearance. . . . ‘Come in, brother, and we will eat the heart of that hog.’ I scarcely understood him; but, following him We both sat down and ate,—Antonio voraciously.” (i. 159.)

“We told him that if he had nothing better to offer, we should be very glad to eat some slices of this bacon, especially if some eggs were added.” (ii. 42.)

† “I was pitched forward into the dirt, and the drunken driver fell upon the murdered mule. I was in a great rage, and cried, ‘you drunken renegade,’” &c. (i. 71.)

‡ “As I was going away, he [the prime minister] said, ‘yours is not the first application I have had: ever since I have held the reins of government, I have been pestered in this manner, by English calling themselves evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. Only last week, a hunchback fellow found his way into my cabinet, whilst I was engaged in important business, and told me that Christ was coming.’

“Borrow.—‘There will be no end to the troubles of this afflicted country, until the Gospel have free circulation.’

“Prime minister.—‘I have expected that answer, for I have not lived thirteen years in England without forming some acquaintance with the phraseology of you good folks,’” &c. (i. 242.)

§ “. . . The singular quadruped, who, ever and anon, would lift his head high in the air, curl up his lip, and shew his yellow teeth, as if he were laughing at us, as perhaps he was.” (ii. 9, 37.)

|| “I got into the house of an Englishman, where I swallowed nearly a pint of brandy: it affected me no more than warm water.” (i. 369.)

“I was at length fortunate enough to obtain a large jug of milk. The jug might contain about half a gallon, but I emptied it in a few minutes; for the thirst of fever was still burning within me.” (ii. 103.)

(Borrow's) approach, soared aloft as if in anger at having been disturbed from his feast of carrion (i. 316); how he rode a fiery stallion through Spain, "unbroke, savage, and furious," and into what scrapes the same stallion was constantly getting him—to say nothing of his more indecorous pranks;* how he travelled about equipped in a leather helmet, a leather jacket, and leather trousers, and driving before him a borrico, with a sack of testaments lying across its back; and how a woman meeting him, asked was it soap which his borrico carried; and how he replied that it was soap—to wash souls clean withal (iii. 150); how he viewed, through a telescope, two friars swimming in the Guadalquivir, whereupon he utters a most unseemly gibe;† how the snoring of a man in a red nightcap prevented him from sleeping, and how the same snoring reminded him that he had not said his prayers (iii. 242); how he met a rock lizard (one born of English parents) at Gibraltar, who grinned several times (iii. 269); how he prayed to God that, if England were ever doomed to fall, she might "*sink amidst blood and flame, with a mighty noise, causing more than one nation to participate in her downfall*" (iii. 273)—a truly charitable prayer, and most becoming in the mouth of one calling himself a Christian missionary!

These and a thousand such like things Mr. Borrow tells us—for we could give but the faintest and poorest idea of the stuff which forms his work. Such may be, for aught we know, the sort of fare most suited to the taste of those who read the ordinary books of travels: but of the Bible in Spain we read very little; and of that little, we believe very little. The history of his direct labours in the circulation of the Scriptures, might be comprised in about one-twentieth the bulk of the entire narrative: and the account of his success might be expressed in a single word—nothing. No, we need not look for a Gypsey or a Turkish phrase, to tell what he has effected, in his efforts to illuminate the gentiles of Spain:

* ii. 9, 47, 90, 133, 280, &c. "An old Castilian peasant, whose pony he had maltreated, once said to me, 'Sir cavalier, if you have any love or respect for yourself, get rid, I beseech you, of that beast, who is capable of proving the ruin of a kingdom.' So I left him behind at Coruſa, where I subsequently learned that he became glandered and died. Peace to his memory!"

† "Their heads could just be descried with the telescope. I was told they were friars. I wondered at what period of their lives they had acquired their dexterity at natation. I hoped it was not at a time when, according to their vows, they should have lived for prayer, fasting, and mortification alone." (iii. 280.) Can low and malignant buffoonery go farther than this?

a common English term expresses all—nothing, absolutely nothing. He indeed admits thus much in substance, for he candidly declares, this tramping missionary declares, “that he accomplished but very little, and lays claim to no brilliant successes and triumphs.”—(*Pref. xx*). And yet he is, this jockey tramper (so the *Edinburgh Review* calls him) is, according to himself, six feet two, even without shoes (i. 240); and he has an eye that can frighten fierce dogs, as Van Amburgh does tigers, nay, that can subdue the bloody, cruel, plundering, pagan Spaniards, while he abuses their pope, and tells them they are not Christians (i. 50); though he rode a furious stallion through the country; though he has a herculean frame, and can sleep under the falling rain and grizzling frost; though he commanded the friendship of Gypsies, the services of cutthroats and scoundrels of every kind (*passim*);* though he was the favourite of the peasantry (*Pref. xx. &c.*); though no danger appals him (*passim*); though he had abundance of English gold, and bales of beautiful Bibles;† though he had the support, the warm and zealous support of the English ambassador;‡ though he had an imposing appear-

* We shall quote one passage as furnishing an example of the sort of persons who had the honour of being the friends and supporters of Borrow in his “campaigning” labours: other examples occur everywhere through the work. “I rode over to Toledo, for the purpose of circulating the Scriptures, sending beforehand, by a muleteer, a cargo of one hundred Testaments. I instantly addressed myself to the principal bookseller of the place On entering the shop, I beheld a stout athletic man, dressed in a kind of cavalry uniform, with a helmet on his head, and an immense sabre in his hand: this was the bookseller himself, who, I soon found, was an officer in the national cavalry. Upon learning who I was, he shook me heartily by the hand, and said that nothing would give him greater pleasure than taking charge of the books, which he would endeavour to circulate to the utmost of his ability.

“Will not your doing so bring you into odium with the clergy?”

“Ca!” said he, “who cares? I am rich, and so was my father before me. I do not depend on them; they cannot hate me more than they do already, for I make no secret of my opinions. I have just returned from an expedition,” said he; “my brother nationals and myself have, for the last three days, been occupied in hunting down the factious and thieves of the neighbourhood; we have killed three and brought in several prisoners. Who cares for the cowardly priests? I am a liberal, and a friend of your countryman, Plinter. *Many is the Carlist guerilla-curate and robber-friar whom I have assisted him to catch.* I am rejoiced to hear that he has just been appointed captain-general of Toledo; there will be fine doings here when he arrives. *We will make the clergy shake between us, I assure you.*” (ii. 371.)

† *Passim*; especially second volume. “Within three months from this time [the period of his visit to the English ambassador], an edition of the New Testament, consisting of five thousand copies, was published at Madrid.” (ii. 5.)

‡ Mr. Villiers, now Lord Clarendon. The *Edinburgh reviewer* (p. 125) does not approve of the want of due diplomatic caution which Mr. Borrow betrays in acknowledging the assistance he received from Mr. Villiers. We, however,

ance, an engaging manner, a voluble tongue, the knowledge of many languages, much experience, the ready coin of solemn and sanctimonious cant (*passim*); though pursuing his labours at a time when Spain is rent asunder by internal strife, so as to be, if ever, the easy prey of the designing and the powerful; yet with all these appliances, from within and from without, notwithstanding his bulk, his height, his eye, his fortitude, his courage, his excellent stomach, his equestrian prowess, his gold, his Bibles, his popularity, his powerful patronage, his cunning, his cant, his ready talk, his learning, his attractive manners, his great labours; notwithstanding all these, this famous agent of the great Bible Society, this stallion-striding missionary, has effected nothing, and shows in his narrative, that he has effected nothing.

think the disclosure of some importance: it will not be uninteresting to our readers to learn that an English ambassador is, besides his more official duties, actively and ardently engaged in furthering, by every means which he dare use, conspiracies against the faith and morals of the people among whom he resides.

"*The British minister performed all I could wish and more than I could expect*: he had an interview with the duke of Rivas, with whom he had much discourse upon my affair [the scheme for publishing and circulating the Bible].....He moreover wrote a private letter to the duke.....and, to crown all, he wrote a letter directed to myself, in which he did me the honour to say that he had a regard for me, and that nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to hear that I had obtained the permission I was seeking." (i. 267.)

"I had fervent hope that no future ministry, *particularly a liberal one*, would venture to interfere with me, more especially as the English ambassador was my friend, and *was privy to all the steps I had taken throughout the whole affair*." (i. 285.)

"One of my first cares was to wait on Mr. Villiers, who received me with his usual kindness. I asked him whether he considered that I might venture to commence printing the Scriptures without any more applications to government.....His reply was satisfactory: 'You had best commence and complete the work as soon as possible, without any fresh application; and *should any one attempt to interrupt you, you have only to come to me, whom you may command at any time.*'" (ii. 5.)

"Mr. —, of the British embassy, entered my apartment. He informed me that Mr. Villiers had desired him to wait upon me to communicate a resolution he had come to.....he [Mr. Villiers] was bent upon exerting to the utmost his own credit and influence to further my views.....It was his intention to purchase a very considerable number of copies of the New Testament, and to dispatch them forthwith to the various British consuls established in different parts of Spain, with strict and positive orders to employ all the means which their official situation should afford them to circulate the books in question, and to assure their being noticed. They were moreover charged to afford me, whenever I should appear in their respective districts, *all the protection, encouragement, and assistance which I should stand in need of.*"

"I was of course much rejoiced on receiving this information.....I believe that this was the first instance of a British ambassador having made the cause of the Bible Society a national one, or indeed of having favoured it directly or indirectly.....*The Holy Ghost had probably illumined his mind on this point.*" (ii. 22.)

"*I cannot find words sufficiently strong to do justice to the zeal and interest which Sir George Villiers displayed in the cause of the Testament.*" (iii. 6.)

O, Protestantism!—Protestantism! the curse of barrenness is on thee. Thou dwellest in the fortress of the most powerful nation in the world; the swords of invincible armies flame around thee in thy defence; the gold of many conquered tribes, and of many plundered shrines is flung into thy lap; the ways of the earth are made clear before thee, wherever the “white-winged commerce” of England shines; and courage and wisdom and eloquence and learning wait upon thee. For three centuries have thine heralds trumpeted thee forth in the ears of men; and thou hast smitten with thy sceptre of power those who stood against thee, and broken their earthly might into pieces; and those thou couldst not strike, thou hast tried to bribe with thy gold; and those thou couldst not bribe, thou hast tried to debauch with the ‘wine of thy fornications.’ And there thou art, like her,* who chiefly made thee what thou art, withered and withering, wooing, but never winning, with none, out of thy narrow dwelling-place, who truly love thee, none who yield thee the homage of the heart.†

Thus far we have been engaged rather in exhibiting a general idea of the drift and character of Mr. Borrow's work: we shall now transcribe a few extracts, shewing more clearly its furious and scurrilous anti-Catholic spirit.

“For nearly two centuries, she was *the she-butcher of malignant Rome*; the chosen instrument for carrying into effect *the atrocious projects of that power*.”—(Pref. i. xiv.)

“*Rome has no respect for a nation, save so far as it can minister to her cruelty or avarice.*”—(Pref. i. xvi.)

The following is the strain in which he addresses the pope:—“Undeceive yourself, Batuscha (*Daddy*)..... Amongst the peasantry of Spain I found my sturdiest supporters; and yet, the holy father supposes, that the Spanish labourers are friends and lovers of his. Undeceive yourself, Batuscha.”—(Ib. xvii. xx.)

“The pope is an arch deceiver, and the head minister of Satan here on earth,” &c.—(i. 51.)

The *Edinburgh Review* tells us that “Mr. Borrow never spares the pope; he treats him with defiance and sarcasm.”

* Elizabeth.

† “We think it a most remarkable fact that no Christian nation, which did not adopt the principles of the Reformation before the end of the sixteenth century, should ever have adopted them. Catholic communities have, since that time, become infidel and become Catholic again; but none has become Protestant.”—*Edinburgh Review*, No. cxlv. p. 258.

With regard to the support Mr. Borrow speaks of his having found from the Spanish peasantry—the assertion is false; and his own account of his ‘campaign’ proves it to be false—utterly false. If by support he means patronage of his cause, purchase of his Bibles, abuse of the pope and the clergy, and the Catholic faith, such support he did receive, but from whom? From the British minister, from straggling bandits, thieves, cutthroats; cunning guides, and avaricious booksellers, and poor hotel keepers, who, caring very little for any form of religion, and knowing their man, flattered his ruling passion, for the sake of the money which he scattered among them with no sparing hand, and, seeing that the bait took, regaled his appetite with slanderous and incredible stories about monks and priests. By glosing words he seduced a few simple-minded people, ignorant of his real design, to purchase his book. But of support, such as a Christian missionary would not be ashamed to speak of in a Christian country, he received none whatever, from the peasantry, or from any other class.

He calls the Virgin Mother of our Lord, whom the archangel pronounced “blessed among women,” and who was to be called blessed among all generations—he calls her jibingly—how can we write the words?—“the Goddess of Rome, Maria Santissima.”—(*Ibid.* xix.)

“I, therefore, when they” [some two hundred children at Evora, in Portugal, who, *as Borrow says*, had not seen the Bible] “told me they were Christians, *denied the possibility of their being so, as they were ignorant of Christ and his commandments* [not having seen the Bible!] and placed their hope of salvation on outward forms and observances, which were the *invention of Satan*, who wished to keep them in darkness, that at last they might tumble into the pit which he had dug for them. I said repeatedly that the pope, whom they revered, was *an arch deceiver, and the head minister of Satan here on earth*, and that the monks and friars, whose absence they so deplored, and to whom they had been accustomed to confess themselves, were *his subordinate agents*. When called upon for proofs, I invariably cited the ignorance of my auditors respecting the Scriptures, &c. . . . Since this occurred, I have been frequently surprised, that I experienced no insult and illtreatment from the people, whose superstitions I was thus attacking; but I really experienced none,” &c.—(i. 50.)

Need we tell our readers to mark the forbearance and

meekness of these poor Portuguese Catholics, in hearing the brutal and atrocious language in which the head of the Church, and their beloved and proscribed fathers are assailed. It brings the tears to our eyes to think of these little children—two hundred Portuguese Catholic children—deploring the loss of the spiritual fathers to whom they had been accustomed to confess themselves, and, in the simplicity of their hearts, obliged to listen to the howlings of this ravenous wolf.*

Mr. Borrow (i. 58) gives a translation of a ridiculous charm which he discovered on some person: whereupon he adds, "*All these charms were the fabrications of the monks, who had sold them to their infatuated confessants.*" He, of course, gives no proof of this abominable charge against the poor monks: he does not even hint that he had any proof: he does not state that he heard the fact from any one—not even from one of his usual authorities, a thief, a liberal, or a gypsy. Now, what if we said that the charm itself, and the whole story about it, were inventions of Mr. Borrow's own? We have just as good a right to assert this, as he has to assert that the monks were the authors of the imposture:—nay, a much better right; for we have every reason to conclude from the tenour of this work, that he is not incapable of such a forgery, and we have no reason to think that the monks in question, are anything worse than ordinary good Christians. However this may be, we do not believe one word of the story from beginning to end.

Akin to this gratuitous assertion is another which he makes, in describing the execution of a criminal at which he was present, in Madrid. He tells us that "Two priests led the animal [on which the culprit sat] by the bridle: two others walked on either side chaunting litanies, amongst which I distinguished the words of heavenly peace and tranquillity, for the culprit had been reconciled to the Church, had confessed and received absolution, and had been promised admission into heaven [of course, on condition of his sincere repentance]. . . . One of the priests then in a loud voice commenced saying the belief [creed,] and the culprit repeated the words after him. . . . As the screw went round, the priest began to shout "*pax et misericordia et tranquillitas,*" and still as he shouted, his voice became louder and louder, until the lofty walls of Madrid rang with it: then stooping down, he placed his mouth close to the culprit's ear, still

* An epithet which B. applies to one of the civil functionaries at Madrid, who endeavoured to stop his incendiary operations. (ii. 10.)

shouting just as if he would pursue the spirit through its course to eternity, cheering it on its way. The effect was tremendous. I myself was so excited, that I involuntarily shouted *misericordia*, and so did many others." Now, leaving out the light and sneering tone of the narrative, in what regards the priest, we would naturally suppose that such a scene, even as witnessed with Mr. Borrow's eyes, would have suggested peaceful and becalming reflections; and that, if he added anything, it would be to say that, after all, there was something to be admired and loved in Catholicity, which thus strengthens and cheers the departing spirit, and lifts the soul even of the dying malefactor, on the wings of faith and hope and charity. But no—even the virtues which a pagan would admire, are, in this fellow's eyes, vices when they exist in a Catholic priest. Hear his blasphemous revilings!—"God was not *thought* of; Christ was not *thought* of [how under heaven could he know this?]; *only* the priest was thought of, for he seemed at that moment to be the first being in existence, &c. A striking instance of the successful working of the popish system, *whose grand aim has ever been to keep people's minds as far as possible from God,*" &c.—(i. 249.)

In like manner, in describing (iii. 2) a threat of assassination he received from some ruffian, in a dark street, after night, he quite coolly, and as a matter of course, and without producing or hinting that he had the smallest particle of proof, attributes it to the machinations of the clergy. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* (p. 130) making the slander his own, exclaims, "Such was the hellish rancour and hostility to the word of God, exhibited by the Romanist clergy." If the threat were really made (and it should be recollected that *we have no other authority for the statement than Borrow himself,*) it was evidently made by some prowling nightwalker, such as might be found gratis in every street in London every night in the year.

There is a comical passage at page 253; we shall transcribe it, merely to relieve the sameness of our other extracts:—

"Who can rival the English aristocrat in lofty stature, in dignified bearing, in strength of hand, and valour of heart? who rides a nobler horse? [we could name one;] who has a firmer seat? and who more lovely than his wife, or sister, or daughter? [what will O'Connell say to this?] But with regard to the Spanish aristocracy,—the ladies and gentlemen,—the cavaliers and senoras, I believe the less that is said of

them on the points to which I have just alluded the better. *I confess, however, that I know little about them* !!! (i. 253).

The following gem is worth preserving :—

“..... Popery, a delusion which, more than any other, has tended to *debase and brutalize the human mind*.”—(ii. 89.)

The value of Mr. Borrow's authority as to the character of the Spanish people and priests, will be admirably illustrated from the account he gives (vol. ii. chap. 5) of his brief “campaign” at Astorga, the capital of a tract of land called the country of the Maragatos. He tells us that he received some uncivil treatment at a posada in the suburbs of this town; which we have no doubt he richly deserved, and, indeed, we might gather so much from his own account of the affair; for he says, “on our complaining of this treatment, we were told that we were two vagabonds [himself and servant], whom nobody knew; who had come without an arriero, and had already set the whole house in confusion.” (ii. 93.) Mr. B. pours out the most unmeasured invectives against the poor Maragatos; but the true motives of this special outbreak of his wrath will be very easily gathered from the following extract:—“I once or twice contrived to make my way into the town, but found no bookseller, nor any person willing to undertake the charge of disposing of my testaments. The people were brutal, stupid, and uncivil, and I returned to my tester bed fatigued and dispirited.” The good citizens would not purchase testaments from a “vagabond whom nobody knew,” *ergo*, they were brutal, stupid, and uncivil.

But the Maragatos not only did not allow their pockets to be picked by the trumper, but, “like true men of the north, they delight in swilling liquors, and fattening upon gross and luscious meats [we suspect they were not over liberal in sharing these meats with B.], which help to swell out their tall and goodly figures. Many of them have died possessed of considerable riches, part of which they have not unfrequently bequeathed to the erection or embellishment of religious houses.....I spoke to several of these men respecting the all important subject of religion.....There was one in particular, to whom I showed the New Testament, and whom I addressed for a considerable time.....After I had concluded, he said.....As for what you have told me, I understand little of it, and believe not a word of it [O, the stupid unbeliever!]. So much for the Maragatos.” (p. 98, &c.) Most brutal, stupid, and uncivil Maragatos, who refused to swallow Borrow's preachings, although they fattened on luscious meats; who

were not ashamed to present their tall and goodly figures, as if in rivalry, before a vagabond whom nobody knew, and who was six feet two in his stocking soles! but, oh more brutal still, to bequeath at their dying moments part of their riches for religious purposes! We hope Mr. Borrow will try, with the help of Lord Clarendon, to persuade the infidel party in Spain to adopt some measures to stunt the growth of these Maragatos down to the ordinary stature of fallen humanity, and to extinguish their passion for making pious bequests. For attaining the first object, we would humbly suggest, as a good means, a law compelling them to adopt the Irish luxury of "potatoes and point" once every day: and, for the second, the distribution of the bible without note or comment, with a full license to each to form his religious creed out of it, as best he can,—not forgetting, of course, a hint that the Pope is the head minister of Satan, and that the two fundamental doctrines of Christianity are, that it is a theological virtue to hate the Pope, and a cardinal virtue to abuse him.

Of the countenance which he received from the Spanish clergy, he says:—"Throughout my residence in Spain, the clergy were the party from whom I experienced the strongest opposition. [Honour to them, the clergy of Spain.].....Rome is *fully aware* that she is not a Christian Church, and *having no desire to become so*, she acts prudently in keeping from the eyes of her followers the page that would reveal to them the truths of Christianity.....There was, however, one section of the clergy, a small one it is true [thank God], rather favourably disposed towards the circulation of the Gospel [*i.e.* the jockey-tramper's perversion of it].....It is, however, worthy [indeed, most worthy] of remark that, of all these, *not ONE but owed his office, not to the pope, who disowns them one and all, but to the Queen Regent, the professed head of liberalism throughout Spain.*" (iii. 79, &c.) Of one of these Queen Regent's ecclesiastics, he conjectures (p. 86) that he was made choice of to fill the office which he occupies, "as they sometimes do primates in his own country [England], for his incapacity." We were not aware before of the fact stated here in regard to the selection of English primates.

We suppose that our readers are by this time perfectly satisfied as to the real nature of Mr. Borrow's work, and that further extracts would be quite needless. We might quote on in the same strain: but that Mr. B. is a fanatic, a cordial hater and reviler of the Pope and of the Catholic Church, an official enemy of both, is, we may take for granted, manifest

even from the brief extracts we have given. Yet such is the man whom the Edinburgh Reviewer holds forth, as the object of his special predilection,—on whose head he pours out such torrents of flattery and praise. We doubt not that the Reviewer is sincere in his professions of love and admiration: we doubt not that his judgment on this occasion is in accordance with his fixed principles. His sincerity and his consistency are nothing to us. But that Mr. Borrow is one of the special favourites of the *Edinburgh Review*, and that he is such a favourite principally on account of his anti-catholic sentiments, and his proselytizing adventures, is a fact which it behoves Catholics to know, and which it is not our fault if they do not know,

But the Reviewer is not only an admirer and panegyrist of Mr. Borrow: he is even more than his own idol, himself, in his proper person, a reckless slanderer of Catholicity. No preacher at St. Paul's cross, no writer for the Orange press of Ireland, no rabid declaimer at Exeter hall, not even John Knox himself, ever spoke in language more shocking to Catholic ears than this reviewer. We shall give some specimens; and let the reader mark, they are not taken from Borrow's book; they are the words and sentiments of the reviewer's own, or which he makes his own, and for which he alone is responsible:—

“In sad truth, Christianity—a belief in the Redeemer founded on the gospels—scarcely glimmers through the *practical Marianism* [devotion to the blessed Virgin Mary] and *revived paganism*—the female and image worship, the forms and superstitions which have there long prevailed. There, Rome, in full possession of unquestioned power, guarded by the sword of the state, and the fire of the inquisition, has expanded into fullest growth; *every thing beneath its influence has withered, save superstition, or its twin sister infidelity.* Whatever may be the esoteric doctrines of the priesthood,—whatever, like Leo X, they in secret may disbelieve, they have virtually reared for the people's temple a fabric of legends and abominations, at which the scholar smiles and the Christian [the Edinburgh-Review Christian] weeps.”—(*Edinburgh Review*, 106.)

“*Teresa, a lovesick, crack-brained nun of Avila, whom Gregory XV, bribed by the gold of Philip IV, had placed in the calender of she-saints instead of in Bedlam.*” (*ibid.*)

“The existence of the bible is utterly unknown to three fourths of the Peninsula; and even when alluded to in ser-

mons, the apocryphal portions, says Mr. Borrow [irrefragable testimony], are selected. The religious books for the people are idle legends of monks, and lying lives of saints." (p. 107.)

"When printing, by giving wings to the bible, broke the chains forged at St. Peter's, for the liberties of the world, the old man of the seven hills, wise in his generation, pruned away the grosser fallacies which he had palmed on an age of ignorance." (*Ibid.*)

He [Borrow] was no sectarian, no bigot of an exclusive creed... He could admire the sublime portions of the creed of Islam,—the giving all glory to God, the abhorrence of idol worship,—and JUSTLY thought that there was more practical religion in the creed of Mahomet, than in the superstitions of the mystery of iniquity" [the Catholic Church] !!! (*Edinburgh Review*, 111.)

The following are some of the passages in which Mr. Borrow expresses the sentiments here attributed to him:—

"As we passed the mosque, I stopped for a moment before the door, and looked in upon the interior I looked around for the abominable thing, and found it not; no scarlet strumpet with a crown of false gold sat nursing an ugly changeling in a niche. [He evidently alludes to the statue of the Virgin Mother and the child Jesus: merciful God, such blasphemy!] 'Come here,' said I, 'papist, and take a lesson; here is a house of God, in externals at least such as a house of God should be: four walls, a fountain, and the eternal firmament above, which mirrors His glory. Dost thou build such houses to the God who has said, "Thou shalt make to thyself no graven image"? Fool, thy walls are stuck with idols; thou callest a stone thy father, and a piece of rotting wood the Queen of heaven. [This is a horrid and blasphemous slander, and Borrow cannot but know it to be a slander.] Fool, thou knowest not even the Ancient of Days, and the very Moor can instruct thee; he at least can instruct thee: he at least knows the Ancient of Days.'... We now turned to the left I heard a prodigious hubbub of infantine voices: I listened for a moment, and distinguished verses of the koran; it was a school. Another lesson for thee, papist. Thou callest thyself Christian, yet the book of Christ thou persecutest..... *Idolmonger*, learn consistency from the Moor, &c." (iii. 343-4.)

"What do you mean, said I, [to an old man with whom he was conversing] by asserting that the Moors know not God? There is no people in the world who entertain sub-

limer notions of the uncreated eternal God than the Moors, and *no people have ever shown themselves more zealous for His honour and glory*; their very zeal for the glory of God has been and is the chief obstacle to their becoming Christians, &c.....And with respect to Christ, their ideas even of him are *much more just than those of the papists*."—We cannot bring ourselves to transcribe more: nor are we sure that we have not done wrong in polluting our pages with what we have already written out.

Let us hear no more of the monopoly of anti-catholic slander on the part of the *professedly* anti-catholic press,—the Times, the Evening Mail, the Packet, and the rest. The title of "surpliced ruffians," applied to the Irish clergy, is a mere personal insult, compared with the horrid blasphemies—the intense and tiger-like hatred of every thing Catholic—manifested in these passages. The impurities and other abominations of Mahomet are sanctified in the eyes of this—what shall we call him?—when compared with the practical religion of the Catholic Church.

When Mr. Borrow, in a fit of liberality, which sometimes seizes even the most bigoted, asserts that "Spain is not a fanatic country," the Reviewer, displeased that even one random word of kindness should have been breathed of Catholic Spain, proceeds to explain away his author's meaning, and concludes a very false paragraph by interpreting the words "Spain is not a fanatic country" to signify, "Spain is, and ever was, ultra-fanatic."—(*Edinburgh Review*, 109.)

Mr. Borrow paid a visit to one of the Catholic Seminaries. The Reviewer would not call it Catholic or Roman Catholic; this would be too courteous towards the "Mystery of iniquity;" it is in his phraseology, a "Papist College."

"He [Mr. B.] believes the subserviency of Spain to Rome to be founded on pride, not on religion. The crafty pope flattered this besetting sin; he gave to Spain the post of honour, and entitled her king 'the Catholic.' *Thus he made her the executioner of his intolerance.* When the iron of Spain was deprived of power, *the pope stole her purse*; and, by flattering her second pride of wealth, cajoled her out of the New World's gold, and *converted his hangman into his banker.* Spain in her present decrepitude and poverty, is no longer an object of solicitude."—(*E. R.* 109.)

Spain no longer an object of the pope's solicitude! Can barefaced effrontery in denying the notorious truth go farther than this? How could a father's love be more strongly mani-

fested for the child which he sees snatched by murderers from his own bosom, than are the affectionate anxiety, the untiring labours of the present pope exhibited towards his spiritual children in Spain? Who has not heard of his entreaties, his remonstrances, his multiplied efforts to rescue them from the grasp of the infidel spoiler? Who, even of "those that are without," has not heard the voice of Christ's vicar, but one short year ago, calling upon the faithful in every quarter of the globe to join with him in one universal and fervent supplication to the throne of grace on behalf of Spain? Spain no longer an object of the pope's solicitude! Nay, she is an object of his special solicitude and love. But what can this cold-hearted Calvinist understand of the solicitude of a true Christian pastor for his flock? The gross ribaldry of the rest of the paragraph is only equalled by its gross historical inaccuracies: we need make no commentary on either: we leave them to the judgment and the feelings of our readers—candid and well-informed Protestants as well as Catholics.

The reviewer thus moralises upon Mr. Borrow's interview with the children at Evora.—(See ante p. 456.)

"He [B.] spoke to at least two hundred persons, none of whom had ever seen a bible. They were 'bigoted Papists.' That was enough to rouse our preacher, who well knew that in the pope was centered the whole question at issue—whether man was to think for himself, or as another thought for him. Mr. Borrow never spares the pope; he treats him with defiance and sarcasm; his strain is that of Bunyan's Christian, who derides the 'infirm giant, alive, yet by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd knocks that he had met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by him, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.'"—(*Edinburgh Review*, p. 116.)

We can assure our contemporary that, notwithstanding Bunyan's strain and Borrow's derision, it is an historical fact, which even the *Edinburgh Review* elsewhere admits, that the Papacy is neither infirm, nor crazy, nor stiff; that it remains, "not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour."*

As to the question whether man is to think for himself, or another to think for him, the reviewer presents us with a

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. cxlv. p. 228. See also Wiseman's *Lectures on the Doctrine and Discipline*, &c., vol. i. p. 286, &c.

rather remarkable specimen of the manner in which the right of free and independent judgment is exercised under Mr. Borrow's tutelage.

"No wonder these peasants at Evora did not molest him, although he attacked their pope, and told them that they were not Christians.....This, Mr. Borrow, with some *naïveté* attributes to his *eye*, which he fixed upon them, as Van Amburg does on tigers. His 'calm reproving glance' scares dogs as well as Portuguese.....Fear, base as is the motive, operates with bipeds and quadrupeds in the Peninsula; convince them that you can and will be master, and they submit. Mr. Borrow, in his sermons, knew the effect of a dash of brimstone in the perspective; conscience makes cowards of congregations, who respect a pastor who positively declines to insure them. The fear of the birch, *pedentis habenæ*, is the fundamental element of authority."—*Edinburgh Review*, pp. 118, 119.)

We need not extract farther from this precious article. It may be said; some 'molified Pagan,' or perhaps some indifferent or cautious Catholic may say, that the passages we have selected are carefully culled, and garbled, and dovetailed together, so as not to represent the writer's mind fairly. We wish this were the case; but it is not. We have given the very words of the reviewer: they speak plainly and unequivocally; and we can assure our readers that the spirit of the entire paper, from which they are taken, is such as might be expected from the parts we have quoted.

Nor let it be added that this is a solitary article of its kind smuggled into the *Review* in the hurry with which this number appears to have been got up. In truth, this essay on "Borrow's Bible in Spain," does nothing more than exhibit, in a more continuous form, the sort of sentiments that are found in almost every number into which the mention of Catholic doctrines, or practices, of the popes, or saints, or bishops, or doctors of the Catholic Church, is introduced. Let us take a few instances from some of the latest numbers. In that for January of the present year, there is an article on the right of private judgment, professedly theological and argumentative; an article in which the writer discusses, with considerable fulness, and especially in reference to the high Church principles of the Oxford doctors, one of the most momentous questions in controversial divinity, viz., whether men are to be led by the authority of the Church, or by the light of their own private judgment in matters of faith; an article, therefore, in which we would expect great caution, in stating

facts, or in ascribing doctrines to the religious body or bodies impugned, and the absence of all attempts at substituting ridicule for argument, or solving a difficulty by a sneer. But what is the fact? The reviewer's arguments are immediately directed against the Oxford system: the Catholic doctrines are therefore mentioned only incidentally, but when spoken of, are introduced as if only to be falsified and distorted, to be made the butt of paltry jibes. For example, to revive the doctrine of persecution is to "breathe life into the bones of a Gardiner or a Bonner" (p. 383), and certain doctrines of persecution ascribed to a writer in the *British Critic*, are said to be such as "might have fallen from the lips of a Gardiner or a Bonner,—nay, from those of a Nero or a Diocletian." Could, then, no fitter types of persecutors—no worthier associates of Nero and Diocletian—be found than Gardiner and Bonner? It is notorious to every reader of English history,—unless Hume and Foxe may be called historians,—that Gardiner was a man of merciful and benevolent temper; that he exerted himself, and with success, to save the life of Elizabeth,* when she was charged (and, as appears plainly to us, *justly* charged) with a participation in Wyatt's rebellion; that he had no part in instigating to the persecutions of the reformers in Mary's reign; that more than one of the Protestant writers of those times speak of his moderation in terms of praise. As to Bonner, Dr. Lingard maintains, and we think upon very strong grounds, that the task which devolved upon him, as bishop of London, of presiding at the trials of those charged with heresy, was one which he bore with reluctance. It is certain, at least, that neither he nor Gardiner sought the office; it is certain that they did not originate the persecutions, or encourage them. Whatever odium they may deserve for participating, whether willingly or reluctantly, in such proceedings, let them share: but let not their names appear alone—or first—or even near the first, on the list of persecutors, while the history of England con-

* The style of Elizabeth's letter to the queen upon this occasion (see quotation in Lingard) is remarkable; "As for the copy of my letter sent to the French king, I pray God confound me eternally, if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter," &c. (Ling. vii. 166, fourth ed.) The princess, however, was not the first of the great Reformers who rose to such flights of eloquence: Thomas Cromwell (the true father of the Reformation) in his letters to Henry VIII, maintains his innocence in a similar strain: "May God confound him, may the vengeance of God light upon him, may all the devils in hell confound him," &c. (Ling. vi. 308.)

tains such names as Cranmer, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I, &c., and while the history of Scotland contains even one Knox.

In another place of the same article (p. 408, *note*) the writer thus delivers himself:—"Are we to believe that if these new evangelists were to attempt the conversion of the heathen, they would not act on the above maxims, and facilitate the work, *as did the Romish Missionaries among the Japanese, by teaching their converts to transfer their whole idolatrous stock-in-trade to Christianity—to make over to the saints the homage they once paid to idols, and baptise their wooden gods by evangelical names.*" What say ye to this, gentlemen of the Witness? We doubt whether even you could surpass your *liberal* countryman in the excess of your anticatholic slander and scurrility.

In the number for last July (we have not read or seen the intervening one for October) the leading article is entitled, "Ignatius Loyola and his associates." It is a rapid, eloquent, vivid description of the chief founders, and of the origin of the society of Jesus, or rather, of the writer's views thereof. The topic is one on which we did not expect, from a person of the Reviewer's obviously rationalist principles, a just perception of the nature of the events he tries to describe, or of their connexion and tendency. As far were we from expecting that such a writer *could* rightly appreciate or pourtray the real character of him who wrote the "Exercitia," or of the apostle of the Indies, as we should be from imagining that Sallust or Livy could delineate the mind and heart of him who heard the voice on his way to Damascus, or of him who leaned on the breast of Jesus at the last supper. Some doubts of his fitness for the task he undertook, seem to have crossed the Reviewer's own mind: for he says (p. 342), "Of his [S. Ignatius's] theopathy, as exhibited in his letters, in his recorded discourse, and in his Spiritual Exercises, it is, perhaps, difficult for the colder imaginations, and the Protestant reserve of the north, to form a correct estimate." We are not now going to quarrel with the writer's principles, and therefore, we do not attempt any refutation of his speculations, in the dissertation before us, which are nothing more than an application of those principles to the subject in hand. Our object—as our readers must be aware, from what we have already more than once stated—is merely to show to our Catholic readers what these principles and speculations are—uncatholic; however strewn over with the fairest flowers of

rhetoric,—however blended with much that is true in fact, and correct in feeling—still uncatholic.

Of S. Ignatius, the Reviewer says; “At one time he conversed with voices audible to no ear but his; at another, he sought to propitiate Him before whom he trembled, *by expiations which would have been more fitly offered to Moloch.*”

The extraordinary mortifications which the blessed Ignatius practised are, no doubt, the “expiations” here alluded to; and these fitting to be offered only to Moloch! What would the Reviewer say of the “expiations” of so many among the saints of the old law, as recorded in the Scriptures? What of those of the Baptist in the desert, his austerities, his retirement from the world, his rugged clothing, his meagre food? What of St. Paul’s voluntary sufferings, his chastising of his body, his hunger, his thirsting, his love of humiliation, his taking up and glorying in the ignominy and the sufferings of the cross of Christ? What of the “strong voice” which speaks everywhere in the New Testament, through the lips of the Redeemer and the inspired writers, proclaiming that the perfection of the Christian life consists in being like to Christ, especially Christ crucified—crucified in the flesh as well as in the spirit? Is Moloch the God of the everlasting gospel, or is the imitation of the life of Christ and of his saints, an offering fit only for the idol of a pagan worship? * We suppose the austerity of the worldly-minded gentlemen, who privately sneer at their clergy, and sometimes attend charity dinners, would come much nearer to our Reviewer’s ideas of Christian mortification. But that a “master mind,” like that of Ignatius, a “commanding genius,” a “noble intellect,” should exhibit itself in the public streets in the rags of a beggar, with a shaggy beard and unpaired nails, soliciting alms, and courting the ridicule of schoolboys and the buffets of menials—this is degrading the dignity of human nature, and approaching the “very verge of madness”!

“Such prodigies [the self-mortifications of S. Francis Xavier,] *whether enacted by the saints of Rome or by those of Benares*, exhibit a sovereignty of the spiritual over the animal nature, which can hardly be contemplated without some feeling akin to reverence. But, [wicked monosyllable] on the whole, *the hooked Faqueer spinning round his gibbet, is the more*

* See some pertinent remarks in the article on “Satisfaction,” from the pen of the writer of the present article, in our number for November, p. 301, *et seqq.*—Ed. Dub. Rev.

respectable suicide of the two; for his homage is at least meet for the Deity he worships."—(p. 304.)

Borrow preferred the religion of Mahomet to the Catholic, and his reviewer agreed with him: in the passage we have just quoted, the horrid abominations of idolatry itself, are made more "respectable" than the penitential austerities of the great Saint Francis Xavier—austerities practised by him to subdue and crucify whatever yet remained in his heart of "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," thus fitting him to become a vessel of election, to carry the name of Christ to the gentiles; thus fitting him for the great work that was before him of converting, himself alone, in the space of a few years, more souls to the knowledge of Christ, and the practice of his holy law, than all the missionaries of all the sects of Protestantism, with all their united efforts have been able to convert from the beginning of their existence to this day, or are likely to convert, if they exist, to the day of judgment. How true it is, what the Reviewer himself half admits, that the cold Protestantism of the north cannot even see the surface, still less penetrate into the depths, of a character like that of Xavier—so sublime, so Apostolic, so Catholic—so far elevated above the sphere in which alone the thoughts of earthly, animal philosophy soar or crawl.

After a rapid sketch of the labours of the great Apostle, the Reviewer thus commences the summing up: "Why consume many words in delineating a character which can be disposed of in three? *Xavier was a fanatic, a Papist, and a Jesuit.* Comprehensive and incontrovertible as the climax is, *it yet does not exhaust the censures to which his name is obnoxious.* His understanding,—that is, the mere cogitative faculty—was deficient in originality, in clearness, and in force." (p. 331.) And so on, to the end of the paragraph, which is all in the same strain,—an intolerable farrago of blasphemy, absurdity, and contradiction. One thing we gather from this passage, as well as from others, that, according to the Reviewer's ideas, moral perfection consists in being a right gay, good fellow; and mental, in the power of dogmatizing or doubting, in well poised antitheses, and pouring out, as occasion requires, a turbid stream of Scotch metaphysics. A pity it was that S. Francis had not had an opportunity of listening to the oracles of Jeremy Bentham or Dugald Stewart: the defects in his "cogitative faculty," might have been thus mended.

Of S. Ignatius of Loyola, the Reviewer says:—"Some unconscious love of power, a mind bewildered by many *gross superstitions* and theoretical errors, may be ascribed to Ignatius Loyola," &c.—(p. 338.) "Amidst his *ascetic follies*, and his *half crazy visions*, and despite all the coarse daubing with which the miracle-mongers of his Church have defaced it, his character is destitute neither of sublimity nor of grace."—(p. 341.)

But the parallel between Ignatius and Martin Luther exhibits, perhaps better than any other *single* passage of the entire article, the influence of the true Protestant and rationalizing principle. We would quote the paragraph entire, but that we should hardly feel ourselves justified in putting before the eyes of our less learned readers, such a quantity of subtle and pernicious perversion of truth, without the antidote of a refutation; and to attempt *this*, in a satisfactory manner, would occupy too much space, and lead us too far from the business immediately before us.

Our extracts have been selected mainly with reference to their anti-Catholic spirit. To a spirit of another kind—that of infidelity, or, as it is more politely termed, rationalism, we have but alluded. Nevertheless, this spirit pervades the general texture of many (we do not wish to say *most*, not having made an exact calculation) of the articles of the *Edinburgh Review*, as well in former times as at the present day. Even the celebrated article on Ranke's History of the Popes—evidently the work of the same hand which traced the character of S. Ignatius and his brethren—glowing as it is with sentiments of surpassing beauty and grandeur, elevating the imagination, and bearing it onward upon a continuous and majestic stream of eloquence, presenting an image of the Catholic Church, as it really is, mighty, glorious, indestructible; even this splendid fabric of genius, is built upon the same principles which the historian of the "Decline and Fall," has made memorable in his attacks upon Christianity itself. We strongly dislike to raise a cry of infidelity against any writer, without sufficient evidence. But evidence in abundance is not wanting, and may be easily seen in some of the passages we have already referred to or extracted. That we are not the first who have thus spoken of the *Edinburgh Review*, will appear from the following words of no less a personage than Dr. Whately. "The following passage from a discussion in a well known periodical work (professedly respecting the religion of the Hindoos, but whose author is

evidently, and with scarcely even a pretence of concealment, directing his attack against every religion except Deism) may serve as a specimen of the ingenious misrepresentation which has been employed on this topic. The writer evidently possesses no common talents:—his whole dissertation is elaborately and skilfully composed,” &c.* The Doctor does not mention the article, nor even the name of the “well-known periodical” to which he alludes: but the extracts he gives in the course of the paragraph from which we have quoted, will be found in page 395, &c. of the forty-ninth volume of the *Edinburgh Review*. In another of his works—the clever and amusing pamphlet entitled, “Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte,” Dr. Whately refers expressly to another article, in another volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, and quotes from it as a fit companion, as indeed it is, for the notorious essay of the infidel Hume, “On Miracles.”

We may be told—nay, even some Catholic may tell us—why thus expose the weaker and grosser parts of a composition which, according to your own admission, contains so much that is admirable? Why not rather accept the good, and throw a veil over the evil—if but in pity for one who, born and brought up in darkness, has nevertheless had the happiness of seeing so much of the light of truth, and the honesty to avow his convictions? To such questions we would reply, in the first place, that we deem it the more incumbent on us, and the more useful to those for whom we chiefly write, to expose the evil just *because* it is blended with so much that is good, or at least indifferent. Surely it cannot be necessary for us to repeat the hackneyed observation, that error becomes the more dangerous in proportion as it is more mixed with truth, especially popular and attractive truth. We say, in the second place, that we do from our hearts pity the wanderings and admire the courage of those who, stumbling in the shades of error, shut not their hands on the few stray truths that fall into them; but among such we are far from thinking that the *Edinburgh Reviewers* are to be numbered. If they sometimes condescend fairly to state our doctrines, or kindly to speak of our Church, it is but for the purpose of filling up the outlines of some new theory, or to give a certain air of sincerity and impartiality to their strictures upon the supposed corruptions of Catholicity. For example, the writer, just referred to, of the article

* Bampton Lectures, p. 433, third edit.

on Ranke's *Popes*, says, as we have already stated, a great many fine things about the Catholic Church. To do this, answered his purpose: he had an *hypothesis* to establish, namely, that "the polity of the Church of Rome is the very masterpiece of *human wisdom*."* It would not have suited his hypothesis to represent her in any other light than he has done, to represent her with less of splendour, with less of durability, with less of power to win and subdue the hearts of men. The tone and drift of the article reminded us strongly of the old Arian trick of dilating, in grandiloquent and even impassioned strain, upon the character of the Redeemer more than man, more than angel; thus extolling him as a creature, that they might the more securely deny him to be God; thus picturing a being, to whom the strong words of Scripture might be applied, even though he were a person less than divine.

Again, we may be told that we are but combating a phantom: we undertake to warn Catholics against dangers to which they are not exposed; for what Catholic would read the articles we have been commenting on, or others of the same stamp? Would to God that what we here imagine as an objection (and we have reason to suppose that such an objection would be raised) were true in fact. But, without going much out of our way to make inquiries, we *know* that such articles are read, and read without a suspicion of their pernicious tendency, and that the poison of them has been imbibed, and imbibed by those who *were not* lukewarm Catholics. One or two startling and painful facts we could mention, among others, which came under our own observation, which we saw with our own eyes, and heard with our own ears. An apprehension, lest a more specific allusion might make us too well understood, prevents us from speaking more plainly.

We do not give any further extracts, for the purpose of more fully substantiating this charge of rationalism; chiefly because, for this purpose, we should quote, not, as we have done, isolated sentences, but whole and continuous paragraphs. The Edinburgh reviewers care little for the religious feelings of their Catholic readers, who are compara-

* "It is impossible to deny that the Church of Rome is the very masterpiece of human wisdom. In truth, nothing but such a polity could, against such assaults, have borne up such doctrines The stronger our conviction that reason and Scripture were decidedly on the side of Protestantism, the greater is the reluctant admiration with which we regard that system of tactics against which reason and Scripture were arrayed in vain."—*Edin. Review*, cxlv. p. 247.

tively few; and, therefore, they have no concern to soften down or half-conceal their anti-Catholic prejudices. But rationalist principles could not be so safely advanced in round terms. Whoever, possessed of ordinary sagacity, has read much of the writings of the Scotch philosophers, must plainly see that the great mass of them (including such men as Sir J. Mackintosh) are utterly destitute of anything that, among Catholics or even High Church Protestants, could deserve the name of *faith*. The Redeemer, the apostles, the great doctrines of Christianity, its progress and perpetuity, and influence upon the minds and condition of men, are all as so many topics for theorizing about, so many facts to be studied, for clearing up difficulties in the history of the human race, like the invention of gunpowder and the discovery of America—and nothing more. Christianity is to them but the finest of the fine arts, and sometimes even not so much. These are, in truth, but the natural results of the principles of Calvinism worked out into shape. Nevertheless the multitude, even those who have imbibed the spirit, without having learned the language of this philosophy or forgotten the symbols of their old heresy, with its ferocious league and covenant, are not yet altogether ripe for the reception of naked and unmitigated Deism. And hence the principles of infidelity must be, if put forward at all, mingled only as grains with the mass, concealed under a heap of phrases, popular and orthodox, or, as the most certain means of gaining currency, joined with a hearty invective against the Catholic Church. This has been, as every scholar knows, the practice of heretics, and especially of infidels, in all ages: as long as they formed the weaker party, they neither preached their doctrines openly, nor avowed their intentions; and hence the difficulty of exposing the principles that lie, not on the surface, but at the bottom of their writings.

Here we close, for the present, with the *Edinburgh Review*. Only let us again repeat, that our object has not been to *refute*—although we have sometimes turned aside to make a brief remark—but to *show* that a strong and dangerous anti-Catholic tone pervades this periodical.

As we have introduced Mr. Borrow's work rather prominently into this article—although we should not think it necessary, for Catholic readers, after what we have already said, to enter into a formal review of its countless blunders, blasphemies, and calumnies—it may be worth while to add a few general remarks upon the work itself and the unhallowed "campaign" which it records.

I. In reading over Mr. Borrow's volumes, we were very forcibly struck, and we will add consoled, by one reflection, which, no doubt, has occurred to some of our readers even in perusing the few extracts we have given. The reflection that forced itself upon us was this—how little of the apostolic, how much of a gross, carnal, earthly spirit is betrayed, both in the language of the work, and in the views it presents to us of the writer's heart. We have read not a little of the lives and correspondence of the great and good—admitted to have been so even by their enemies—who have laboured in the olden time, as well as in our own days, in extending the kingdom of Christ among infidels and heretics. In passing from their lives and writings to the volumes before us, how painful the contrast! It is, as if one left the upper air, the region of life, and descended into the burial vault; it is, as if one passed from silent contemplation, or from the harmony of united prayer in some old cathedral, into the babel of a fishmarket or a cockpit. In the lives of the Catholic missionaries, we see the cross first, self last; no hungering after applause; no vain swaggering; no tricked-up, boasting stories; no gloating satisfaction at the prospect of a good dinner; no outbreaks of violent temper; no outpourings of low scurrility; no dogged pride;—none of these things, but, instead, meekness, self-denial, and whatever else might be expected from true imitators and successors of apostolic men. The man who wrote the *Bible in Spain* has grievously mistaken his vocation, if he thinks himself called to announce the gospel to those who are ignorant of it:—we do not, of course, imply that he is not the best possible instrument the Bible Society could have selected for *its* purposes.

II. Mr. Borrow, although he sometimes praises the Spanish people, or rather such of them as he was able unmolested to distribute his bible among, nevertheless *represents* them as most degraded, and wicked, and ignorant. Now of course we cannot here enter into an exposure, in detail, of his many misstatements and absurd inferences: we have already (antè, p. 459) given a specimen, on a small scale, of the grounds on which he forms his judgment of a people. But we may remark briefly, in the *first* place, that it were no wonder (even if it were true,) that a general depravity of manners should exist among a people whose country has been so long the scene of civil wars; amongst whom the wolves of infidelity have been prowling for the last forty years, seeking out their victims in the lonely hamlet, as well as in the crowded city; whose faithful pastors have been robbed, imprisoned, banished,

butchered in cold blood, and their places filled by an infidel government, with false prophets; whose seats of learning and piety—schools and monasteries—have been plundered and profaned, and their inmates slaughtered at the foot of the altar, or sent adrift, helpless and pennyless, upon the wide world; whose ears have been so long accustomed to words of blasphemy, whose eyes have so long ceased to behold the visions of purity and piety that kept them fixed on heavenly objects before, whose souls have so long fainted away for want of the heavenly food which God provided for them in the Sacraments. In the *second* place, it is evident from Borrow's own narrative, that his attempts to corrupt the people met with little or no success. Now this we take to be a good argument in favour of their virtuous and Christian dispositions. Had his "campaign" been crowned with anything deserving the name of a triumph, what could we have to say for a people, who had abandoned their religious principles, to enlist under the banner of a fanatical stranger "whom nobody knew?" But, as all his efforts, and they were, as we have already shewn, great and persevering, left every individual in Spain in much the same condition as which he found them, we are justified in concluding, that the old Catholic chivalry, and purity, and lofty mind, still burn in the hearts of the people,—if not as brightly as of old, at least with a fervour as yet but little diminished. In the *third* place, Mr. Borrow talks of robberies and murders committed on the highway, and of the danger of travelling in Spain. Spain has been convulsed by a protracted civil war: would it not be a miracle, of which no history has given an example, since the beginning of the world, if robberies and murders did not occur frequently, especially as the country swarms with foreign incendiaries, the dregs of other countries, "vagabonds whom nobody knows?" Taking Borrow's account as it stands, we see nothing in it which should have startled *him*: for his mind must have been familiarized with the account of similar insecurity of life and property, from time to time, in England, and especially in Ireland. We will venture to assert that the number of atrocities committed, during one winter, in the single province of Ulster, during the reign of Orangeism, would be found equal to those committed, in the same space of time, out of battle, in any equal extent of territory in Spain. We recollect the time ourselves,—we were living on the spot,—when even the most unoffending Catholics, in populous towns in Ulster, dare not appear out of doors after night, without the imminent risk of being assassinated or severely beaten. Now that this same Borrow

traversed Spain from one end to the other, insulting the most cherished feelings, and inflaming the passions of the people, and that he brought his life safe out of the country; nay, that he, "a vagabond whom nobody knew," was allowed to carry on his "campaign" for six weeks, without being shot through the body, we take to be an unanswerable argument in favour of the character of the people. In the *fourth* place, the extraordinary fervour which the great mass of the people exhibited during the jubilee last summer, is the best refutation of Borrow's calumny, that there is a disposition among them to throw off the yoke of religion.* That there are infidels and blasphemers in Spain, and a considerable number of bacon-on-Friday Catholics, no one doubts:—for it is to such that her present miserable condition is to be mainly attributed—but they consist altogether of the "vagabonds whom nobody knows," or of persons corrupted by the same vagabonds.

III. Mr. Borrow thinks that the great remedy for the evils of Spain is to distribute the Bible, without note or comment: that Spaniards are not Christians, and the distribution of the Bible is the only means of making them such. He sometimes refers to England ("holy England," as Gregg, with infinite humour, used to call it, during his discussion with Father Maguire) as a proof of the happy effects of indiscriminate Bible-reading.

"I now told him [an indifferent Catholic with whom he was conversing] that I did not come to Portugal with a view of propagating the dogmas of any particular sect, but with the hope of introducing the Bible, which is the well-head of all that is useful and conducive to the happiness of society,—that I cared not what people called themselves, provided they followed the Bible as a guide; for that where the Scriptures were read, neither priestcraft nor tyranny could long exist, and instanced the case of my own country, the cause of whose freedom and prosperity was the Bible, and that only, &c." (i. 55.)

Now we shall keep as clear as possible of the theological question, as to whether it can be shewn from the Bible itself, or from any other source, that it was intended to be a rule of faith for the people; whether the reading of it (without the voice of the living and infallible interpreter, the Church) is or *can be* the means, or even *a* means, in any ordinary case, of

* While the proof sheets are passing through our hands, we learn that, during a sacred festival lately held in Madrid, more than 22,000 persons approached the holy table during the solemnities.

learning the doctrines of Christianity. Into this question we shall not enter, because, although the only true and inevitable solution of it, shews at once the absurdity of Borrow's theory and the folly of his labours, the question has been ably and satisfactorily settled by books that are in every one's hands, and even in the writings of some of the Oxford doctors. Besides, we conclude from Mr. Borrow's book, that he is incapable (as indeed all or nearly all fanatics like him are) of understanding a theological argument. So we shall merely submit to his consideration a few plain questions and facts, which, we rather think, he will not find so easy of digestion as the fried rabbits which he ate at Pegoens.

Mr. Borrow boasts of the extensive reading and knowledge of the Bible, and the fruits thereof in England: nor is he the first who has so boasted. Indeed so often and so confidently has this assertion been made, and so commonly admitted, that one is disposed to think it must be true, *because* it is so common. But what is the fact? that Bibles without number are printed, that the Bible is very much talked about, that countless copies of it are distributed, and that it is read from different motives, and for various objects, by very many—all this we willingly admit. But that the people of England are in the smallest degree more remarkable for their *knowledge* of the Bible than any other nation in Europe, this we utterly deny. For, in the *first* place, it is a fact admitted by those who are most interested in denying it, that England is *far* behind the continental nations in the knowledge of Biblical literature; and that even the small knowledge existing in England is taken second-hand, and badly taken, from the works of the scholars of Italy, Germany, &c. We have not space to go into much detail, but let us take a few instances. *Horne's Introduction* is admitted to be, or at least to have been until very recently, the most learned work of its kind in English. Truly the recommendations of it given by most respectable authorities, would, if printed together, line half the trunks of Fishamble street. Now, Horne's work is about one of the most stupid, inaccurate, ill-written, ill-digested books we have ever read upon any subject. The writer shews throughout an ignorance of history, languages, theology, Scripture; his style is as good as that of Lord Castlereagh's speeches, his reasonings as just as Tom Paine's, his opinions as sound as Lord Brougham's, his facts as true as Borrow's, his decorum of language equal to that of an Orange newspaper. Even

Davidson, who evidently loves the *man*, admits this much of the *work*: "He [Horne] cannot be said to have written a well-digested, well-reasoned, ably written book—In fact the more I read of this work, the greater dissatisfaction I felt, and the more inaccuracies, as they appeared to me, did I meet with. However much, therefore, this Introduction has been held up to the public as 'a complete,' 'invaluable,' 'unrivalled,' &c. &c., it will be unsatisfactory to the patient inquirer."* Credner (quoted *ibid.*) says "that *Horne's Introduction* is the most approved work of this kind in England; but to German theologians it is of no consequence." The inferiority of Marsh, Bloomfield, and the rest of the English Biblical scholars, to those of the continent, is equally undeniable. Even such compendiums as those of Glaire (*Paris*, 1839-41), or Moralia (*Rome*, 1828-9), or Jahn (*Vienna*, v. y.), though the last named is rash and heterodox on several points, shew more real scholarship, and yield more solid information, than a whole ship-load of such English Protestant writers as we have been speaking of. As to the commentators, expounders of the sacred text itself, how dwarfish and feeble even the mightiest of English writers appear beside such men as Cornelius à Lapide, Estius, Calmet, N. Alexander, Maldonatus, and a host of others. Bloomfield's annotations, when compared even with the very condensed comments of Menochius, or Pequigny, remind us of nothing so much as the croakings of old ****, or the eternal pal-lal of the "idiot boy" in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

In the *second* place, with regard to the general knowledge of the Scriptures in England, and still more the fruits of Bible-reading in that country, we cannot conceive folly more reckless than in appealing to such a test. We have seen in our own days—not to go further back—fruits indeed of Bible reading, but not such as Mr. Borrow would be likely to boast of. We have seen swarm after swarm of the most hideous monsters of superstition and infidelity, springing up from the very bosom of Protestant England, and spreading far and wide, and drawing away thousands and tens of thousands of willing worshippers. Hardly a year passes away, without giving birth to some new sect, each surpassing its predecessor in blasphemy; until at last atheism, open and avowed atheism,

* Davidson, "Lectures on Biblical Criticism," p. 382. See also Wright's translation of "Seiler's Biblical Hermeneutics," where the gross ignorance manifested in some of Horne's remarks on the Latin Vulgate is exposed, note, p. 404.

is professed, preached, published, circulated by Socialists and other such denominations, whose very names make our ears tingle to hear. Who has not heard of Johanna Southcott, with her long train of followers and favourers,—among whom were numbered at least one of the English Protestant Bishops, several ministers, and many wealthy and highly respectable persons (one of whom left her an estate of £250 per annum), and for the revival and extension of whose sect, all that was required, according to the *Edinburgh Review* itself, was that some active and eloquent preacher, like Whitfield or Wesley, should arise to trumpet it forth. Yet Johanna was a diligent reader of the Scriptures, from her earliest years, so were her followers; so were the followers of others like her, before and after her time,—Thom and the rest,—the mere catalogue of whose names would fill several pages of our journal.

But facts have, within the last year, come to light upon the clearest testimony, which show how foolish it is in Mr. Borrow to hold forth England as an example of the influence of Protestantism and Bible reading, in forming the religious principles, and strengthening the virtuous dispositions of the people. We need but refer to the extracts given in our last number from the evidence on the condition of the working classes. The very fundamental articles of the Christian faith,—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, nay, the very existence of the Redeemer, utterly unknown among large masses of the lower orders in England! the most degrading vices raging among them, as a pestilence; covering them as with the deep sea of iniquity! How our souls burned within us, as we read the heart-rending details of the havoc which impiety has made among so many thousands of those who boast to be the most enlightened,—who boast to be, and who are, the most powerful people in the world! If, in the bitterness of our hearts, we invoked some scourge upon the children of that nation, which inflicted so many ages of wrong upon our native land, what greater calamity could we desire than this? But God forbid—O! God forbid, that, in feeling as Irishmen, we should cease to feel as Christians—as Catholics. God forbid that the first and ruling sentiments of our hearts should be any other than those of pity and compassion for the appalling condition of these wretched people, upon whose heads the pride, and the lust, and the rapacity of the powerful and wicked men, who severed England from the centre of Catholic unity, has brought down this most terrible of maledictions,—to be delivered up to darkness of mind, and hardness of heart.

God forbid that we should not mourn over the misery of the poor children, sixteen and eighteen years old, who said, in their examination, that they had never heard of Jesus Christ,—that they never prayed,—that they knew no prayer,—that they were never taught to pray.* But what shall we say of those who, born in this wilderness of living death, dwelling in the seat of these abominations, go out thence into foreign climes to sow there the seeds of the same pestilence, which has desolated their native land; who point, for a proof of the knowledge and fruits of indiscriminate Bible reading, to the very country where by such multitudes God is unworshipped, and the name of Jesus hardly known, and where the very existence of the Deity is practically denied by thousands. Out upon this audacious hypocrisy! Stay at home, ye vagabond slanderers, and try to convert your own brethren to a simple knowledge of the existence of God, before you venture abroad to teach Christ crucified to nations that know him with a knowledge, and love him with a love, infinitely beyond what you possess, or can understand. Stay at home, and ere you venture to pull down the altars of God's own temple, first demolish the hideous idol that is worshipped among yourselves, and by yourselves; first teach the daughters of your land,—who become mothers by the thousand, ere they have well ceased to be little children,—teach them that the fornicator and the adulterer shall not see the glory of God. O, there *was* a time—before the period of Henry's murders and Cranmer's perjuries—when such a lesson would not so need to be taught. “*Qui ergo alium doces, teipsum non doces: qui prædicas non furandum, furaris: qui dicis non mœchandum, mecharis: qui abominaris idola, sacrilegium facis.*” Take the beam out of your own eyes, ere you examine the mote in your neighbours': shew that the indiscriminate reading of the Bible has improved yourselves, before you force it as a boon upon others: break your own chains, ere you go forth as apostles of freedom to break the chains of those who are already free.

* See our last number, p. 154, &c.

ART. VI.—1. *A Plea for National Holy-days.* By Lord John Manners, M.P.

2. *Tableau des Fêtes Chrétiennes.* Par M. le Vicomte Walsh. Paris, 1837.

WE think it must be considered a bad symptom in any body, whether natural or politic, when that which ordinarily and by others is taken as sustenance, has to be prescribed as medicine. There must be something sadly out of order in a poor peasant's health, when the physician orders him wine, and not a bitter potion; his stamina must be gone, his constitution undermined, his frame worn out, when what his richer neighbour considers but a common drink, he has to sip by measure, as a cordial and restorative. Nay, even a peasant from Italy or Spain would wonder at such a nostrum ever being proposed; for he has all his life been accustomed to drink it at every meal. In other words, his vineyard produces it for him each year in abundance; and he has no idea of it as a rarity or a prescription. Now just as much would he wonder at the idea, that Church festivals or holydays are in any Christian country, prescribed as a cure for moral evils, and require to be made subjects of legislative enactment. Not more naturally does the vine yield its glowing and refreshing clusters, to cheer his bodily sense, than does religion, as he conceives it, inspire the feelings which suggest, and determine the occasions which provide, recurring days of sacred festivity, of wholesome relaxation, and of innocent cheerfulness. A religion without festivals is, in fact, an anomaly in the annals of the world. Jew or heathen, Christian or Mohammedan, Scandinavian or Hindoo,—no one that ever professed a religion (till Protestantism arose) ever heard or thought of a system of religious belief or practice, wherein days more hallowed than the rest, did not, from time to time, break upon the monotony of the year, arouse some peculiar feelings, and bring to mind, either in joy or mourning, some sacred event, or some memorable person, by peculiar rites, and by special commemoration.

Christmas-day and Good-Friday, the alpha and omega, it is true, of all that is written in the Book of Love, the *Ecco venio* and the *Consummatum est* of the divine Advent, form the entire sum of festivals in the Anglican Church; the abhorrence and abolition of *two* holydays were and are the only step to be descended from her, to reach the low level of Puritanism, on this

point. But between these two, and even beyond them, how many mysteries that deserve contemplation, how many acts of mercy and love that call for affectionate remembrance! For, beyond the two boundaries lie, the solemn Annunciation of the Son's Incarnation, and its accomplishment, on the one side, and, on the other, the Ascension, which crowned the work of redemption, and reopened the gates of heaven. Fortunately for the credit of modern religion, the Resurrection, and the Descent of the Holy Spirit occurred upon the Sunday: or we may almost venture to say, they would have been passed over with little love. How many opportunities are thus lost for cultivating the religious affections, and drawing the heart, from time to time, towards higher aims, and holier desires, than the every-day occupations of life inspire! How great a power has been surrendered of refreshing languid faith, and stirring up the expiring embers of divine love in the souls of men, by this abandonment of so natural and so beautiful an institution! But to look at the matter more religiously, how many means of grace have thus been forfeited. For who can doubt, that as in the Old Law, so likewise in the New, God has His seasons of peculiar mercies; whether such as sack-cloth and ashes, fasting and mourning, bring down, or such as the festive song and spiritual joy of His spouse invite Him to pour out? This feeling, too, is as natural to every religious system (with the exception already made) as that man should exhibit *his* varied feelings at such stated occasions. In fact, the two ideas united, form the basis of the Christian cycle of festivals. This rests, on the one hand, upon the natural and religious conviction that it is man's duty to show his sympathies with the manifestations of God's kindness, whether directly or indirectly bestowed; and on the other, upon the assurance received, that such expression of such feelings is pleasing to God, and draws down new blessings.*

The Catholic calendar is, in fact, but the almanack of the "new heavens and the new earth," which the Lord of Mercy hath created for Himself and us. It faithfully represents to the Christian soul, the annual course of the "Sun of Right-

* "Quamvis enim nulla sint tempora, quæ divinis non sint plena muneribus, et semper nobis ad misericordiam Dei, per ipsius gratiam præstetur accessus; nunc tamen omnium mentes majori studio ad spirituales profectus moveri, et ampliori fiducia oportet animari, quando ad universa pietatis officia, illius nos diel, in quo redempti sumus, recursus invitat."—St. Leo, *serm. iv. de Quadrag.*

eousness,"* passing through His cycle of love, to warm and to cheer, to nourish and give growth to "the planting of His right hand," in the vineyard of His Church. Little for our sakes, and weakly, does He appear, and as though scarcely showing Himself above the horizon, in the bleak winter wherein He begins his giant course,† revealing Himself more in infant promise, than in Godlike might. Then soon He acquires brightness and strength,‡ to attract the eyes of nations from afar, and bring them to his glorious Epiphany. Still lasts the winter, and runs into the promising but yet dreary spring, bringing down penitential clouds and tearful dews upon the dry and stubborn land, which stronger influences of fertilizing grace alone render salutary;|| and the more cheerful season that will follow begins already to have its harbingers, giving promise of joy, in the very sorrow which prepares it.§ A sorrowful eclipse and dark overshadowing of the heavenly luminary will first come, and then the paschal Sun shall shine forth in the fulness of His gladdening radiance, drying up the tears that have flowed,¶ and ripening the seed that hath been scattered as they streamed. And now his beauty and power, far from declining, seem rather to grow, as festival after festival unfolds the increasing glories of Him whom we have thus figuratively described, till He attains His

* "Consorts paterni luminis,
Lux ipse lucis et dies."—*Fer. iij. ad Mat.*

"Splendor paternæ gloriæ,
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis, et fors luminis
Diem dies illuminans."—*Fer. ij. ad Laudes.*

† "En clara vox redarguit
Obscura quæque personans
Procul fugentur somnia,
Ab alto Jesus promicat
* * *

Sidus refulget jam novum
Ut tollat omne noxium."—*Hymn for Advent.*

‡ "Tu lumen et splendor Patris."—*Hymn for Christmas.*

§ "O Sol salutis, intimis
Jesu refulga mentibus
Dum nocte pulsa gratior
Orbi dies renascitur."—*Hymn for Lent.*

|| "Dies venit, dies Tua,
In qua resfloreant omnia."—*Ibid.*

¶ "Paschale mundo gaudium
Sol nuntiat formosior,
Cum luce fulgentem nova
Jesum vident apostoli."—*Easter Hymn.*

zenith, by ascending to the right hand of His Father, there culminating above things heavenly as earthly,* and shedding down holy and sublime energies upon man, through His descending Spirit, at Whitsuntide, and through the mystery of love on the feast of His body.† From this highest point the outward manifestation of His splendour seems to decline, yet so that His course is marked out to us by representation, at given intervals, of His more terrene glories, in the commemoration of His Transfiguration,‡ in the Exaltation of His Cross,|| and in the celebration of His title as Redeemer,§ till we are brought to the close of the sacred year, and begin again the mystical expectation of His Advent.

The extracts which we have thrown into the margin will sufficiently illustrate this idea of our blessed Lord's being the unsetting sun and lamp of the city of God, whether earthly or heavenly. Like the visible luminary,¶ His course, though unceasing and unvarying, is thus marked for our observation by certain periods of seeming change, which constitute both as set on

* "Ascendis orbes siderum,

Mundi regis qui fabricam
Mundana vincens gaudia."—*Hymn for Ascension-day.*

† "Jam Christus astra ascenderat,
Reversus unde venerat

Sanctum daturus Spiritum.

De Patris ergo lumine
Decorus ignis almus est."—*Hymn for Whit-Sunday.*

"Verusque Sol illabere
Micans nitore perpeti;
Jubarque Sancti Spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus."—*Fer. ij. ad Laudes.*

‡ Corpus Christi Day.

§ "Lux alma, Jesu, mentium,
Dum corda nostra recreas,
Culpæ fugas caliginem;

Tu dulce lumen patriæ
Carnis negatum sensibus,
Splendor paternæ gloriæ."—*Hymn for Transfg. (Aug. 6.)*

|| "O Crux splendidior cunctis astris!"—*Antiph. for Exalt. of the Cross. (Sept. 14.)*

¶ "Jesu voluptas cordium
Et casta lux amantium."

Hymn in festo SS. Redemptoris. (Oct. 22.)

** The Manichees, as St. Augustine tells us, foolishly as wickedly, took the visible sun to be our Lord.

high, "for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years."* The one gives to the earth its seed-time and its harvest, its pruning-season and its vintage, its balanced equinoxes and its contrasted solstices, each calling up its emotions of hope or gratefulness, of anxiety or resignation, of public merriment or domestic mirthfulness. The other, too, gives its seasons and its days, it Lents, its Easters, and its Whitsuntides, its Octaves and its Advents, and its special days, that mark the passage of one holy season into another—transitions of feeling, but wherein all is hallowed, all is consecrated. Bright and glorious break forth over all the earth, those days of marked solemnity, steeping in a flood of brightness, spire and cupola, palace and cottage, city and hamlet. Gloriously streams their radiance through the storied windows of cathedral and abbey church, chapel and chantry; cheerily steals its mildened ray through the narrow casement of the recluse's cell, and plays joyfully on his crucifix and Madonna, and makes the very skull upon his table seem to smile. Clouds may on that day cover the face of heaven, and thick mists may hide the visible sun; but the joy of a thousand hearts, and the song of a thousand tongues will prove, that there is a source of light and warmth, placed far beyond the reach of such obstructions.

Yet must this glorious sun dwell in a firmament worthy of His career. He must have His well-divided zodiac, through which to move—that golden zone which girds Him—of saints† who "shine like the stars unto all eternity."‡ Nor would it be difficult to allot to each of its twelve divisions the name or sign, whereby it should be known and ruled; seeing that every month of the Christian calender (save one sorrowful month, which yet has in it the solemn commemoration of Gabriel's announcement of salvation) has presiding in it one or more of those chief saints of the new law, who preached it with the witnessing of their blood—the apostles of the Lamb. For to them St. Paul, and afterwards the Church, applies what is said of those visible heavens, through which the created sun walks his stately course, and which tells the glory of God to all the earth.§ And each of these bright lumin-

* Gen. i. 14.

† "Beatus quoque Joannes in Apocalypsi vidit Filium hominis præcinctum zona aurea, id est, Sanctorum caterva."—*Pontif. Rom. In ordin. Subdiac.*

‡ Dan. xii. 3.

§ "In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum." Ps. xviii. 1; Rom. x. 18.

aries is surrounded by others of lesser brightness ("for star differeth from star in glory"*); here shining in single brilliancy, like Stephen or Lawrence, there grouped in varied constellations,—mothers martyred with their seven children, captains slaughtered for Christ with their legions, and holy abbots massacred with their communities.† Mingled with them are bright and shining lights of holy doctrine and saintly example,‡ that took their place after them, but are scarce less brilliant, filling up the glories of that firmament towards which we are to raise our eyes, and completing its adornment; while myriads of nameless stars—clouds, as they seem, of witnesses—pour themselves out like a milky stream, across the heavenly expanse, leaving no blank or crevice in its golden vault.

Through this glorious and splendid field, He, who "hath set His tabernacle in the sun," goeth forth "as a bridegroom from his bridal chamber," to run. "His going out is from the end of this heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof."§ And ever as He moves will be seen at His side, when His rays are not so bright, as to quench every other splendour, one other star, brilliant as a gem, the morning-star of hope, the evening-star of peace and calm, the load-star of the pilgrim and the mariner, the cynosure of hearts inflamed with the love of the holy and the pure.|| Throughout His course He imparts, as He passes, celestial influences to these glorious beings, which they benignly shed upon their subject dominions,¶ each on the land, or city, or individual that owns his ruling sway, when in that happy conjunction. Sometimes the day awakens joy through kingdoms and provinces; gives simultaneous impulse to the swell of every organ; and makes every grey tower through the land to shake with its joyous peal, and lights up every countenance under the same beam of gladness. Or the ray only tips with light the modest spire of some hamlet church, and wakens to secluded festivity

* 1 Cor. xv. 41.

† "Quid igitur per Orionas, nisi Martyres designantur?.....qui ad faciem cœli quasi in hieme venerunt.....Orionas ergo cœlum edidit, cum S. Ecclesie martyres misit."—*S. Greg. Mor. lib. ix. c. xi.*

‡ "Isti itaque sunt astrorum spiritualium ordines, qui dum summis virtutibus eminent, semper ex supernis lucent."—*Ib.*

§ "Quot sunt ergo bona prædicantium, tot sunt ornamenta cœlorum."—*Id. Hom. xxx. in Ev.*

|| *Ps. xviii.*

¶ "Ave Maris Stella!" See St. Bernard, *Hom. ii. super Missus est.*

** "Thou hast made us to our God a kingdom, and priests, and we shall reign on the earth."—*Rev. v. 10.*

the sturdy inhabitants of a sheltered dell, to honour the saint scarce known beyond its precincts,—the recluse whose cell gave name to the humble village and its church, or the martyr who there shed his blood, and left his bones to consecrate its altar. Such we believe to be the true idea of the ecclesiastical calender: it commemorates the mercies of God;—sometimes more splendidly manifested in the mysteries of salvation, sometimes more condescendingly in the wonderful virtues of the saints. The same principle sanctions either class of festivals; God alone is worshipped, God alone is supplicated; but we love that the honour and the prayer should ascend conjointly with the smoke of angelic censors, and with the fragrance of saintly phials.* All this feeling is natural to a Catholic, and so to speak, indigenous to Catholic countries; it is only the spontaneous expression of belief in the communion of saints. It leads to the great division of festivals or holy-days, a division which, being overlooked by the amiable nobleman who has called public attention to the subject, we deem it necessary now to notice.

The Christian religion confirmed, ennobled, and sanctified every good natural feeling, and consequently, love in all its branches, beginning with the domestic affections, and gradually widening through social and national attachments, to universal philanthropy, or love of kind. But more than this, the Church, in and through which this religion was established, was ordered in perfect charity,† in that principle of unity and communion which distinguishes her from every other body, that makes pretensions to her privileges. While this *communion* is Catholic or universal, the *intercommunion* whereby it is outwardly manifested, has its degrees or circles, narrower and wider, but each connected with those within, and spreading, as it were, from them by a natural expansion. There must be expression given to these various degrees of love by the religion which hallows them; there must be evidences put forth of this living communion, according to its fitting scale of intensity, by the Church which maintains it. In domestic life, nothing so evinces communion between the members of one family, as their participation in the same feelings, whether of joy, or of sorrow, as their feasting and their mourning together. The scattered individuals belonging to it will flock from distant parts to a family banquet, at some birth-day commemoration, or some domestic festivity; and

* Rev. viii. 3, v. 8.

† "Ordinavit in me charitatem."—Cant. ii. iv.

they will hasten also to pay the last tribute of sorrowful regard to a departed relative.

And in like manner, the Church will have her various degrees of religious intercommunion exhibited by festivals, in which more or fewer join, according to their various rights.

1. She is the Church Catholic; she unites together all her children throughout the world upon certain great and solemn occasions, commemorative of universal benefits, or universal benefactors. Her great feasts are among her most certain and pleasing evidences of the universality of her communion. They prove how the hearts of millions dispersed can beat in unison, and how magnificent must be the sway that can give them a common impulse. One cannot be surprised that the early pontiffs were so intolerant of the Quartodeciman error, which led to variation in the day of observing Easter. It may seem to those who understand not the value of unity, to have been a harsh severity to repress this difference of discipline, coming apparently from so high a source. The admirers of national peculiarities and privileges, in ecclesiastical observances, may even regret such interferences. But the Church knew her real privileges better. She felt that it would never do to allow the most jarring feelings to be dividing her children on such a day,—to have some singing *Alleluja*, while others were crying *Miserere*,—some triumphing with the newly-risen, and others weeping with the expiring, Saviour. Such discordant sounds could not blend as they rose to heaven; and *there* there could be no mixed festivity: *both* could not have an echo: the twenty-four elders could not divide, and one half attune their harps to a joyful, and the other to a more plaintive strain. Hence on this point the Church was ever inexorable; she hath no regard to minor proprieties, but looks to unity. By us in one hemisphere, Easter may justly be considered as rightly placed in the opening of the cheerful spring; its joys come with those of nature, its songs with the renewed carroling of birds, and its rich hangings and bright vestments with the new clothing of the trees and fields, beyond the splendour of Solomon in his glory; but to the new churches of the South it falls sorrowfully upon an uncongenial autumn, with searing leaves, and darkening skies, and decay and loss of all natural loveliness. And so likewise, how many thoughts moving to love do we find in the winter celebration of Christmas,—the long dreary night, the pinching cold, the sighing wind in Bethlehem's stable,—which must be lost to the Christian beyond the equator, obliged as he is

on that day to seek shelter beneath his banana or cocoa-tree from the scorching of a vertical sun. But all this matters not; unity is a consideration far beyond all such secondary proprieties: and they who have not the privilege of looking on those stars, which crowned angels when they announced, "Glory to God and peace to man," must be content to forego such pleasing associations, for the sake of a sublimer and more important end. These great and universal festivals, then, are declarations of religious unity, they are even among the visible bonds and ties which hold together the vast community of the Church. They are not, it is true, its essential elements,—they form not the stones whereof the goodly pile is built up, nor yet the cement nor the brazen cramps by which they are held fast together; but they are as finely moulded and richly carved string-courses, that run round the entire edifice, and show unity of design, and while they add grace and beauty, in truth as to the eye, bind compactly together the more solid parts.

And in fact, the belief of the universal Church in the incarnation and divinity of the eternal Word, in His death and resurrection, in the divinity of the Holy Ghost, in the real presence, in the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors, in the intercession of saints, in the glory of the blessed Virgin, and in the efficacy of prayer for the departed faithful, are not more strongly proclaimed to the world by her formularies of faith, than they are by the festivals, which her children everywhere observe in commemoration of these persons or doctrines. They stir up faith, which otherwise might become forgetful, to the consideration, one by one, and more markedly, of each point; making the whole year a practical symbol of faith, in which consentient profession of particular doctrines is made, by august acts of worship and magnificent offices, throughout the world.

2. While unity of the more Catholic character is thus expressed through the festivals of the universal Church, there is a narrower sphere in which a closer communion exists, between the hierarchical components of what is called a national Church. By this, of course we do not mean independent Churches erected by states, but such portions of the universal Church as have a separate metropolitan government, whereof several may, on national or even geographical grounds, be united together. Thus the two archbishops of England, and their suffragans, used to form a division recognized by the rest of the Church, like to the Gallican or the Spanish

Churches. It is manifest that many links would bind together the bishops of such a portion of the Church, distinct from the bonds of Catholic communion—a common origin, one language, national manners and usages, peculiar rites, local traditions; not to mention many other just and reasonable motives of association, arising from political or social events. The sphere of influence of such considerations would be commensurate with that occupied by merely national feelings. It was natural that such religious alliances as were thus formed should lead to corresponding expressions of feeling, in the language of the Church. If the war-cry of “St. George for England,” ringing inspiringly through the English ranks, cheered on our mailed barons to the charge, and nerved the arms of our cross-bowmen to speed their shafts, the same watchword excited the pious devotion of peaceful citizens at home, filled all the churches with ardent votaries, thronged the village greens throughout the land with candidates for rustic honours, and united king and people in one prayer for the welfare of their country. And so did the feast of the good king Edward, or of the wonder-working Dunstan, or of the glorious St. Thomas, call forth national emotions of gratitude, or admiration, or enthusiastic love, from the people in whose memory their virtues were embalmed. Then, if their feelings found but a faint response, in the less solemn observance of the day across the channel, or the border, there came in its turn, over either, the song of public jubilee and of national joy, for St. Dennis of France, or St. Andrew of Scotland. Nay even to such merely national commemorations other countries would pay homage, by sending their pilgrims in crowds to worship at the favoured shrine.

3. A still closer bond of unity holds fast together a bishop and his diocese. The Cathedral, “the Mother-Church” is the centre of a more intimate communion; from it issues parochial jurisdiction, pastoral admonitions, episcopal visitation; there is the throne set of him who holds the apostolic commission to impose hands, and use the weightier keys of God’s kingdom, in unlocking its more hidden treasures. Towards it turn all eyes and hearts for direction in trying moments, in critical circumstances. But in it too are sure to be laid the holy remains of some early bishop or venerable martyr, the special patron of the noble cathedral, and its tributary diocese. Durham had its Cuthbert and its Bede, Lincoln its Hugh, Hereford its Thomas, Beverley its John, even as now Milan possesses its Ambrose and Charles, Naples

its Januarius, Liege its Lambert, and Rome its Peter and Paul. The glories of such men belonged to the See which they had honoured, or to the city which possessed their sacred relics; and their festival was a public holy-day to the entire diocese. When it arrived, crowds might be seen streaming from the country round, through the city gateway, and directing their steps towards the noble cathedral, the proportions of which were calculated for such occurrences, and the joyous peal from whose massive tower floated over the highest pinnacle of every secular building. There the shrine of the patron saint, covered with its golden palls and decked with its jewelled emblems, surrounded with blazing tapers and fragrant flowers, received the affectionate devotion of thousands of votaries, whose knees hollowed the pavement, and whose lips wore smooth the marble of the tomb, through ages of enduring love. And when the venerable Bishop, raising his hand at the close of the solemn office, blessed the silent prostrate crowd, how truly did he feel himself as the father amidst his children, secure of their reverential attachment, the more because of the common devotion which thus collected them in joyful festival.

4. Finally, the parish church too had its own peculiar feast-days, its patron saints'-days, the anniversary of its dedication, and perhaps some others of a local interest. It was the expression of that family unity which more intimately existed, as it does in all Catholic countries, between the priest and his people. Those offices of love which none but he can discharge for them, must lead to feelings of a more familiar character. He has baptized them *all*, or at least their children, has instructed their childhood, has listened to their tale of sorrow, and has absolved them in Christ's name; has administered to them the sacred gift; has attended, with kindness and comforting offices, the sick-bed of their friends; and has laid their departed ones, in peace and hope, in the grave. These and a thousand other duties which a Catholic priest discharges for his flock, must knit together their hearts, by love tempered with respect, a love shared by that sacred edifice in which the blessings of his ministry have been ever received, and to which he imparts life and vigour. The parish festival calls forth these feelings to open display; it is the people's own day, it is to *their* Church that the inhabitants of neighbouring villages, who can spare a few hours (and in a Catholic country these are many) flock on that day to pray; it is *their* pastor, who takes the lead in the more than usually solemn offices of the

Church; it is *their* generosity or industry that has provided the means of giving peculiar splendour to the festival.

Now, if what we have thus far written be correct, we may pretty safely look for the causes which have destroyed holy-days in England, among those which have blighted the feelings that anciently produced, or secured them. Schism broke in two the union of this country with the rest of Christendom; a secular policy has separated all national from religious feelings; the decay of discipline, and the rise of commercial and manufacturing cities, have deprived the episcopacy and its seats of influence or interest, and dissent has utterly destroyed all parochial unanimity. And error has overspread the whole; heretical doctrine has poisoned the sources of all spiritual gladness; that belief from which Christian festivals must spring, those hopes towards which they lead, and that charity by which alone they can be nourished. These things would *we* have restored, and the lost holy-days would soon revive.

Lord John Manners seems to us to err in reversing this order: he would have the holy-days be the means of bringing back extinct good feelings: we would fain consider those days as their expression and their result. It seems, in fact, almost as unreasonable to expect that we should make our soldiers brave, and our generals skilful, and our entire nation warlike, and so gain great victories, by ordering a series of illuminations in cities, and bonfires all over the country. People will not rejoice and make merry over nothing, especially when some apparent and present sacrifice is to be made for the purpose; and we have made *our* people in particular so very rational that they will ask, why they are to give up a day's work, and keep holy-day? Now we believe it would be just as sensible in their eyes to reply to them, that those supposed profane public rejoicings are on account of Blenheim or Agincourt, as to say that the Church festivals, which they are ordered to keep, are in honour of St. George, or St. Edward. We believe that thousands of voices would cry out; "Why should I lose a day's good work and wages, in honour of those persons, whom I know" (may we add, "and care?") so little about?" The great work to be achieved is the restoration to the people of those ideas and sentiments, which will make such commemorations natural to them, the giving back the soul and spirit, and not mere visible, but inanimate, forms. To go a little more into particulars, let us begin with the narrowest scale on which the attempt might be made to restore the

joyful festivity of olden days. It will be easier to induce the inhabitants of one parish to keep festival, than those of a diocese of such dimensions as the English ones now are. The parish church bears the name of some good old Saxon saint,—say St. Oswald or St. Frieswida, or of a more ancient one, as St. Clement or St. George. To learn what must be done in order to establish, not only in outward observance, but in the hearts of the parishioners, the cheerful holiness of their saint's day, we may do as business-like people do in this country, in worldly matters. When a man of this character wishes to *set up* a new apparatus, whether for warming his church or house, or washing, or prison-discipline, he goes to a place, given in reference, where he finds the machinery at work, and sees how it is managed, and how it answers. So we may learn how the restoration of holy-days may be made, by seeing how they are kept up, where they actually exist, as once they did among our forefathers.

If you go into a village or town in a Catholic country, you may easily ascertain who is the patron saint that gives a name and festival to the parish church, by simply asking the first dozen children whom you meet in the streets, boys or girls, their Christian names. Among them you will be sure to find one prevailing, which perhaps is new to you, at any rate unusual; and if so, you may conclude, that it belongs to some saint held in especial veneration, either from the church's being dedicated to him, or possessing his relics, or from his being in some way a patron-saint. In other words, you find that name become there "familiar as household words," a part of the family vocabulary in every generation. "*Corpora eorum in pace sepulta sunt, et nomina eorum vivent in æternum.*" The very name is dear to the people, is associated with domestic feelings, is interwoven with many tender thoughts. When the festival returns, it recalls to mind the little one that received that name at baptism, and is sleeping in innocence in an early grave, or it is the feast day of the grey-headed old man, who can no longer go to church, but must have his festival at home, when the rest return from mass; in other words, the parish festival is a family commemoration as well, and has an echo of joy in every household. But then with the name comes the history. The inhabitants of that village or town, may know very little of profane history: but if they know anything, they know all about their own saint, that is or can be known. Every year they hear his panegyric, in every house they have his image or picture, however rude; his palm-

branch, or his lily, or his vestment declares what he was, if he have no personal symbol; every child reads in school some account of him suited to a child's capacity, and is taught to look to him as a model and a patron. And if little is known, the very mystery lends a new charm, and allows room for speculation why he has been chosen as the patron; and it is found to have been either because he lived there, or had some way made himself there known, or there had been an immemorial devotion to him; or if every thing else fail, it is at least certain that he is a great saint in heaven, a glorious martyr, or a most holy confessor. (Would an English peasant know what these words mean?)

Now, if you go into an English town or village, and probe for your ground to build on, through the superincumbent layer of ignorance and bigotry, by these simple means, we suspect you will find it totally wanting. You will find multitudes bearing the common every-day names; but if you conjecture a holier reason for them than that an uncle or an aunt, or the parents have first borne them, you will be soon undeceived. And even here you may perhaps detect lurking the baneful symptoms of dissent, in the very names of the young Ebenezers and Ichabods, whose biblical fathers would prefer the twang of a Hebrew appellation, to the softest sounds in the Church's calendar. But go on, and if the sexton or schoolmaster can happen to tell you to whom the parish church is dedicated, seek among the people for some information respecting that saint, or for some ideas or feelings regarding him. We are inclined to believe, that though you might find some traditions yet alive about Robin Hood, in the neighbourhood of Needwood, and you might pick up many stories about Dick Turpin in Yorkshire, you would find the people in St. Oswald's parish or St. Giles's or St. Ives', just as interested or as informed about these holy persons, as they are about the Hindoo mythology. And how can one hope to make them rejoice and hold festival in their honour and commemoration?

But how set about removing this obstacle? Their Church has been teaching them for three centuries nothing about the saints, farther than that there is great superstition and peril of idolatry, in performing any act expressive of active communion with them, such as asking their prayers, or trusting in their sympathy or protection. Their clergymen have been lecturing them about the wickedness of the Roman Church in showing them any honour, as derogatory to higher claims,

and has been proving to them the folly of invoking them, by the comfortable doctrine that they cannot hear us or see us, and by implication that they care nothing about us on earth. Who among them ever is taught that he has a guardian angel ever at his side, watching all his steps; or that he should look on the saint of his name as a heavenly advocate, and address him as such? Who has been told to turn his eyes through the perils of youth, towards the Virgin Mother of his Saviour, as the special patroness of purity and innocence? And is it to be expected that all, at once, they will enter with heart into any project for reviving festivals, in memory of those whom they have been too well taught to regard as aliens and strangers, not to be approached, save by passing over the yawning chasm of Popish idolatry or superstition? Festivals, too, the very ground of which is a belief in the existence of close and affectionate sympathy between the inhabitants of both Jerusalems, and a firm persuasion that they in heaven are pleased with our joy, and return it in blessings obtained for us. Surely the whole teaching of past centuries must be contradicted; the web so artfully woven for generations must be unravelled; the people must be taught to revere what they have despised, to love what they have hated, and consequently to see that they have been, till now, misled, blinded, and deceived, by the very step-mother Church, which now wishes to set them right. How this will be done we are curious to see.

Let us for this purpose have fair and honest courses. If you want to have the feast of any saint revived in his parish or cathedral, let the people know all about him or her. Tell them plainly that St. Hilda was a nun and abbess, and by vowing perpetual virginity, became more pleasing before God and man; that St. Bennet was the founder of the monks whose houses were all suppressed at the godly Reformation, as being hives of lazy drones, and useless members of society, and that he was a truly wonderful saint, to be greatly honoured for that institution; that Venerable Bede said mass in Latin, and held many Catholic doctrines. It will not do to try to smuggle into the English Church a veneration for saints, and holy-days in their honour, as if they were some respectable ancient Protestants, bishops in lawn, or pious ladies who taught poor-schools; but let them be made known as *saints*; and let it be well explained what saints are: bishops who in their day led celibate and mortified lives, distributed the greater part of their revenues to the poor, founded and

endowed hospitals, built churches, and resisted the oppression of the Church, even unto death : noble and royal dames, who retired from the world into poor convents, and devoted their lives to fasting and prayer, in perpetual chastity, and induced many others of like degree to do the same. And let the people know that such things ceased in England the moment its people became Protestant, and its clergy called themselves and their separated Church "Anglican," but continued in "Popish" countries in men like St. Charles, St. Francis, and St. Alphonsus, and in women like the Princess Louisa, or the late Queen Maria Clotilde of Sardinia, and many others of scarcely inferior rank.

If the whole truth be told to the people on this matter, we feel no doubt that holydays, in honour of saints, would soon revive, because the religion which can alone restore them would be re-established. But let us suppose the attempt to be made, without the preparatory feelings being excited ; how would the practical restoration be effected ? Once more, let us go to Catholic countries. The festal day of a parish or diocese is as firmly established in the calendar as is any one of the greater feasts. It has its office ; its proper breviary service, probably with special hymns and antiphons, certainly with collect, and lessons appropriate, sanctioned and approved by lawful authority. The day belongs to the festival, if we may so speak, and not the festival to the day. In the English establishment there would be a difficulty in fixing the day, for its meagre calendar does not contain a tenth portion of the saints to whom old churches are dedicated ; and when a day was found, supposing the bishop to approve it, where would its office be got ? The dry every-day *ferial* office would have to be used, in which not an appropriate allusion or reference would be made to the cause of festivity. But to proceed. The day, in a Catholic parish, is long-established, and well-known to all : not merely to parishioners, but to neighbours all around. The lord and the peasant equally look forward to it ; it is one more tie between them. The former does not grudge the day's work to his dependents, the other does not repine at the loss of his gains : it is as the Sunday, a day calculated in the general balancing of the year's occupation and profit. The poor people will not starve on that day ; they will have rather stinted themselves a little beforehand, to honour it with better cheer : nor will charitable doles and largesses be wanting to gladden the destitute, if any there be.

We saw, not long ago, an instance of how completely the village festival unites and gladdens the hearts of all classes. Who that has travelled in fair Italy, remembers not, as a vision of Eden, the shores and islands of the Lago Maggiore? Who that has seen the latter from a distance, has not leaped into the nearest skiff, and tried, though only for a few moments, to visit them, or at least the one which most invites him, "the beautiful island" as it is justly called? Among those so tempted, were ourselves: and it was as lovely a day for a festival as ever nature gave to southern skies, when we crossed the calm water which separates that charming spot from the main land. The island appears, at first sight, entirely occupied by the princely palace of the Borromeos, with its enchanted gardens. The bold front of the former, seems to rise sheer from the water, and the terrace-walls of the latter even to slant beyond the natural boundary of the land. But at one side, close to the splendid stairs which lead from the lake to the fore-court of the villa, is a small esplanade, occupied by poor but comfortable fishermen's huts, nestling under the shelter of the lofty edifice, and among them the humble parish church, now about to be beautified by its patron, to which there is access from the palace. No attempt has been made by the noble lords of the island to buy up this patrimony of the poor, for these cottages are their own little property, nor to *plant them out*, as an eye-sore, nor to transplant them to the humbler islands around, chiefly occupied by persons of their rank; but they have remained undisturbed for generations, the poor inhabitants holding the same relation to the prince, as their huts do to his palace, that of humble but independent neighbours, who share his fostering and protecting care, affording the means of pleasing contrasts, and the exercise of reciprocal duties. As we approached the marble landing-place, we observed more than usual stir about it, nor were we slow to understand its cause. An elegant gondola was riding in the water, with its boatmen dressed in the livery of the Borromeos; and as we ascended the steps we were met, in frank and gentle greeting, by the young count himself, with his countess and child, beside whom was a large party of ecclesiastics and laymen, who had been partaking of the curate's hospitality. We were made welcome, and desired to call for whatever the house afforded, and invited to inspect it at our leisure. This was hardly necessary; the entire palace and its gardens seemed to belong to the public, every place was thrown open and in the occupancy of the good priest and

his guests, who ranged freely, as we did ourselves, through the stately gardens and cool grottos of the ground-floor of the palace, perfectly at their ease. It was not the season when noblemen in Italy reside in the country; it was, moreover, but a sultry and dusty journey of forty or fifty miles from thence to Milan; but that young nobleman had made it with his family, expressly for that day. It was the festival of the little parish church, and he considered it his duty not to be absent from it. Who can doubt that this mark of sympathy and religious communion between the noble patron and his poor neighbours, this act of respect to the humble parish-church and its priest, would more firmly attach the people to his family than perhaps more expensive acts of generosity,—blankets, through his steward, at Christmas, and an ox, roasted whole, on his coming of age?

However, let us suppose concord so far secured, as that a clergyman in England could have the squire or the lord on his side (and certainly wherever a nobleman of Lord John Manners's mind and heart could be found, he would be completely with him), in endeavouring to bring the people of any extensive parish to celebrate a new holy-day. Due notice is given, the saint's day is named—his to whom the church is dedicated—cessation from work is inculcated, morning and evening service with music, and the communion service, are arranged, and village sports (if enclosure acts have left room for them) announced. If any one rejoices, depend upon it, it will be the publicans, no small a portion of a village or town population; but there will be sufficient that grieve at the notice, to destroy every thing like unanimity and cheerful neighbourly enjoyment of such a day. We can easily conceive the fright, the horror, and dismay which would fill the breasts, and disturb the features, of pious ladies and preachers of every sort; nor can we help imagining to ourselves the machinery that would be set to work to spoil the holiday sport. For we have seen it put in motion in provincial towns, to avert the calamity of a good attendance on any extraordinary Catholic function. First, there would be placards on the walls, and in the shop windows, of which the leading words, in unusually large letters, would tell to a hasty observer the whole sense:—"CHRISTIANS BEWARE!...POPISH SUPERSTITION ...WORST CORRUPTIONS....PROFANE AMUSEMENTS...GLORIOUS REFORMATION...RESISTED TO THE DEATH." Then the Independents would choose that very day for the ordination or reading in of a new minister; Mr. A. interrogating him as to his

call, and Mr. B. of C. reading the ordination prayer. The Methodists would convoke a missionary meeting, in which a Cherokee regenerated minister (known possibly, when a savage, as "the Great Wild-goose") will appear in his own native plumage (hired, perhaps, from Mr. Cattlin), and address the assembly, and recount the history of his conversion; and the Baptists would convoke another, in which Mr. D., with his wife, and interesting family of little children, will communicate their experience among the heathen: and the — auxiliary branch to the — District Bible Society would have a special meeting of subscribers; and every other sect would have something or other to exhibit, as fantastic and as profitable as the shows of a fair. More than this we have known to be done, as we have already observed, to disturb a Catholic festival: enough, and more than enough, to destroy all idea of happy communion of religious feeling between the inhabitants of one place; probably enough to divide house against house, and turn to bitterness, even in the heart of a family, what was intended to diffuse the blessings of harmony and peace.

A Catholic festival is an occurrence which puts all the place in which it is celebrated into good humour, and makes it brimful of cheerfulness. Its meaning, its object, and its demands are perfectly understood by all, and are all of a common interest. Before its day arrives, all whose duty it is, are busy in the work of preparation; but it is like the work of the bee-hive, each does his appointed office, with the punctuality of instinct:—the choir is trained, the church decorated, the altars adorned with all the richness that the place affords; the houses are put into order, wherever the processions are to pass; the confraternities make their various preparations, to appear decorously and prevent confusion; the clergy dispose all things for the more spiritual duties to be discharged, and for the Church-offices, which will well nigh occupy the day; and those who have to look to the more secular part of the festivity will not neglect it.

When the day itself arrives, the Church is ready, with all her boundless stores of spiritual ministrations, calculated, not to deaden, but to raise and quicken, the pulses of religious joy. From the first dawn of day, the doors of the church are open, and open not merely to the winds of heaven, but to the influx of eager faithful, who know that the morning sacrifice will be ready for oblation as soon as they, and that the morning banquet of Christ's children will be as early as the manna in the wilderness. There is no desertion of the holy place

"between services," for, in fact, the whole morning is occupied by a succession of offices, which leave but few intervals; and even these are well filled up by the silent devotions of many worshippers. Then comes the great and more public function, at which all the clergy attend, and all the faithful assist, with such pomp and circumstances of festivity as the place admits of; and after sufficient respite, to allow the body its necessary refreshment, the afternoon offices, running probably till late in the evening, succeed, not equally, but proportionately, continuing the holy joy of the happy festival. And thus the more worldly demonstrations of cheerful mirth, which close the day, are not its occupation but its recreation, and come upon minds prepared to enjoy them, with good temper and sober feelings.

But there is one almost necessary part of festive observances which the Church of England has completely got rid of, as well as of all else that is beautiful in Church services; and, in her present condition, cannot hope to restore. We mean religious processions. "Behold that solemn procession," exclaims an author, whom it is always a pleasure to quote, "through the aisles of the abbey church of St. Germain! The holy virgins in pure white robes, like very sanctity, bearing bright tapers in their hands; crowds of holy laymen, the noble and the mechanic, side by side, alike humble, alike devout; the saintly students, the venerable clergy, slowly moving along, singing their pensive melody through the dusky space, shedding radiance as they pass along, while all around them lies in deep darkness. O, it is an impressive thing to mark the countenance of each one who glides before you. There are some who walk, rapt like men in sleep, unconscious of all around them, conversant only with the internal vision, in a rapture of angelic thought... During the ages of faith, the procession was considered an institution of no small importance, in an intellectual and spiritual point of view. Before those mystic flames, which seem to be mingled with the supernal luminaries,—emblems of the star which never sets,—it was thought that the delusive meteors of corrupt passions would die away, and be no more seen. That pious crowd, still encresing as it proceeded, which passed on, walking in such humble guise after the blessed sacrament, was in sooth a sublime spectacle, as exhibiting to the eye of the world a multitude of men, who sought to follow their ecclesiastical king, hungering and thirsting after him."* The catho-

* *Mores Catholicæ*, b. v. p. 92.

lie procession is the overflowing of religious joy beyond the vessel which usually contains it. It is the mystical stream which Ezechiel saw flowing from the altar of the holy place, and issuing abroad through the temple gates, so deepening and swelling, as it flows along, till it becomes a mighty torrent,* bounding forward in exultation, and making a joyful noise as the sound of many waters. It is, in fact, the Church herself, who, not content with the fainter radiation of her blessings from their centre, at the shrine and the altar, goes forth to bear them, and to impart them to the abodes and resorts of her children. For, go into the spacious building, when its long ranks of clergy and crowds of followers have left it. You saw, but a few minutes before, the vast area covered with men and women, in their holiday attire, all giving abundant signs of life and joy, and the altar surrounded with a goodly array of ministers, vested according to their offices, richly and variously, moving in fragrant clouds of incense, while the atmosphere up to the echoing vault was filled with the organ's peal and the choral song. And now you find it solitary and silent, emptied of all that formed its life, the many tapers burning still, and the fading wreaths from the censor subsiding like evening vapours, with none to enjoy the light and fragrance; and all the beauty and charms of the holy building are there, but no worshipper to be enamoured of it; and it really seems as though the material church still remained, while the spiritual is gone forth; it is like the beautiful body of a saint entranced, while the soul is gone afar on some errand of love. And so, in fact, it is: you hear, faint and distant, the cadence of the solemn chaunt, now sweeping fuller upon the wind, as the multitude that has gone forth sings united in some ampler space, then dying, and only murmuring through the windings of streets and alleys. It is the Church of God, the rival of heavenly choirs—"alma Sionis æmula"—that is diffusing blessings through the entire town or village, making its narrow ways the aisles of her vaster temple, the open squares its spreading nave, and the heavens, with their consenting angels, its noble vault. And in place of niches and images inanimate, to adorn its walls, see every casement alive with glowing countenances, and tuneful voices; the sick man has had himself brought from his bed to join the festival, now come to his very doors; the aged and helpless matron is supported in the arms of her

* Ezec. xlvii.

children, or sits and raises her palsied head at the threshold, to salute the Church's borne treasures; and the very babes exult in their mother's arms, and stretch forth their little hands in glee, as did John in the womb of Elizabeth, at a similar visit. And now the sounds come swelling and increasing, but wave-like, as the flowing tide, till they strike once more against the roof, and re-echo through the arches; and the bright successive flashes of the torches, as they enter, and the stirring flood of life that spreads over the pavement, and the thronging array that again surrounds the altar, give back the animation, the spirit, the soul, that seemed to have been sundered, for a time, from the visible and material frame, restore to it utterance, and make it thrill once more with stirring life and sparkling joyousness.

Now, what has the Church of England to produce, and send round among her people, in which they can confide, or to which they will turn their looks and hearts, in thankfulness and reverence, or in more solemn worship, as it moves among them? Do they, who would have processions restored in her, imagine that two long files of choristers and clergymen in hoods and scarfs, constitute them, and would rivet, long and often, the devout attention of the people? Or that flaunting banners and antique devices would give a further attraction to them? Surely these things may form a goodly pageant, and meet for the walking-day of a club, but they are not the essentials of a religious function. Where there are ministers and symbols, there must be something higher and better than either, a reality to be ministered unto. The Levites walk forth with their tunics and trumpets, only when the Ark of the Lord moves along, and they in attendance on it. Has the Church of England then the shrines of ancient saints, which priests may bear reverently in their hands or on their shoulders, to remind her people that she was (alas! *is* she cannot say) the mother of saints, to awaken in their minds the recollection of bright examples, and to excite their confidence in the intercession of those, with whose sacred remains they are thus associated upon earth? She that hath rifled the tombs of her ancient bishops, hath scattered the ashes of her martyrs to the winds, hath blotted the names of her holy monks from the calendar, and hath cast into oblivion the memory of her saintly virgins? She who cannot count one relic in all her treasures (revered as such), who reprobates all honour shown to any, and dares not tell her people to bear them about them? Or can she presume higher, and hope to

bear more solemnly about, the Lord Himself of Glory, in His Eucharistic triumph, for such the Catholic procession may, in general, be called? She who, independent of her sacramental losses, which debar her from ever possessing the reality, may not even attempt so to honour its substituted type, in the face of her own melancholy decree against it? * She who allows irreverence to any amount in the administration of it, discerning not in it the Body of the Lord? † No: she has forfeited and lost these gifts, part of the Catholic inheritance. The motives which can suggest religious festivity, the means whereby it can be conducted, the objects toward which it may be directed, are all bound up together by that unity which, to be anything worth, must be Catholic, Catholic in the widest sense, as embracing in its universality heaven and earth. Only through that communion of saints which brings men in the flesh into living association with spiritual beings, can those feelings be stirred up from which gladsome commemorations of them, or celebration of great mysteries spring. The vesture of the Church, that is her variable ritual, sparkles

* Art. xxviii.

† It is but a few weeks ago that "the English Churchman" contained a paragraph complaining of the manner in which the communion service was administered in the restored Temple church. It stated that the remaining sacramental bread (considered of course as duly consecrated) was left on the paten on the altar-rails, till everything else was cleared away, when it was taken into the vestry by a man, who carried it in one hand, and a pile of cushions in the other! And yet such irreverence and sacrilege (supposing consecration) brings down no censure upon its doers and abettors, beyond that of a newspaper. If the bishop of the diocese believes in the real presence after consecration, the least he could be supposed to do, would be to suspend the clergyman, dismiss the cushion-bearer, and take measures for future amendment. In fact the church ought to be placed under an interdict. Yet because this church has been repaired and restored, and repainted after old models, it is considered quite a demonstration of return to Catholic ideas and feelings. How little they know of Catholic truth who can so judge! Alas! these things are but as the mint and the cummin, while the others, that are neglected, are the weighty things of the law. Look at the ancient canons prescribing different degrees of penance for the casual spilling of a drop from the chalice. The decree on this head in the canon law is there attributed to Pope St. Pius I, but more probably belongs to Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury. (Dec. 3d. P. De Consec. Dist. ii. cap. xxvii. *Si per negligentiam.*) Where there has been decided negligence, a penance of forty days is enjoined, besides the priest's having to wipe with his tongue the place on which the precious drop has fallen. The rubrics (*De Defectibus*, x. 12-15) specify most minutely what is to be done in cases of any accident to either consecrated species. St. Charles Borromeo, in consequence of such an accident, abstained for several days from the celebration of the divine mysteries. Surely the conduct of the Catholic Church and of the Anglican cannot indicate anything like identity, or even similarity, of belief, respecting the B. Eucharist. And if only one of them can be allowed to hold the real presence, Solomon's test—not here of maternal, but of filial, affection—will easily decide between their respective claims.

as with gems, some of greater cost and brilliancy, others serving but for embroidery and every-day adornment: but they must seek in vain to fit them on again, and have them shine, who have first rent, and then stript off her, this her seamless garment. She is as the spring, and scatters flowers along her path, wherever she treads; as the season advances, new and fresh ones rise beneath her feet, flowers of holiness as of loveliness—but it is only the dew of Hermon that can feed them, the dew which only falls where brethren dwell together in unity.* The attempt of our amiable nobleman to revive them in the national Church, reminds us sorrowfully of those little gardens which children in Germany love to make upon the graves of their departed friends, by studding them over with flowers, plucked from the neighbouring fields. There indeed they had roots and lived; but here they can only look pretty for a time, then fade and die, to point the moral of a comparison, between the flower above, and the flower beneath, the sod.

So will it be with holy-days introduced by act of Parliament, or by private speculation—nay by that Church even, which has destroyed every emotion that can suggest them, has quenched the sympathies and untuned the harmonies necessary to enliven them, has long disused her people to jocund sounds, and cannot bring back these lost feelings without bitter self-condemnation. Till she is prepared to make this, she must sit under the yoke of her own forging, and weep over the desolation of her own making; she may exhilarate the people by a passing effort, she may throw this her body of death into a galvanic spasm, that looks like a gambol of joy: she may mistake convulsive twitches for smiles, and a ghastly glare of the eye for the rekindled flash of life. But dead, heavy, and lumpish will it fall again, so soon as the wires now applied to it are withdrawn: unless advantage is taken of the momentary artificial life, to dart into it once more the living spark—the Catholic soul, which, restoring it to unity and its privileges, will put the garland into its hand, and the canticle into its mouth, and give it place once more among the children of God.

We have said “the desolation of her own making.” Truly, “*visæ Sion lugent, eo quod non sint qui veniant ad solemnitatem.*”† But who has made them mourn? no foreign invader, no princely oppressor, no plague, nor famine, nor prophet’s

* Ps. cxxxii.

† Thren. i. 4.

curse. But it was a part of the plan which made her a national Church, which purged her, as she vaunts, from errors, and made her more holy and apostolic: so at least speak her bishops and her legislators. It is the designed and well-accomplished scheme of those who pretended to be her fathers in Christ. "Dixerunt in corde suo cognatio eorum simul: quiescere faciamus omnes dies festos Dei a terra."* It was a deliberate sin, and that sin must be expiated and repaired. It is in the power of England and its rulers, to bring back once more all that is now regretted as lost, but there is only one way. ENGLAND'S FIRST NATIONAL HOLY-DAY WILL, AND CAN ONLY BE, THE BRIGHT AND GLORIOUS DAY WHICH SEES HER RESTORED TO THE COMMUNION OF CHRIST'S CHURCH CATHOLIC.

ART. VII.—*Erinnerungen aus dem leben Johann Gottfried von Herder*, von Maria Caroline von Herder. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1840. Recollections of the life of Johann Gottfried von Herder, by Maria Caroline von Herder. Stuttgart and Tübingen.

AMONG the most distinguished authors of modern Germany, whether we consider their genius, the high moral tone of their productions, their influence on their own and other nations,—an influence which, like a majestic river, is ever widening in its progress,—we may justly include Schiller, Jean Paul, and Herder.

Our pages have supplied, on previous occasions, some account of the two former, written, at least, under the influence of those earnest feelings of admiration and reverence which the intellectual powers and moral aims displayed by them demand. Of the last of these celebrated men, we shall now, in a congenial spirit, present a brief biographical sketch; with the impression that the lives of artists—"those serene creators of immortal things"—are always beautiful, however scanty the details; that such records have the power of casting some light upon their works; and that the healthy, unworldly, and peaceful atmosphere, in which every one true to his genius dwelt, will waft some of its power into souls even of the commonest stamp.

Verily, our *cousins German* have done much that is worthy

* Ps. lxxiii. 8.

of man's earnest gratitude; and were the ancient deity of the land, worshipped of old by the rough Teuton, in the absence of the true dispensation, anything but a divine idea projected from his own beclouded and struggling soul to reverence and reach up to, we would do much to visit her temple, and ask of its oracle a judgment of the past, and a prophecy of the future. But—

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and watery depths, all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason.”

We may, however, fancy her looking down from some starry Walhalla on the wide German land, a momentary tinge of gloom passing over her awful face, at the thought of ruined altar and silenced prayer, yet complacently exclaiming, “Bold, great, and energetic race, that, in olden times, humanized your forest dwellings, by a wise spirit of equitable law, and a deep respect for the majesty of woman; scattered the legions of all-conquering Rome, swept with an instinct of wild justice and irresistible might over Alp and Appenine, Danube and Rhine; that carried vigour and manliness to the feeble and effeminate; framed an instrument of knowledge more enduring than brazen tablet or carved stone; that gave arms to the warrior more potent than spear or shield, and with all forceful powers of intellect hath combated against those obstacles that impede the liberty, the dignity, and well-being of man! I yet recognize in you the olden spirit; with motherly pride, I own you for my sons; with lofty joy do I witness your contests, and *imprecate* success on your future efforts, full, glorious, and redeeming as your victories of the past.”

Of high rank in the great class of regenerators, who have made the elevation of their kind their constant aim, were the three men we have named. Alike distinguished as they have been by their fame and influence, they were also singularly alike in their destiny, and the early years of their worldly career. Humble in birth, poor and dependent, they had to struggle long against want, hardships, and discouragement; yet, with a self-reliance and fortitude which bespeak souls of a noble and heroic cast, and must ever command the admira-

tion of men. We know no more touching or cheering manual for the youthful aspirant,—no more quickening and sustaining illustration of “the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,” than may be drawn from the first part of the lives of these men. Tried in the furnace of affliction, they came out of it like gold purified. Besieged by want, weakened by hunger, deceived by hope, they kept their manliness and honour unstained, and finally, triumphing over all difficulties, they sat down in peace, beloved by their compatriots, their moderate wants provided for, blessed in their unwearying intellectual labours, and in the enjoyment of a home made happy by the spirit of love, joy, practical wisdom, and sympathy which that ministering angel, a good wife, can shed abroad in the dwellings of men.

Of the three distinguished men we have named, the first in the order of time was Herder. A critical investigation of his writings we do not profess to offer here. Our space will not allow us to give much more than the names of his works, which extend to nearly sixty volumes, embracing various branches of science,—theology, philosophy, poetry, philology, natural and civil history and policy. He came at the right time for his age and nation, and armed with the spirit and endowments, that fitted him for the mission that seems to have been committed to him.

“Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.”

At a period when his countrymen were but lately emancipated from the slavish worship of French models, he sought to raise them above the narrow limits of a restrictive nationality, and directed them to the universal, the absolute, the ideal. When the sceptical spirit of Lessing and others was unwisely pursued, he came with faith and reverence for the consecrate and divine. Against the voluptuous and debasing tendency of the writings of Wieland, and such as adopted his questionable morals and views in literature, his works acted as a potent antidote, breathing a spirit of purity and self-control, and a philosophy lofty, unsensualizing, and sublime. Living in the heart of German circles, where a withering despotism in the several governments was systematic and most oppressive, without any wild or anarchical counteractions, his

whole system of thought and instruction, the heart and soul of all he wrote, was qualified gradually, but inevitably, to lead his countrymen to the conception of man's inalienable freedom, and to lift them above the accidental and the transitory, to the idea of the *free man*;

"Free by birth,
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all its roaring multitude of waves."

His works may be divided into three classes. The first includes those which testify his full and pure appreciation of every thing human, wherever and in whatever diverse position it presents itself,—in man or in nation, Negro or Greek, Troglodyte or Chinese; in this class are included his works on philosophic history. The second, represents him, having garnered wisdom from all fields of experience, as a many-armed enlightened adviser and helper, and include his didactic works, essays on education, such as his *Sophron*, which latter his patron, the Count of Schaumburg-Lippe, not unaptly described as "a plan of education fit for a *king*." The third reveals to us more peculiarly the individuality of his own mind, and lets us look down into the mystery of his heart and being. Among these are his poems, in which he discourseth to us on high subjects, at the suggestion of an inward living nature—great, hopeful, and wise, which had faith in truth, goodness, and beauty, and all those eternal realities which can make man's heart the temple of the Divine.

The source whence we shall chiefly draw the materials for our very brief sketch of Herder's life, is a work written by his excellent wife, and published after her death, by Dr. G. Muller, the brother of the celebrated historian. As a faithful and affectionate memorial of the cardinal events of Herder's life, it is of great and lasting value; but it might be considerably improved with regard to arrangement. The subject matter accumulated by Mrs. Herder, is continually broken by appendices, and what the humorous Richter calls "extra-leaves," which make so many digressions from the main thread of the story, and throw the reader's attention upon some comparatively very unimportant cotemporary, connected with Herder's life and history. The chronology is not always clear, and there are occasional minor oversights that would only be excusable in an editor out of Germany, such as, ascribing to him the authorship (p. 186, vol. iii.) of the little poem

addressed, "An einen Weltverbesserer," beginning, "Alles, sagst du mir, opfert ich hin, der menscheit zu helfen," &c. which all readers of German know to belong to Schiller, and which may be found in every edition of the latter's works.

But whatever demerits of an artificial character the work may have, its interest and intrinsic value are paramount, and all-attractive. The genial, loving, and dutiful spirit of the affectionate wife, the intellect and taste of the thoughtful woman, are conspicuous in its pages, and have woven into a most interesting narrative, all the principal events of her great husband's life.

Johann Gottfried Herder, was born on the 25th August, 1744, at Mohrungen, in east Prussia. His father was school-master, sacristan, and choir-master there; his mother, daughter of a farrier of the same place. There is nothing of the splendid in origin here, but something better. The father was a man of earnest mood, cheerful and taciturn, performing all his duties with diligence, orderliness, and punctuality: the mother a shrewd, reflective, industrious, and gentle creature, full of the most pious and tender affection for her children, noticeable for her moral and intellectual endowments, and of manners superior to those usually found in so lowly a station. This pair lived upon the scantiest income, poor enough, but not indigent, contented and happy. Without being able to express it to themselves, so clearly and so aptly, they doubtless felt the truth of what their great son wrote some years subsequently.

"High teacher and disciple excellent,
Thou tenth muse of the world, oh Poverty!
Great is the wisdom thou unfold'st to man,
Not only dost thou strengthen him who bears
A load of cares, but a still finer art,
A moderation wise, thou teachest him,
Mak'st it his habit—habit which is joy,
And riches 'bove the wealth of jewelled kings."

They won the esteem of all their neighbours by their well-regulated domestic economy, industry, and quiet but exemplary course of life. A firm dependence on the truths of religion, unwearied occupation, a spirit of order in all their labours, a faithful and mutual affection cordially united all the members of the household, and lightened the pressure of their circumstances. Herder always, in referring to his youthful days, spoke with the greatest reverence and most pious

tenderness of his parents. "When my father was satisfied with my conduct"—he would tell his own children—"he would lay his hand gently on my head, and call me *Gottes-friede* (Peace of God). This was my greatest and sweetest recompense; strict and just in the highest degree, yet was he of the most gracious temper; his earnest silent countenance, with bald venerable forehead, I shall never forget." The memory of his mother he treasured in his heart, as of a saintly creature; he frequently described to his family the gentleness of her disposition, the love she manifested to her children, and her untiring industry. Her mildness of character seems to have tempered the effect of the taciturn strictness of the father, and the softness and sensibility of her nature, to have had the most beneficial influence on her son. In their well-ordered abode, the day, every hour of which was fully occupied, was closed with the singing of a hymn; deep and lasting was the impression that these pious vesper songs had on the son, and he often recalled them with emotion and melancholy retrospection. The innocent life of the parents, their piety, their simple, peaceful, and diligent habits, their contentedness in the fulfilment of the duties of their station, their love and dependence on each other, early sowed the seeds of religion, virtue, and order, in the youthful Herder. Most blessed and blessing, among worldly things, is a happy and dutiful home, with its peace, its cheerful innocence

"And pure religion breathing household laws!"

—it has almost ever been the cradle of great characters.

In this homely and straitened domestic paradise he was protected, however, by the thorns of poverty from many of the excesses and extravagances of youth, and he often gratefully acknowledged the beneficial scantiness of his parents' means. His father, to secure the bodily health of his children, an object of earnest consideration with him, as well as that of the soul, had sundry fixed and singular *recipes*. At certain periods of the year, a powder was administered as a cure for worms; in spring, tea made of the blossoms of the black thorn, was prescribed against colds, and a conserve of the elder-berry to promote perspiration; the therapeutic virtues of these remedies, we leave to the consideration of our medical readers. The physical condition of the boy however thrived under these medicaments; he grew up healthy and vigorous, a state which habitual moderation, and the precepts of a strict morality, long preserved for him.

His education he received at the public school, under a somewhat sedulous, but misanthropic master, not unaptly named Grimm. Stern and strict, though of considerable acquirements, his chief instruction consisted in rigid exercises of the memory, which effected nothing for the ennobling of the heart, or refinement of the manners. He did nothing without cane or rod; the whole value of scholastic discipline consisting, in his opinion, in a liberal use of these stimulants. There is no doubt that the tyranny and brutality of this system, acted most injuriously on the kindly-hearted Herder, and made him, for many years, the shy and timid creature that he was. Nothing is more calculated to destroy the free and affectionate spirit of youth, than this exploded system of despotic rule; boys of energy and boldness of spirit, are made reckless and vindictive; those of gentler character, fearful, reserved, and mistrustful of all their natural predispositions: the tendency is to make one class tyrants, the other slaves. The true education is that which educates man for God, an education of holiness, truth and love, which breathes a peace which passeth all *understanding* over the passions, makes gentle the heart, calm the temper, and the soul replete with charity; which fosters the growth of all those divine capacities enfolded in the inner being, and makes that which otherwise would be a wilderness and a solitary place, "blossom as the rose." This is not to be accomplished by scorn and imprecation, violence, and the *ferula*. From the almost inevitable results of the savage discipline to which the youthful Herder was exposed, nothing but his native gentleness of disposition, the sweet influence of the mother's character, daily touching his young heart, like the living look of some heavenly Madonna, and the piety that made a temple of his peaceful home, could have saved him.

Herder, while at the school, however, displayed great diligence and the most ardent desire for knowledge, frequently occupying himself with his books at his meals, for which he always incurred his orderly father's reproof. Once on pointing out Italy on the map, he exclaimed, "Oh, my Italy! one day must I see thee!" so early in his life had the greatness of that land and the ancients impressed him. Music and singing were taught him; he however then gave a preference to the sublime and simple airs of Church psalmody. His love of and desire for knowledge were insatiable; for example, when passing through the streets of the small town where he resided, if he saw any book at the windows, he immediately entered

the house and requested the loan of it from its owner. He received religious instruction from an amiable clergyman, named Willamovius, whom he ever remembered with grateful affection, and the chief traits of whose character (in an essay written afterwards when at the University of Königsberg, entitled the "Preacher of God"), were exhibited by him in that ideal of the true priest.

His most prized recreations and pleasures were ramblings in the neighbourhood of his native village, where he could stroll undisturbed, with some favourite book. Often he would be found perched in a great cherry-tree in his father's garden, reading, or in quiet reverie amongst leaves and blossoms, and the songs of birds. Here, says his wife, in true sympathy with nature, his spirit so receptive of the great and the beautiful, he received those deep impressions of religion, humanity, and greatness of soul, that afterwards shone so conspicuously in him; and inspired by the lofty thoughts of the Greek and Roman writers, aspired after a similar renown, and the desire of emulating them, and of performing for his own days and posterity what they have done for theirs, was enkindled within him.

At the age of sixteen, when he was amongst the foremost scholars of the Latin class, a new deacon, by name Trescho, came to Mohrungen. This person was of ascetic habits and delicate health, and, as he lived alone in a small house, he took Herder as companion and assistant, but not interfering with those hours devoted to his school. When not required to assist his parents, he sat at Trescho's writing-table, learning his lessons, and after supper retired to his sleeping-room. In return he acted as copyist for the deacon, who was the author of several ethical and ascetical works. The free use of the new official's library was granted to him "for the purpose of ascertaining," as Trescho tells us, "the bias of the boy's mind. But his extremely timid disposition, generated by the severe and slavish school discipline, now exhibited itself to me. He never spoke with confidence, but usually answered in a low and trembling voice, and seemed, as it were, shut up within himself. He never discoursed of his own accord, and nothing was observable in him from which I could infer anything but an ordinary intellect."

But deep within this timid and ordinary exterior lay an eager, thoughtful, and wisdom-loving spirit. From his association with Trescho he seems to have derived little benefit but readiness in writing, and an acquaintance with the works

of Kleist, and other old German authors. No difficulties suppressed his love or desire of knowledge; he studied at all hours, and frequently sacrificed his night's rest to its gratification. Trescho, visiting his chamber late one evening, to see that the candle had been safely extinguished, found the boy not yet undressed, lying on the bed, in profound sleep, surrounded by many books, Greek and Latin classics, and old and modern German authors, open, on the floor about his bed, with the candle alight amongst them. On inquiring the next morning if the young student was able to make use of these books, he modestly replied, he was "endeavouring to understand them." Another circumstance shortly afterwards disclosed further talent and intellectual activity in him. Herder had copied, and despatched to Trescho's publisher, some manuscripts for the press. Some posts afterwards, the publisher wrote that he had found in the packet a poem, "To Cyrus," full of talent, which he had immediately printed, and begged to be made acquainted with the author's name. This was Herder's own composition, who, on being questioned, blushed and laughed, and acknowledged the paper to be his own.

An impediment to the prosecution of his studies now threatened him. He was drawn for the militia of his district, and was in daily apprehension of being called out for service. The dread of this hateful interruption haunted him for some time, but he was ultimately rescued from the annoyance, by his stature being below that prescribed, and a severe affection in his eyes. He had now reached an age when it became necessary to seek some permanent occupation in life, but his prospects were as yet discouraging. An opening, however, was shortly presented, of escape from his present unsatisfactory position. A Russian regiment, during the seven years' war, was fixed at Mohrungen for winter quarters. The staff-surgeon, a generous and amiable man, of prepossessing exterior, ascetic morals, and literary acquirements, frequently visited Herder's friend Trescho. On these occasions he noticed the docile and intelligent youth. Pitying him for his unpromising and undeserved isolation, and finding him well acquainted with Latin, he offered to take him to Königsberg, to instruct him in surgery, to endeavour to cure his diseased eye, now attacked by *fistula lachrymalis*, and ultimately to have him placed at Petersburg, to pursue the requisite studies, gratis, if he should determine to adopt the medical profession.

The offer was readily accepted by Herder and his parents, although the former had exhibited no prepossession for such

occupation; but he hailed it as an opportunity of breaking the barriers that at present stopped all progress for him. For the cure of mere physical ailments, it will be subsequently seen nature had not destined him; for him, and his younger contemporary, Schiller, who had once chosen the same profession, she had other purposes. There are wounds more deep and destructive than those of the body, and to heal them was a vocation more fitted for men of their spirits and endowments.

He preserved throughout life the most grateful and affectionate remembrance of his Russian friend, who had been to him a deliverer and guardian angel. In furtherance of the plan suggested by him, he quitted in his company his native place, in the summer of 1762, and never again saw his parents, to whom he owed so much—not indeed of worldly goods, but “of that which cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire”—and whom he so deservedly honoured and loved.

The exemplary and venerable father died shortly after this, but the mother lived many years, to hear of the advancement and distinction of her son.

He arrived with his surgical patron at Königsberg. Here, however, full of tender recollections of his dear and peaceful Mohrungeu, and strange to all around him, he felt the solitariness of his lot. His friend took him to witness an anatomical operation; this was too much for his nerves, and he fell down as dead, in a fainting fit. This circumstance was decisive of his fate. Ever after, the mere mention of dissections and surgical manipulations, excited the greatest agitation in his sensitive system. At the suggestion of a youthful acquaintance, and with the reluctant consent of his surgical friend, he entered himself as student of theology at the University. He informed his parents of this change in his views, assuring them that in the prosecution of his studies, he would require no pecuniary assistance from home, an engagement which throughout a period of long and trying distress he faithfully kept. His scanty means, which had been increased by small contributions from some benevolent friends at Mohrungeu, were husbanded with the most rigid economy. His wants were reduced within the scantiest compass; for many days together, for example, he only subsisted on some small wheaten rolls. He attended the various professors of divinity, ecclesiastical history, philology, and Kant's lectures in logic, metaphysics, morals; the latter, from the great sage's respect

for his pupil's ability and zeal, gratuitously. Kanter, the publisher of his friend Trescho, and of his own maiden poem, *Cyrus*, offered him the free use of his bookshop. Of this he gladly availed himself, and read for many hours there, regardless of the traffic and noise around him. He became tutor in the college; and by his learning, eloquence, industry, and good conduct, won general esteem. The small income from this, and a trifling college stipend, which he received in 1765, lightened somewhat the burthen of poverty. He now also associated with many of the most respectable families and enlightened men of the place. His early timidity and reserve were now conquered, and he acquired a graceful and courteous, yet independent manner. He who, at one time, was embarrassed before the most unimportant stranger, could now look unblenchingly upon men studded with honours and of the highest station and influence. Several of his college associates speak with the warmest approbation of his endowments of head and heart, and of his gracious and friendly demeanour in their private hours. "I found him," says one, "ever cheerful and communicative, and of the strictest morals."

In 1765, he accepted the office of teacher in the cathedral school, and preacher at Riga. In the execution of his clerical duty he made a great impression, and in his scholastic, he won general esteem, as at Königsberg. He found a new home and country in Riga, and his worldly condition, from the love of zealous friends, was at once placed beyond care, while, undistracted by the necessities and anxieties that had previously oppressed him, he fulfilled the several duties of his station, and indefatigably devoted himself to intellectual inquiries. His genius, his pure morals, his just and amiable character, his keen appreciation of right and wrong, of truth, honour, and probity, his generous sympathy with the sorrows of others, caused him to be most widely esteemed and sought after. What a contrast to the poor and straitened period of his boyhood at Mohrunen, and the needy, bustling academic years at Königsberg! But "sweet are the uses of adversity;" and the privations of his youth, its consequent moderation, and the maidenlike innocence of his morals, were now requited by the richest of recompenses, a state of vigorous health, and a blameless conscience and self-respect.

While resident at Riga, he became a member of the society of Freemasons, but does not seem to have devoted himself with particular zeal to its operations. He regretted the

partial and limited application of the institution, too often made accessory to mere sensual indulgence and revelry, and that it was not turned to a more productive and elevating effect on the wants of the age. Some years after in Weimar, his essays on Freemasonry, in the *Adrastea*, were the commencement of his endeavours to realize some of the objects to which he thought it might be rightfully and hopefully applied. "The order," he said, "must, in our days, act in the light of day, open and free; it would thereby much increase its influence and win a much wider support."

Zealously engaged in the performance of his clerical and scholastic duties at Riga, enjoying the intimate friendship of the most worthy, and the esteem of all, but a few envious persons, who, however, could allege nothing to his discredit, he yet felt that his sphere of action and the range of his observation, were too narrow. He yielded to a strong inclination to travel, considering his present age most fitted to its fatigues and activities; and parting in a manner honourable both to himself and his Riga friends, set sail in May 1769 from that place, leaving all his Livonian connexions, as Providence had destined it, behind him for ever. He landed at Nantes in July following. Relating to this voyage, we have part of an unfinished journal, a fragment of considerable interest, although it contains little of the historical or critical, but consists of soliloquies on his past life, and plans for his future occupation at Riga, to which, at that time, he seems fully to have contemplated returning. It contains many germs of thoughts and philosophic views, which were afterwards expanded and published, in the *Philosophy of the History of the Human Race*, and other of his works.

At Nantes he remained to perfect himself in the French language, until November, and then departed for Paris. This city, as the political centre of the French nation, possessed the greatest interest for him. He became acquainted with *Arnauld*, *Thomas*, *d'Alembert*, *Diderot*, and other distinguished men, by whom he was received in the most friendly manner. *Diderot* pleased him much, for the vigour and unaffectedness of his character, and he always spoke of him with esteem. In Paris and Versailles he saw all that was worthy of observation in art, institutes, libraries, public buildings. The national theatre impressed him strongly, as representative of the character, taste, and moral culture of the nation. He saw *Dumenil*, *Clairon* and *Le Cain* perform, and admired their

talents, but could only admit their efforts to be clever specimens of conventional art. The simplicity of the Greeks, the nature and truthfulness of genuine character, and the genius of Shakespeare, had too strongly impressed him, for the artificial and declamatory theatre of France to corrupt his taste. In later years, the efforts made in Germany to transplant French dramatic productions and style, called for his opposition and censure, they being, as he stated, rather caricatures than faithful representations of human nature, and so discordant with the elements of the German character.* He characterized the attempt as a sin against the nation, that needed a far different species of representation, more in accordance with the distinctive marks and wants of the people, and more calculated to draw forth, to ennoble, and cultivate them. Nevertheless, intimate personal intercourse with Frenchmen of various ranks, had enabled him to form a just and impartial estimate of their merits. He readily recognized and acknowledged the virtues and capacities of every nation, but deprecated the extravagant imitation of France and England by his countrymen, by which they disparaged their own single-minded and honest character, made themselves slaves, and attracted the contempt of the very nations which they had selected for their prototypes.

In one of his letters, dated from Paris in 1769, he says,—

“My time is divided here between the society of the learned, visits to libraries, picture galleries, and antiquities, the theatre and such public buildings as are interesting in conception and execution. Paris is the centre of taste and splendour, the arts and scientific institutions. As, however, taste is but the lowest apprehension of the beautiful, and splendour is but appearance, and often a substitute for it, France can never fully satisfy me, and I am already tired of it. Nevertheless, I would not, on many grounds, have foregone my acquaintance with it, or have wanted the experience and the ideas respecting its language, manners, morals, taste, arts, and sciences which I have acquired. I have studied books and men, dance and painting, music and the French public. The seeds, however, are for a future spring.”

* Schiller also held similar sentiments, and with true poetic instinct and jealous care of the taste and moral advancement of his countrymen, deprecated the introduction of French models on the German stage. Vide his indignant verses to Goethe, on his production of Voltaire's “Mahomet,” at the Weimar theatre, beginning—

“Du selbst, der uns von falschem Regelzwange
Zur Wahrheit und Natur zurückgeführt,” &c.

Elsewhere, he says of the same country and period:—

“Its literary epoch has closed, the age of Louis is past, and the Montesquieus, D'Alemberts, Voltaires, Rousseaus, are gone. Men are dwelling on their ruins. What now doth the hero-singer, the writer of *petite-comédie*, the lyrist say? The taste for Encyclopedias, *Dictionnaires*, Extracts, Anas, indicates the want of original works. The *penchant* for foreign writings, the praise of the *Journal Etranger*, expresses a deficiency of native power. Marmontel, Arnaud, Laharpe, are the short stubble—mere, sprouting Autumn shoots. The great harvest is past.

During his sojourn in Paris, he received the offer of the post of tutor and travelling chaplain to the son of the duke of Holstein-Eutin, whom he was to accompany in a tour for three years, under the Baron von Cappellmann, who acted as superior tutor. This he accepted, and passing through Hamburg in April 1770, where he spent fourteen delightful days with Lessing, arrived at Eutin to enter upon his charge. His reception was most friendly, and the duke promised, at the completion of the period, not only not to impede Herder's return to Riga, which still was his hope, to establish a seminary there for youth, on a comprehensive and enlightened scale, but to lend all his assistance to secure his permanent establishment at St. Petersburg.

Herder's position however was anything but satisfactory. Von Cappellmann, the head tutor, was not well-suited for his station, and the prince, his pupil, was of weak and wayward mind. In July 1770, their journey, which was first to embrace various parts of Germany, commenced, and they arrived at Darmstadt, where he met with Mademoiselle Flachsland, the lady who afterwards became his wife. She says,—

“Herder preached in the palace chapel; I heard the voice of an angel and the language of the soul. A celestial creature, in the human form, stood before me; in the afternoon I saw him again and stammered out my thanks. From this moment our souls were one, and remained so for ever, our meeting was the work of God. A more intimate unity of spirit than ours could neither be, nor be imagined.”

Certainly, Herder had just reason to be grateful to an all-kindly Providence, for the amiable creature bestowed on him as his partner. Dr. Müller describes her “as wife, mother, friend, one of the noblest of her sex.” Herder himself, in a letter to Friedh. Jacobi, calls her his “consolation, happiness, and tree of life.” She was of lovely Grecian countenance, as a cotemporary depicts her in 1773,—

"Blue-eyed as is the vault of Heaven
—A very Angel on this Earth."

equally graceful and winning in body and soul. It may not also be uninteresting to some of our readers to state, as offering a gauge of the powers of her heart and intellect, that she was one of the earliest to recognize and to admire the genius of Jean Paul Richter.

But to proceed—

"We saw each other," she says, "daily: I felt a happiness hitherto unexperienced, but also an indescribable sadness and melancholy, for I believed we should never meet again. On 25th August, we celebrated his birthday in a small circle of friends at the castle; there he gave me the first letter he ever addressed to me. With this, I received the most sacred gift that earth had to bestow on me; I could only be grateful to God and him.

On 27th August, Herder continued his journey, setting off for Strasburg. I spoke to him on the morning of his departure, at the moment of separation, for the first time quite alone: few words were requisite here, we were one heart, one soul; no separation could sever us."

He resigned his unsatisfactory office at Strasburg, where he remained six months, chiefly for the advantage of surgical aid which he needed for his eyes, submitting to three painful and unsuccessful operations, and confined all the time to his chamber, to the exhaustion of his scanty finances. Here he wrote his prize essay on Language, and became acquainted with Goethe and Jung Stilling. In Goethe's *Aus meinem Leben*, we find this account of their first meeting.

"I had gone to an hotel to visit some stranger residing there; at the foot of the staircase I met a man about to ascend, and whom I took for a clergyman. His powdered hair was arranged in cylindrical curls; his black coat, and still more a long black silk mantle, the ends of which were together tucked into his pocket, indicating his profession. This somewhat singular, yet on the whole well-bred and pleasing person, of whom I had already heard, made me no longer doubt that he was the celebrated stranger, and my address must at once have convinced him that he was recognized. He asked my name; that to him could have conveyed no importance; my frankness seemed to have pleased him, as he replied with greater friendliness. At parting, I requested permission to visit him, which, with great kindness, he gave me. I neglected not to avail myself of this favour repeatedly, and felt myself continually more attached to him. He was gentle in his demeanour; which was very pleasing and becoming, without being properly *adroit*; he had a round face,

a striking forehead, a somewhat short nose, a rather projecting, but by no means vulgar, mouth, of peculiarly agreeable and amiable expression, and, below black eyebrows, a pair of coal-black lively eyes of which one appeared red and inflamed. By manifold questions he sought to make himself acquainted with me and my circumstances, and I felt myself continually more and more attracted towards him. Herder had already made himself sufficiently renowned, and by his *Fragments* his *Critical Wolds* and other works, had ranged himself by the side of those distinguished men, who for some time had drawn the eyes of their father-land upon them."

Of Goethe, Herder says, in a letter written to his beloved very shortly after,—

"Goethe is truly an excellent creature, though somewhat susceptible and volatile, on which subject he has my constant reproofs. He was occasionally the only one who visited me at Strasburg, during my confinement on account of my malady, and whom I was so glad to see; I believe that I made some beneficial impression on him, which will one day be operative."

The gay young Franckfort patrician, full of life and animal spirits, with a poet's fancy and a poet's blood in his veins, would doubtless not carry himself so steadily at times, as the strict morals and profession of his friend would require.

Like all of gentle soul he had the power of bearing pain and trial most bravely.—

"I found frequent occasions, says Goethe, of admiring his great fortitude and patience; for neither during the many surgical operations for his eyes, nor the repeated painful dressings, did he evince the least irritability; he seemed the one amongst us who suffered the least. His resolution under such continued trials, and his stern determination of bearing the consequent disfigurement all his life, were truly sublime."

In the volumes to which we are indebted for the substance of this sketch of Herder's life, we have copious extracts from the letters addressed to his chosen one while he was staying at Strasburg. They are of great beauty and interest, but from want of space we must refer the inquisitive reader to the work itself. In one he says, of music,—

"For sensitive hearts and refined spirits, it is an indispensable pleasure. Thoughts of the mere understanding fatigue so easily, words, of the mouth alone, become frequently so powerless, that music, ensouled with song, certainly is requisite, as a daily implement to the economy of a happy life."

In another,—

"So Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet has delighted you, and yet this is one of Wieland's least happy translations! The reason probably is, that Wieland himself never felt anything like this sweet *Romeo-love*, but has only had his *head* filled with his Pantheas and Seraphins, instead of having his *heart* humanly warmed, and therefore the most beautiful hints, in which love speaks more than words, were to him a totally unknown tongue. * * * I have not only read, but *studied* Shakespeare, and I rigidly underline the word. Every play that he has written is an *entire philosophy* of the passion of which he treats."

In February 1770, while at Strasburg, the office of primate and ecclesiastical court councillor at Bückeburg, in the territory of the Count of Schaumburg-Lippe was offered to, and accepted by him. In May 1771, he arrived there; his new patron (whose portrait is to be seen at Buckingham Palace as the Count La Lippe) was of singular character and of opposite qualifications to Herder. Of tall well-framed, noble but spare figure, melancholy countenance marked with intellect and gravity totally dissimilar to the German physiognomy, he more resembled a Spanish knight, or an aristocratic Don Quixote, than a German prince. He was still, earnest, proud, self-esteeming and taciturn; while Herder was of gentle, free, modest, but lively character. Hitherto as tutor, preacher, instructor, he had been a free man; not arrogating importance to himself, nor by anything like forwardness seeking to impose upon men, yet not the less deeply was rooted in him a keen sense of manly dignity, and a susceptibility of all severity and injustice. Both expected something different in each other; besides the duties of his clerical station, he was to supply the place of the celebrated Abbt, lately deceased, who had been the count's companion and friend. The count expected from his new associate, not only philosophic discourse and learned communications, but pliability of character, to pay homage and deference to his patron's views. The independence and strict rectitude of Herder's character, could not be in accordance with such servility; his patron wished also, that he should devote himself more to a contemplative and literary life than to his spiritual calling, a strenuous dedication to which Herder felt to be his paramount duty. A pastor without a congregation, a friend of education without schools to superintend, a consistorial councillor without a consistory! all the pleasing anticipations of his pastoral office annihilated, while an entire deficiency of society and friendly intercourse, made him dissatisfied with his position, which he

would have felt intolerable, but for the counteraction supplied by the amiable and impressive character of his patron's consort. She possessed every quality to win and preserve the reverence and love of all around, and particularly of one so appreciative of the sweet womanly and christian graces of her character as Herder. Youth, beauty, piety, humility, affability, a sweet and gracious temper, were united in her.

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an Angel light."

"To behold an incarnation of *Carita*, gentleness, love, and angelic humility in one person, you must see her;" he says in one of his letters. She was of delicate health and weakly constitution, and Herder feared she would be but short-lived. Her correspondence with him, and the extracts from his wife's letters, illustrative of her beautiful character, are among the most interesting portions of the work to which we must refer our readers. By her influence his appointment was made more agreeable; he was stimulated and encouraged by her in his proper sphere of utility, and ever found in her personally a faithful friend, a zealous disciple, and an assiduous co-operator.

In 1772 he visited Göttingen, and became acquainted with the celebrated Heyne and his wife;—the latter, another rare specimen of womanhood.—

"Heyne (he says) is one of the noblest, finest, and most harmonious of souls, such as no one would look for in a man made up of Latin, or would find in a century. She is a woman of the strongest sensibility and character—the *best of mothers*; she is not handsome, but her countenance is one entire expression of feeling and sympathy. Its ordinary indication is profoundly still and reflective, as if absorbed in the deepest dream; many trying circumstances have spread a cloud over her mien, giving* it an earnest cast; but when she speaks, when her eyes enkindle, when with full soul her heart speaks, what a change! We read Klopstock's odes together, and I believe the poet's power was never more fully or enthusiastically felt. Heyne himself is in character sweet-toned as his voice, he detects the minutest deviation from sincerity, is a deadly foe to all artifice and servility, gentle and unassuming, but under all this lies the profoundest learning, sensibility, and reflectiveness. I

* The early trials and sufferings of Heyne and his excellent wife form a most touching chapter in the history of those who have had tribulation. We refer our readers, for the detail of these, to his biography by Heeren, or to a delightful paper on it in Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellanies*.

have had recounted to me by several, many noble traits and actions of his, of unequalled greatness."

On his return from Göttingen, Herder determined to marry.

"We must act determinedly, he wrote to his future wife, or there will be no end to our waiting, and our hopes will be ruined. The condition of a noble, faithful pastor's wife is, without egotism, the worthiest and the loveliest on the earth, and blessed with good children, must be one of the most heavenly. Without them even, still divine, where it is active and dutiful; when it unites two beings who, severed from each other, would be harassed with anxieties; who, together, strengthen each other, and reciprocally teach and impress the thousand-fold duties which God has imposed."

And referring to the petty bickerings at court, and the insinuations against him, he very beautifully says:—

"Every one should act for and from himself. *Be true to thyself*, to the idea of manhood within thee, in this consists all morality. We are all, as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife says, as God has made us. This we ought to remain, and be at one with ourselves, and strive to act with all truthfulness and integrity. This is law and gospel, character and discipline."

As to the proposal of their marriage, the lady hesitated with diffidence and true feminine delicacy, stating that she possessed no property, nor any qualifications to render him as happy as he deserved to be. Herder pressed her still more. "You must not, shall not forsake me. I am alone in the world, and God will not forsake us." "So loved he me in my poverty," says the grateful woman, "and I, oh God, would have offered up ten lives for him."

In the month of May 1793, they were married; that season sweet, when

"Spring sweeps o'er the world again,
Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings,
Flowers on the mountains, fruits upon the plain,
And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things."

That time of promise and renewed youth and gladness, which seems the fittest period for a poet's wedding.

They now stepped into a new sphere. Previously, but portions of the circumference of other circles, they were now about to become the centre of their own, that circle of sweet duties and charities, that domestic microcosm, of all institutions the most sacred—a family.

This was a wise step of Herder's, of which he never re-

pented, although he possessed none of what he calls "that tormenting devil, Mammon, that leviathan that entangles all mankind, gold;" but began his wedded career somewhat in debt, yet with a cheerful dependence upon Providence.

"We hastened to our peaceful little dwelling at Bückeburg," says the bride, "where the disinterested regard, sympathy, and friendship, of rare and noble-minded persons, awaited us. The three years and-a-half that we resided there, were the paradisaical years of our household felicity, the golden age of our wedded life."

From this change of condition he reaped great benefit. He felt renewed, as it were, in heart and mind, and restored to his free, firm, proper and benevolent nature. All vacillation and uncertainty were banished; by his side stood a beloved wife, who looked up to him and was a part of his being, who sought to make his lot a happy one, and whose felicity was committed to his hands. With undistracted mind and rekindled powers, he applied himself to the prosecution of many suspended literary labours. He now completed a work, of which the idea was conceived at Riga, *Die Älteste Urkunde des Menschen Geschlechts*. He prepared his *Provincial Leaves*, his *Popular Songs of different Nations*, his *Exposition of the New Testament*, and the *Epistles of two Disciples of Jesus*. He also obtained a second prize from the Academy of Berlin, for his Essay on the "Causes of corrupted taste among divers nations." The Provincial Leaves, which excited some displeasure and opposition, he had been induced to undertake in contravention of some theologians of the day, who sought to reason away all that was venerable in antiquity, the consecrate and divine in Scripture, and all that was positive in religion.

An instance of Herder's probity of character, and devotion to the sacred trust committed to his charge, now occurred at Bückeburg. His patron, the Count, desired the appointment of a young man as preacher. This, which was doubtless equivalent to a command, Herder felt bound to refuse, on account of the immoral character and gross incapacity of the candidate. Herder summoned him before the Consistory, but he excused himself from attending. The summons was repeated, with a similar result, when a member of the court communicated a verbal order from the count, that the candidate should be admitted *without examination*. Herder, feeling himself fully justified by the character and ignorance of the applicant, notwithstanding several irregular proceedings of his patron, to secure the ordination of his *protégé*, steadily

persisted in his refusal, and the count finally submitted to the rejection.

Some negotiation now took place with his Göttingen friends respecting his appointment as professor of theology, and university preacher there, but which terminated in Herder's refusal, on account of some vexatious and novel conditions connected with it. Pending this negotiation, he received a letter from Goethe, inquiring if he was willing to accept the office of superintendent-general at Weimar, the duties of which were equivalent to those of bishop. To this application, Herder replied with alacrity, stating his readiness to undertake the office.

From the count, Herder parted not without emotion. Of the countess he had previously taken a last farewell, as death, the great deliverer, had removed her, some time before, to that bourne whence no traveller returns.

In October, 1776, he arrived in Weimar, and was officially installed in his new and dignified office. The first winter he dedicated entirely to the affairs of his diocese, in the arrangement of which he met with much unlooked for and unjustifiable opposition. But by the correct and exemplary discharge of his duties he secured a just appreciation of his conduct, the esteem of the court, and the respect even of his opponents.

The duchess-mother, an accomplished lady, had gathered about her an assemblage of distinguished and learned men, among whom Herder was invited, and she exhibited her sense of his merits by many conspicuous tokens of her confidence and regard, as did also the reigning duke and his consort. An intimate friendship united him to Wieland, Von Knebel, Johann von Müller, the historian, and his brother, Dr. G. Müller, and the society of these, and a few other accomplished men, was one of the great charms of his Weimar residence.

His literary activity was conspicuous during his residence in Weimar, important and engrossing as were his official duties, and zealous as he was in the discharge of them. Amongst other writings he published his *Lieder der Liebe*, his *Plastik*, and obtained the prize of the Munich Academy, for his essay *On the Effects of Poetry on Ancient and Modern Nations*. In 1779 appeared his *Maran-atha*, or the Book of the coming of our Lord. From the Academy of Berlin he bore off the prize for *The influence of Government on Science and Science on Government*. In 1780 and 1781 he gave out

his *Letters on the Study of Theology*, and obtained a second time the Munich Academy's prize, for *The influence of the Fine Arts on Science*. The *Spirit of Hebrew Poesy* was printed in 1783, and the first volume of his *Philosophy of the History of Mankind*. On the latter he had long and deeply meditated, and it may be ranked as the ripened fruit and rich garnering of his active and vigorous mind. Of this work he says :—

"In early life, when the fountains of knowledge lay before me in all their morning splendour, the thought often occurred to me whether, as everything else in the world had its philosophy and regulative principles, that which so much concerns us, the history of mankind as a great and entire aggregate, had not also its philosophy and scientific laws. All things suggested this to me, metaphysics and morals, physics and natural history, but religion most of all."

In 1787 he published his *Conversations on God*, in which he passes in review the creeds of Spinoza, Leibnitz, Shaftesbury, Lessing, Jacobi, and others, on the idea of the Supreme Being, and defends the character of Benedict Spinoza from the unfounded charge of atheism.* In this work he gives us the leading events of the wise and gentle Jew's life (from an interesting biographical sketch published about half a century previous), and a translation of an incomplete essay by Spinoza, entitled *Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione*, which is a precious fragment of philosophic wisdom.

In August 1788, he set off for Italy, in the suite of the duchess dowager of Weimar, whence he returned to his home and his official duties in July 1789. The impression that this beautiful land, "the mother of painting and sweet sounds," with all its magic wonders of art, its ruined greatness and political degradation, made on him, may be gathered from many parts of his works, but still more from the various delightful and pictorial letters addressed to his wife and children, which are quoted.

In one letter, addressed to his wife, he says :—

"Italy has been to me a great school of culture. Every accom-

* The accusation of atheism may be attributed to the ingenious, but light-minded Bayle, and the irritation of the disciples of the Cartesian school, of which Spinoza had himself once been an adherent. F. Jacobi also, in his letter to Fichte, has justly exonerated him from the same charge. "Not the being of God," he says, "but only the name is denied. So thought I of Spinoza, when, in my answer to Mendelssohn, I wrote, 'Eh proh dolor.' And be thou blessed, great, yea saintly Benedictus, however thou mayst have erred and philosophized respecting the nature of the Supreme Being, his truth was in thy soul and his love was thy life."

plished man, or every one seeking to accomplish himself, who is provided with the requisite knowledge of its history, literature, and language, will find here a lofty school, and learn to frame and rectify his judgments by an exalted standard.

* * * * *

"In how many things has not this journey instructed me ! How many chords of my being has it not greatly and strongly agitated, of which I was scarcely conscious before. This I know, that it has enlarged my knowledge of men a thousand-fold ; forcibly made me to discern the true value of life ; and, especially, taught me to esteem fidelity and love, of which the world presents so little. Italy, and, *in specie*, Rome, has truly been to me a high school, not only of art, but of life. More serious wilt thou find me on my return ; but fear not my earnestness, it will bind me to thee and to mine with renewed and unseverable bands."

About this time, while at Rome, he received through his friend Heyne an official invitation to Göttingen, to undertake the offices of professor and head preacher there ; but, after much consideration, determined to remain at Weimar. He subsequently, however, regretted this decision. He had been appointed to a higher station in the Superior Consistory, which burdened him with new and absorbing claims on his time, and the opposition given to some of his projected reforms wearied and distressed him. In addition to these, deep-seated bodily ailments, and hostile misrepresentation of his aims and character, by some of his cotemporaries, preyed upon his spirits, and deprived him of his activity. In the winter of 1789, he was confined to his bed, and, for some days, his life was despaired of. In 1791 he was attacked by ill health, and compelled to visit Carlsbad for recovery, and, in 1792, Aix la Chapelle for the same purpose. His sojourn at these places was very beneficial, and he returned home much improved in physical condition.

In the earnest discharge of his official duties, the supervision of reprints of his published works, and the composition of new productions in various departments of literature, evincing great talent and erudition, replete with the most humanizing sentiments, broad-based philosophic views, piety, and Christian love, the intervening period, until 1802, was passed. The *Philosophy of the History of Humanity* was then completed, and the *Persepolitan Letters* ; many valuable and original theological works, his *Metakritik* on Kant's philosophy, and his *Cid*, were then written. The critical attack on the Kantian metaphysics added neither to his reputation nor

repose; for, although abounding in many specimens of his fine intellect, and observations of great interest to philosophical investigations, both in substance and treatment, there was much of misunderstanding, and consequently, misrepresentation of Kant; and the disciples of the Königsberg philosopher replied with a fierceness and perseverance that very much affected the comfort of Herder's latter years. It is but justice, however, to Herder, to state that, though he dissented from much of the system of the founder of the critical philosophy, he had the highest regard for the man, which he expressed, not only to Kant himself, in correspondence, but had pronounced in print, eulogizing the spirit and the beneficial results of much that had been promulgated.

The poems on the *Cid* had a different fate. They were well received from the first, and continue to this day one of the most popular books in Germany. His noble editor, Johann von Muller (nobler in the blazonry of heaven's bestowal than in that of the holy Roman empire) erroneously describes them, in the preface he attached to a late edition, as *translations* of old romances. The material, the *metal*, may be traced to many a *tesoro* and *historia del muy valeroso Cavallero*, and particularly to the *Romancero General*; but Herder has completed, re-fused, and reminded the mass in the forceful crucible of a rich and vigorous imagination, and moulded it into new and gorgeous forms, eloquent of the old, noble, and *Hispanique* spirit. They are not verbal transfers from one language to another, but original and impressive poems on the great and good *Campeador*. They sing the joys and sorrows, the renown and death of the heroic *Cid*, whose name will last as long as any feeling for a genuine noble mind exists in the human heart.

In addition to the many works he had hitherto produced, he had framed vast plans of future activity, to the execution of which it would seem that a long life was requisite. But the mission prescribed to him was now drawing to a close. The last of the Hours that brings rest and peace for man in its friendly hand, that makes calm the beatings of the heart, and closes his eyes on the sphere of the phenomenal and the transitory, then bears him, on gentle wing, to the region of eternal realities,—realities, how pure, abiding, and sublime,—was approaching to execute its office for Herder. In 1801 and 1802 he suffered much from ill health, and particularly from a disorder in the eyes, for which he visited various watering places, but returned only temporarily improved.

Renewed application to his pursuits, literary and official, deranged his physical system, and aggravated the complaint in the eyes, producing inactivity in the liver, and extreme irritability of the nerves, which reacted on all the functions of life. These maladies reached a height in 1803 alarming to all his friends. The weakness and excitability of the nervous system affected his whole organization, his sight was nearly lost to him, and he was subject, almost daily, to fainting fits. His eldest son, Gottfried, recommended recourse to the baths of Eger, and a visit to Dresden. The anticipated efficacy of the baths failed, but the visit to Dresden acted like a potent stimulant on his decaying powers. That city, which he had never before seen, with its lovely environs, pure air, its noble library and galleries of art, the magnificent strains of sacred music in the Catholic churches, together with the society of some men of high attainments, who welcomed him with respect and enthusiasm, quite enchanted him, and reconjured up for him all the magic fairness of his beautiful Italy. Amongst others, he became acquainted with the then electoral prince, who treated him with the most deferential distinction. They conversed on his ideas of philosophy and history, on the spirit and art of government, and on Herder's various professional vocations. The prince expressed his surprise that, amidst such multifarious and absorbing occupations, his distinguished guest could find time to cultivate the finer branches of literature. Herder's answer was,—“The hours devoted to these are my periods of repose and restoration. Poetry is to me the language of the human heart, that acts upon us with more living and life-giving energy than prose, and which I hold indispensable for the elevation and ennobling of the mind and character of men.” He returned to Weimar, believing himself much improved in health by the excursion; but it was a vain notion. The nervous weakness returned upon him, perhaps the more strongly from the late expansion and excitement he had experienced. He became weaker and weaker, and eat nothing, so that for a time life was only artificially sustained. In the early period of his last illness, he often said, “Ah, would that some great and original idea would come to me, to pervade and gladden my soul, then should I be cured at once.” When the sleepless and restless nights continued, he said, “I cannot comprehend my malady; my mind is sound and vigorous, my body only is weak. Could I but rise from bed, how much could I do.” The hopes of his family, although daily becoming weaker, yet lingered until

the 18th of December, the last day of his life. "On this day," says his excellent wife, "after a violent attack of pain in the breast, he sank into sleep, from which he never awoke on earth, but in the evening, about eleven o'clock, gently, without the slightest pang, fell asleep in the arms of God. Alas! all our lamentation and tears could not awaken him again. He it was for whom alone we lived. He was our guardian angel who had lived for us. Oh! inscrutable God, Thou wilt one day unveil all things to us—perhaps soon."

The loss of a man so honoured and esteemed, so distinguished by the efforts he had made for the moral exaltation of his countrymen, so accessory to the lasting reputation and true dignity of Germany, was felt deeply and widely. His funeral, at night by torch-light, was public and becoming. He was buried in the metropolitan church of St. Peter and Paul, at Weimar, and an oration pronounced over his grave by the senior clergyman, in the presence of a numerous auditory, in which due justice was done to the high character, the rare attainments, the elevating purposes of the man. Over his grave the duke of Saxe-Weimar has caused a monument to be placed, of black marble, on which is sculptured a serpent, the symbol of eternity, and the words *light, love, life*, expressive of the sum of his philosophy, his religion, his hope, the principle, the character, and the end of all his earthly efforts.

His intellectual excellences were rare and commanding, and worthy of all admiration; though less so than those of his moral being,—his strict integrity, his ardent love of truth, his fervent and tender piety, the purity and loveliness of his domestic life, his devoted attachment to the cause of liberty and human happiness. If there were shades and defects of character that would chequer the brightness of the picture, let them be unrated as things departed, and let the grave veil them for ever.

How great was the influence of his genius, is proved by the high estimation in which he was held by so many of his contemporaries, of diverse attainments and character; among others, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, Heyne, Eichorn, Jean Paul, and Dalberg. A friendship of the most cordial and brotherly nature existed between Herder and Richter. He who could win the admiration and regard of one so finely moulded, so rich in head and heart, as Jean Paul, must doubtless have been no ordinary man. Out of his exuberant love and regard for Herder, he either speaks directly of, or makes

allusion to him in many parts of his various works, particularly in the *Flegeljahre*, the *Æsthetik*, and the *Briefe und bevorstehen Lebensauf*." In the latter is a letter, addressed to his imaginary son, Hans Paul (for he was at the period of its composition unmarried), which embraced a clear and appreciative judgment of the Kantian philosophy, and terminates with a spirited apotheosis of Herder. From the conclusion of this paper we give the following extract:—

"Thou wilt one day peruse the works of a man of genius, whom, in thy youth, from enthusiastic excitement, thou wilt fail to comprehend, who later however with limbs, which are at the same time wings, will bear thee above the paper globe of mere verbal wisdom. Oh Paul, when thou hast once ascended to the upper world of this genius, that has no isolated thoughts and attainments, but spreads out every wavelet-ripple into the vastness and richness of a planetary orbit; that lays not his hand on a solitary bough of the tree of knowledge to pluck its fruit, but, like an earthquake, upmoves and agitates the whole tree from the very soil in which it is enrooted,—when thou hast climbed the heights of this world, thou wilt stand on a mountain-top; the nations below will be brought nearer and lie united around thee, and this painter of ages and peoples, will confer a loftier toleration on thee, than that which thy century knows;—on his Alpine elevation thy soul will become expanded, and the pure and light mountain-air will bring the heavens and the earth nearer to thee, and soften the gleams of the fiery stars and the tumult of life.—Fancy will weave for thee her *Fata morgana*, and surround thee with her gorgeous rainbows; and melodies will float around thee, when he builds up an altar, for on every stone Apollo's lyre has been laid*—then, my good son, when by his aidance thou art made so happy, remember also how happy he made thy father, and give to the man whom thou lovest and honourest most inwardly, no other name than—HERDER."

The *Vorschule der Æsthetik*, closes with another splendid tribute to Herder's genius and powers; beautiful as the sad but stately chaunt over the grave of some dear friend. From it we give the following extracts, which we feel assured require no apology to our readers for their length.

"The nightingales were warbling amid leaves and may-blooms, above them the lark in the evening clouds; through all the neighbouring copses Spring had passed and left memorials of her progress everywhere in odours and blossoms. I pondered on that departed one whom (rarely as the appellation dare be applied), I cannot

* The stones on which Apollo placed his instrument, while building, drew from it the gift of uttering musical sounds.—*Pausanias Att.*

otherwise denominate than a great man ! how happy and how refreshed was he among trees and flowers ! with an inborn passionate ardour towards all nature, like a Bramin, he loved with a lofty Spinozism of the heart, every minute creature, and the meanest blossom in his path. A travelling carriage moving through all the verdant life of meadows and woods, was his chariot of the sun, and only to the free and open heavens, as under the expansive charm of music, did he unlock his heart, which then unfolded all its beauty as a serene and lustrous flower." * * *

"Was he no poet, as he himself often declared when measured by the Homeric or Shakesperean standard, yet was he something more,—namely, a poem, an Indico-Grecian Epos shaped by a Divine hand.

"But it is difficult to distinguish, for in his fair soul, even as in a masterly poem, all was most harmoniously fused and blended together ; and the good, the beautiful, and the true, dwelt there in inseparable and coequal manifestation. His life seemed to be fashioned after some living Grecian model ; poetry was not a mere appendage to its horizon, like the iris-hued mass of clouds which we often discern in the distance, in foul weather : but it glided resplendent and beautifying, like a free and graceful rainbow, over the gross surface of worldly things, a moving heaven's portal. Thence came his Grecian reverence for all gradations of life, and the epic spirit of all his works, which led forth, as with the impartial hand of a God and on the widest of stages, all times, modes, nations and minds before the secular eye. Thence came his Grecian aversion to every inequality and want of symmetry, every bias either on one side or the other ; many storm and rack poems, converted his intellectual martyrdom into a physical one. He wished to see the victims of poetic art fair and inviolate, as the thunder of heaven leaves the men it strikes ; therefore he rigidly drew, as a Grecian poem, the limit of beauty around every sentiment, even the sweetest and most becoming, and frequently by the interjection of the humorous. Men of deadened sensibility only, revel in its emotions ; those of deeper and healthful character, fly from their power, and hence wear the appearance of coldness and apathy. It is more easy for a great poetic soul to become everything on earth but happy, for man has something of the lava soil, which for years braves every winter, but softens and crumbles away when it puts forth flowers. Verily the poet is an eternal youth, and the morning-dew remains throughout his life-day, though without sun-light, its drops are dull and cold.

"Few minds were learned upon so comprehensive a scale as Herder. The major part follow only the rarest and least known branches of a science ; he, on the contrary, took only the great streams, but of all sciences, into his vast heaven-reflecting ocean, that impressed upon them its own motion towards the east. Many become entangled by their erudition, as by a destructive ivy ; he,

however, was festooned by his, as by the grape-clustered branches of the vine ; he united the boldest freedom of system on nature and the supreme with the most pious faith. He exhibited a real Grecian humanity, in the tenderest appreciation of all genuine human relationships and circumstances, and in a vehement wrath against all corruptions of the same ; thus was he a defenced city populous with flowers, a northern oak whose branches were sensitive plants. How magnificently, how implacably did he kindle against any creeping creature, against indolence, inward dissonance, dishonour, and poetical effeminacies : against German critical coarseness, against every sceptre in brutal hands and the serpentry of the age ! But would you hear the sweetest of voices, it was his, in the expression of love : whether towards a child, poetry, or music, or in forbearance towards the weak. He resembled his friend Hamann, in whom was combined the hero and the child ; who like an electrified man in a darkened chamber, stands with a glory round his head, until contact draws the flashing lightning out of him. His greatness was but insufficiently estimated by his contemporaries ; he was partially weighed, not taken as a whole, and his full valuation will only be ascertained in the diamond scales of posterity." * * *

"Two sayings of his remain ; although to others unimportant, to me they are suggestive of profound reflections. The first, that when once on a peaceful Sabbath morning, in deep melancholy feeling at the cold and lifeless spirit of the times, while the music of the neighbouring church bells floated towards him as from departed centuries, he wished that he had been born in the middle ages. The second, and quite different declaration, was that he yearned for an apparition from the world of spirits, and that he neither felt nor apprehended any of the customary dread connected with such presentations. Oh thou pure and spiritually-related soul ! to thee was this possible—however poetical was thy capacity, and however much these feel the deepest awe before those majestic silent veiled ones, that dwell and wander beyond death—for thou wert thyself a spiritual presence to the earth, and never forgottest thy immortal realm. Thy life was the resplendent exception to the too frequently tarnished careers of other genial men ; like the ancient priesthood, thou sacrificedst ever at the altar of the muses in *white* and *spotless* garments.

"Powerful as death is to surround men with a halo of saintly glory, to me he is not, in that high and far-off world, more lustrous than when here below near me ; and I picture him to myself, in the depths of the immeasurable heavens, beyond the stars, as in his appropriate place and but little changed, save in the obliteration of his earthly sorrows."

The name of a good man should never perish. It is a sacred duty to receive it and his works from the past with

reverence; to hold up both to the admiration of the present, and give our best assistance to transmit them to the future, for its love, its emulation, its instruction. He who zealously strives to perform this, though imperfect his skill or circumscribed his sphere, may feel a manful pleasure in the effort. Some minds, though few, will be "touched to fine issues," and the glory of the exemplar, that the humble disquisitionist holds forth, may live and work for good long after the name of the craftsman has perished for ever. For the preciousness of goodness is indestructible; it is communicable from mind to mind; wherever there is found fitting soil, it will take root and grow; and thus, by a divine arrangement, a golden chain is made to link all lands and ages into one. Virtue, true manhood, has thus an indefinite career; it has the wings of the morning, which speed over the whole world. Like the eagle, however, its course is in an elevated region; it descends not to low places, but alighteth on mountain tops familiar with silence, sunlight, and the stars. To be such resting-places we must raise ourselves above the grovelling and the earthly. To use the language of the fine spirit, whose history we have here imperfectly sketched, we must "cast from us what is unworthy of our nature, aspire after truth, goodness, and heavenly beauty, then shall we not miss the attainment of our immortal aim."

ART. VIII.—*Russia and the Russians in 1842.* By J. G. Kohl, Esq; London: 1842.

EVERY politician amongst us, from Lord Dudley Stuart, to him who studies the affairs of nations in a borrowed newspaper, is interested in the progress of Russia. Her history has been a subject of anxiety or curiosity to the rest of Europe, from the days when clumsy barques, filled with yellow-bearded barbarians, issued from the Borysthenes to pillage the aged capital of the Greek Emperors, down to the present time, when one-ninth of the surface of the globe acknowledges her sceptre; when her ships of war are seen saluting every seaport, and her men of science exploring every region, when her manufactories are emulating the oldest workshops of England and the Continent, when her armies are amongst the foremost in glory, and her statesmen perhaps the

first in diplomacy; and when her Emperor, in the midst of the most brilliant court in the world, is preparing for the extension of his government and of his religion over the fairest portion of the earth. But in a superior degree should Russia be a subject of consideration to us; for, having such ambition, and possessing a navy thought by many not inferior to ours, her interests are, in every quarter of the world, coming into collision with those of Great Britain:—in Africa, at the north-eastern extremity; in America, at the north-western; in Asia, standing opposed to each other in India and in Persia; and in Europe, at the Bosphorus and the Sound.

The great characteristic of Russia in policy is encroachment, slow, but incessant and certain. Little more than one hundred years since, she built her capital on Swedish ground; ever since then she has been pushing, jostling, coaxing, and driving before her the Swedes, the Poles, the Chinese, and the Turks, and always advancing more or less on the Hungarian and German nations. In the meantime she has increased her means of aggression by land and sea—her army would fill a nation; her navy, from the Baltic and the Black Sea, is always looking towards the rich countries of the southern and western coasts. At home, her progress has not been less extraordinary; civilization, instead of spreading slowly over the land, seems to have sprung up every where with mushroom celerity. The government and the people adopt the institutions, the arts, and the manners of the more advanced nations of Europe, almost before they have had time to lay aside the habits and traces of the old systems. Her transition has therefore been so rapid, that she is always a stage or two ahead of her historians; amongst the Russians seven years are equal to an *cetas hominum* elsewhere. The last arrival must therefore bring something new. In these circumstances we are happy to introduce to our readers Mr. Kohl, as an industrious and observant traveller, who brings with him the “latest particulars” of “the march of intellect,” amongst this extraordinary people. It is usual amongst us reviewers, to present the travelled philosopher to the *soirée*, and then to take all the talk to ourselves; but in the present case we will allow the stranger to speak for himself in all important passages, we merely doing the duty of filling up a pause, and throwing in a few words, here and there, to illustrate and advance the thread of the story.

As Paris is France, so it appears Petersburg is Russia. In this magnificent capital, built upon a bottomless bog,

on the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, are collected specimens of all that Russia possesses, in princes, boors, mechanics, agriculturists, priests, soldiers, merchants, pedlars, artists, fine ladies and gentlemen, swindlers, pickpockets, and rogues of every description. For the ancient habits of the people you need not repair to Moscow—you will find unadulterated specimens in the new capital. To what is to be seen here, Mr. Kohl therefore chiefly confines himself. Much of what he gives has necessarily been described by former writers. We shall follow him into what is new; and so, without delaying to speak of the grand people, who are like the grand people all over the world; of the grand houses which are even grander than those of our own grandees,—except that the former being often built of wood in a great hurry, frequently tumble down or take fire with corresponding haste; of the streets without a small house or a lane; of the “places” larger than our parks; of the conglomeration of five hundred thousand inhabitants, containing specimens of every race, from the Cape of Good Hope, to the North Pole, from the wall of China, to the mines of Peru; we shall elbow on through “the masses” and examine the extraordinary picture of the primitive Russian people, whose genius still pervades the empire and all its institutions.

In the Haymarket we find the common people; the *Tschor-noi narod*, “the black people,” that is, “the dirty people,” of whom an individual is called a *Mushik*. These people display so many good and bad qualities, that their like is not to be met with in any other nation of the earth; and, therefore, they have been the wonder of all the thinking and comparing heads that have ever visited Russia.

“The common man of Petersburg is precisely the same that we find in the markets of Moscow as in those of Odessa, and who adhering, in all regions and climates, from the Baltic to the frontiers of China and America, with wonderful tenacity to the manners inherited from his ancestors, and preserving his original character, still remains, and will for ages remain, the same in the minutest details of his disposition, his culture, manners and food. The Russian Mushiks have at the first glance, a repulsive and alarming, rather than a courteous and pleasing look; with their long hair and beard, muffled in a thick pelisse, dirty and noisy, they at first rather deter the stranger, and almost dispose him to believe that he has before him a legion of barbarian banditti, who are more inclined to murder and plunder, than to any peaceful occupation. Visitors from the west of Europe have had their notions of the barbarism of the north, of the slavery, misery, and oppression, of the lower classes of the people, all con-

firmed when they look at the Mushiks. But all this roughness, that is at first so striking in the Russian, arises only from his long thick hair, his bushy beard, his shaggy pelisse, often of sheep skin, his loud harsh voice, which is indeed common to all his nation, though sometimes varied into a hollow and drawling tone. Only learn a few phrases of his mother tongue, and address a few kind words to him, and you will immediately discover in every Mushik, a harmless, goodnatured, friendly and officious disposition. '*Sdrastwuitje brat!* Good day brother; how are you?' '*Sdrastwuitje batuischkka!* Good day father; thank God, I am well; what can I do for you?' At the same time the whole face relaxes into a smile, hat and gloves are taken off, bow after bow is made, your hand is grasped with as much politeness as unaffected cordiality: and then he answers your questions with the utmost patience, and the more cheerfully because the common Russian always feels flattered if you ask him about anything, and is fond of acting the part of instructor. A few words often suffice to draw from him long stories and narratives; the Englishman, it is true, feels disgusted when he thinks of the civility and courtesy of the Russians, because he regards them as the natural result of slavery and the whip. The Russians indeed are sometimes taught civility in a way that is far from civil: but a portion of it may always be ascribed to natural disposition; and we may accept the whole, when we have occasion to visit the Haymarket, as a very considerable and welcome boon, when we recollect the rudeness of the low English market people. How far that courtesy in the behaviour of the Russian is from being a consequence of a slavish spirit, how much rather it is in an equal degree the consequence of the mild, gentle, hospitable spirit of the nation, the stranger may learn from the scene that takes place on the meeting of two common Russian peasants, who make more ceremony than gentlemen would with us. The lowest Russian day-labourer salutes his poorest *kum* (cousin) with the same politeness, takes off his hat three times to him, hastens towards him, shakes him by the hand, calls him brother, father, grandfather, bowing repeatedly, inquires with the kindest interest how he does, and wishes him the grace of God, the blessing of heaven, and the protection of all the saints, as he would a person of the first distinction. With the greatest astonishment has many a foreigner witnessed such scenes. *Isvoltje* (be pleased) or *iswinitje* (excuse) is always the third word with the Russian; 'Pardon me! forgive me! excuse me! says one beggar incessantly to another, pulling off at the same time his greasy cap; and though with us a person of quality would not deem the question rudely worded, if one were to ask 'were you lately at your brother's?' yet even the Russian peasant would think it more delicate to give this turn to the expression, '*wui iswolili buitj u bratju?*' (Were you pleased to be yesterday evening at your brother's)."

Why, after this the "excellenza" of Italy, the "vuestra

merced" of Spain, the second person plural of France, and the third of Germany, sink to the level of kitchen gentility! Well may Mr. Kohl remark, "these bearded fellows are the same that we meet ground and polished in the drawing-rooms."

It appears that every peasant has a natural facility for politeness and art:—

"It is interesting to observe with what incredible dispatch these clowns, just taken from the plough, adapt and fit themselves to their new situation in the capital. Many of them arrive there rude and unfashioned as they sallied from their sheepfold. At first they slip and slide on the floors of the apartments, and know not even how to set a table against a wall; but it is not many months before they are coquetting in the most elegant livery, dancing on the smoothest floor with the chamber-maid, scenting the air with their perfumes, and handing their mistresses into the carriages as gracefully as if they had been trained in the corps of pages."

With a hatchet and a knife, a Russian peasant will make almost any thing, from a piano forte to a chair: he will with equal certainty learn to clean boots, and to play the fiddle, within a fortnight: whether he begins one or three languages at a time, is all the same to him, for hearing them is learning them with him,—indeed, the Russians have the reputation of being the first linguists in every court in Europe. Mr. Kohl, however, observes that, though the Russians show such genius at first, it is a genius which cannot advance beyond mediocrity, and that in mechanics and arts they are never first-rate in any thing. But Mr. Leitch Ritchie, who published a very interesting account of Russia a few years since, is even stronger in his applause of Russian ability and versatility than our author. Mr. Ritchie declares that he saw a picture by one of the old masters, so admirably copied as to deceive a connoisseur; and on enquiring for the artist, he was shown a sheepskin-clad boor, lying drunk in a cellar! But we proceed with some other astonishing characteristics of the "black people":—

"Nothing distinguishes the Russian of the lower class more than his trust in God, and his religiousness, which he is continually evincing in the most trifling incidents of ordinary life. *Bogs'teba* (God with thee), *Bog dasti* (God grant), *Slava Bogu* (Glory be to God), are expressions that meet the ear at every step. This religious tone of mind has certainly no small share in that unalterable cheerfulness and content of the common Russian. Let any go from dealer to dealer in the haymarket, and ask each how business goes

on with him, and *Slawa Bogu, charasco* (Glory be to God, well), and *Slawa Bogu paradoschni* (Glory be to God, tolerably), and *Slawa Bogu, ja dawolnui* (Glory be to God, I am satisfied), are the precise answers that will follow one another. One day when I pursued my enquiries farther, I came at last to a little man, and asked, 'How is business with you to-day?' '*Slawa Bogu, ostehen plocho*' (Glory to God, dogged bad). 'If you have fared so ill, why do you say glory to God?' 'What God does is always for the best, sir, and so I praise him when I am unlucky as well as when I am prosperous.' The matter, it is true, has its dark side, and if this trust in God is, on the one hand, a source of the cheerful temper of the Russians, it is, on the other, a cause as well as a consequence of his levity, his indolence, and his planless resignation to whatever may betide him; and, on questioning him farther about the future, you very often obtain the unsatisfactory answers, —'I can't tell, God knows,' 'God will grant it,' 'God is great and almighty,' which are echoed in a thousand tones in the ear, and remind you in Russia at every step of Mohammed and the East."

Now we come to the vices of the Mushik:—

"The whole nation, there is no denying it, is addicted to intemperance in eating and drinking: and yet, it not only furnishes models of the most exemplary sobriety, but there are times when the greatest drunkards practise the strictest temperance. It is generally admitted that in drinking, and especially in the drinking of ardent spirits, the Russian surpasses all other nations; and yet it is singular, he seems to be little affected by it. The awful lesson which Hogarth has given, on the consequences of excessive indulgence in spirituous liquors, is not applicable to this country: on the contrary, these people, who while infants in arms have been accustomed to their share of the dram, live to the age of eighty or a hundred years, and are hale and hearty, as though they never swallowed any thing but milk warm from the breast, and can justly say of brandy as Voltaire, at four-score, said of coffee, that if it was a poison, it must be a very slow one. When they have money, they are to be seen, not sipping out of thimble glasses as we do, but gulping incredible quantities of these pernicious liquors out of tumblers, or, still more unceremoniously, out of the largest pewter measures in which they are served to them. Women, girls, boys, and literally infants at the breast, partake of these carouses, which in any other country would be productive of the worst consequences. Notwithstanding all this, there are times when even the drunkard makes it a point of conscience to drink in secret; and there are individuals who have never tasted ardent spirits, and many others who make a vow, either privately or in a church, not to drink for a certain period a drop of spirituous liquor, and fulfil it most punctually. Many impose on themselves this kind of voluntary absti-

mence for a long period of years, and equal in sobriety the khalifs and the apostles [Mr. Kohl is, of course, a German *philosopher*]. But as extremes produce one another, there are to be seen, on the other hand, even sober exemplary people suddenly seized with the mania of drinking in a frightful degree. This is a phenomenon peculiar in its kind to Russia, so rich in the strangest eccentricities. It frequently happens that the most regular persons, who have punctually performed all their duties, are suddenly seized with such an irresistible hankering after spirituous liquors, and to such a degree, that for months together they are in a state which reduces them to a level with beasts. They assert that they cannot help it; that the devil has got into them, and that they are forced to drink, drink, drink, whether they will or not. They often beg, as if in pity to themselves, that those about them will put the maddening liquor out of their reach, and shut them up, and keep them in confinement. They, nevertheless, break through all restraints, and strive like persons possessed to drown the devil in them with liquor. In Little Russia especially, which is the seat where the demon of brandy has established his worship, and where, on holidays, whole villages are frequently found intoxicated, this peculiar mania rages with the greatest violence. The great sums derived by the government from the brandy monopoly, the prodigious wealth amassed by the farmers of spirituous liquors, who regularly make vast fortunes by their scandalous and fraudulent trade, the hundreds of thousands of blighted prospects and ruined hopes, are the sad evidences how absolute in this country is the sway of that fire-breathing demon, to whose altar all throng to sacrifice their own property, and the welfare of their families,—for whose seductive gifts all long with a vehemence of desire which excites the profoundest disgust, and at the same time the strongest pity for these deluded wretches. The harassed soldier, knowing no other means of drowning for a time the remembrance of his condition and elevating his spirits, has recourse to brandy. Beggars of both sexes beseech you in the most urgent manner—‘Give us some brandy, father.’ Peasants and servants thank you, if you give them spirits, as warmly as if it were the nectar of the gods; and even the women lust after this product of hell as keenly as though it were a gift of heaven. In all the innumerable *wedro-stoof* shops and drinking houses in Petersburg, there were sold in 1827, ardent spirits and liqueurs to the amount of eight millions of rubles;* but in 1833, the spirits alone amounted to eight and a half million rubles. This allows yearly for each inhabitant—man, woman, and child, twenty rubles, or three hundred and twenty bottles; but deduct the foreigners, the higher classes, and invalids, and then you will see at what a rate the

* A paper ruble is worth 10d.; a silver ruble 3s. 2½d. Mr. Kohl leaves it in doubt which he means, but most probably the former.

Tschornoi narod swallow brandy. Of late years, the consumption of spirits has been increasing; but government is doing all it can to check this fatal rage, by improving the quality of beer, of which the consumption also increases. Among us, the boys in the streets follow a drunken man, pelt him with mud, and call him abusive names; [Mr. Kohl is a German, and speaks of *vater land*] this is never the case in Russia: to his no little astonishment, the stranger frequently sees before him two, three, four men walking side by side very quietly, and apparently in full possession of their faculties, till all at once he perceives the whole row before him stagger and reel, and suddenly one or another drops upon the ground, stretches out all four extremities, and makes his bed in the mud, where every passenger who is not his brother or a policeman will let him lie. Our German drunkards are coarse, boisterous, ractory; intoxication makes the Italian and Spaniard gloomy and revengeful, and the Englishman brutal and beastly; but the Russian, unluckily, is in the highest degree cheerful and humorous. In fact, a Russian running over with spirits, kindness, and universal philanthropy, is one of the most remarkable phenomena that a psychologist can study. At the first stage of intoxication, Russians, drinking in a friendly way together, begin to chat and tell stories, sing and fall into each other's arms, hugging, kissing, and nearly stifling one another. By and by, even enemies become reconciled, and mutually embrace, declaring with a thousand demonstrations of friendship, that all former animosities shall be forgotten. Then all strangers, be they of whatever class or age they will, are cordially saluted, kissed, and cuddled. All are addressed by the diminutives of father, daughter, brother, mother, grandmother; and if you do not make a warm return to their friendly greetings, they will say, surely father, you are not angry because we are drunk? Yes, good God, we are all drunk together! Indeed it is abominable. Forgive us, father, for being drunk, punish us, thrash us.' A Russian never fights in his liquor; he never abuses his landlord when he is turned out and refused more drink, but he swears at the closed doors, at the windows, and at the whole house at a frightful rate, heaping abusive epithets upon it, from the foundation up to the roof. He never breaks a lamp; but often does he break his head against the lamp-post; even then he keeps his temper,—he addresses a long speech to his opponent for having stood so obstinately in his way, and then bids it farewell with a hearty hug. At last his jubilation subsides into a continuous song; and extended on his sledge, talking with himself, and with all good spirits, he arrives fast asleep at his farm, whither his sober and intelligent horse has found his way without a conductor."

The reading of this extraordinary picture excites very different sensations. But taken as a whole, the Russians are

not such drunkards as they used to be. The aristocracy formerly drank as much as the "black people." Peter the Great used to get drunk, and so used other emperors. In Catherine's reign, drunkenness was common amongst ladies of quality. The prelates of the Greek Church have not had until very lately a reputation for sobriety; and the body of the clergy—the "papes," are said, up to this time, to drink glass for glass with the common people, from whom they all spring. They are frequently sent home dead drunk from the house which they had attended to prepare penitents for the other world; and it is not uncommon to see them staggering on the altar. They are generally without influence over their flocks, and almost as ignorant as those whom they teach. We are, therefore, not justified in looking for any reformation from that body; and Nicholas seems determined to drive from his empire, the men who might send a Father Mathew amongst his people.

We must continue to trace the character of the Russians amongst "the black people," since from them all the upper classes are recruited. In the history of Russia, we frequently read of peasants becoming persons of consequence. At present they are daily becoming such. On the other hand, nobles are every day transformed into peasants and Siberian colonists, and the highest officers, are degraded to the rank of common soldiers. Nobility is not worshipped, nor imitated as amongst us. The serfs are frequently transferred to new districts; a great body of the population is always in a state of migration, as pedlars or adventurers of some kind or another; and the speculation and shrewdness which make the fortunes of so many, are all found amongst the common people. For all these reasons, then, we must study the nation amongst the Mushiks. Again, we find in them another characteristic, not less conflicting and extraordinary:—

"Of that inferiority which the common people of Russia betray when drunk, they make no secret when sober. They well know and freely acknowledge that we, west Europeans, are superior to them in many respects. When you find fault with their goods, they will frequently say, by way of excuse, 'Why, sir, it is only Russian workmanship, I made it myself. How should it be better? The Germans, we know, are more skilful than we.' *Prostaja rabota* (common work,) is the expression used not only by the foreigner resident in Russia, but by the Russian himself, for Russian workmanship. I asked a dealer in baskets and toys, where his goods came from, 'the toys,' said he, 'are *Niemetzkaja rabota* (German

work;) the baskets, *prostaja* (common) that is to say, Russian. 'We are rogues,' the Russians often plainly confess, 'every one of us strives to cheat the other as much as possible, and I tell you candidly, beware of me.' Again—'indeed we, Russians, are indolent; we cheat whenever we can; our priests wink at the most abominable tricks; nothing can exceed the corruption of our authorities; we are active only when there is money to be gained; the sciences and higher matters have no attractions for us, unless we are forced and kept to the study of them. We cannot do anything cleverly, or finish anything that we begin; and we are sunk in a sensuality to which there is no parallel!' This very frankness in confessing their faults, frequently puzzles a foreigner, and makes him not know what to think of them. 'What is the price of these Catherine plums?' 'Two rubles, sir; you will think them rather dear, but they are capital, genuine French.' 'Oh thou Russian rogue!—these French!' 'Yes, I tell you, really French. But of course, as I am a Russian, this must be a lie. Oh, yes, the Russians are rogues, sir, that every body knows. The Germans and French are not cheats—that is well known too; they are all honest folks, and they sell nothing but what is of good quality. Is it not so, sir? Father, let me advise thee not to buy my plums. Because I say they are French, they are no such thing. We, Russians, look you, lie and cheat whenever we can, and make no scruple to do it. And so the Poles have a saying about us:—'He must be a cunning fellow who outwits a Russian.' Yes, the Poles are right; don't you think so, sir? But, father, buy something of me, whatever thou wilt, if it be ever such a trifle, and I will lay any wager thou pleasest, thou shalt not leave my shop without being taken in. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes, the Russians are cheats! He who is not imposed on by a Russian, must be a cunning fellow!'"

So far from these indications of candour and good-humour being a key to the true character of the people, they only serve to render it inscrutable to the stranger. Nothing is easier than to make a Russian thief confess, and nothing is more common than for one who has a dozen times confessed that he has stolen, and received pardon or punishment, to be guilty again of the same fault. Neither must you suffer yourself to be led away by their open-mouthed good-humour and eternal smiles. Russian thieves and rogues are good-natured, and, to all outward appearance, harmless scoundrels, and the worst Russian despots have been droll, frank, familiar, and seemingly innocent fellows. While they are a nation of cheats and thieves, instances of the most devoted honesty and of the most delicate scrupulosity, are not rare. This system, or rather principle of cheating, however, is injurious

to them; for the mutual distrust occasioned by it, and the want of a system of credit, keeps them always in retail business, or at most second-rate merchants. Every department of business on a large scale is in the hands of a foreigner. With a foreign master and Russian workmen a factory gets on admirably. The difference between the treatment of a foreigner and a native is very striking:—

“As the common Russians make an essential distinction between the Germans—by far the most numerous body of foreign settlers—and their countrymen, so do those of the higher class. ‘*Sluschi tui*—hark thou,’ says the Russian gentleman to a Russian tailor—all who are not gentlemen or foreigners, not excepting the wealthy tradesman, are thou’d.—‘*Padi ssudi*,’ come hither. Measure me for a coat—velvet collar, metal buttons, long waist. Dost thou understand? ‘Perfectly.’ But I must have it the day after tomorrow—dost thou hear?’ ‘*Sluschi*—I hear, I am silent, I obey.’ ‘*Stupie*’—be gone! To an Innostranez, a foreigner, on the contrary, the language will be as follows:—‘My dear Mr. Meier, excuse me for having sent for you. Pray be seated. I should like to have a new coat. What colour do you advise; shall it be green or blue? But I must beg you to make it precisely accordingly to the latest journals of the fashions that you have received, and I should wish you to let me have it within a fortnight, if possible. I know you are very busy. Well, if it is not quite convenient, I will wait three weeks—I am extremely obliged to you. But tell me how are you getting on, Gospodin Meier. What is the state of your affair with Prince K.? If I can be of any service to you, let me know it. Of course you will let me have the coat if possible in three weeks. Adieu!’ A foreign mechanic is paid without a question what he charges, even though he sets down sixty rubles for the mere cutting out of the frock, which is the usual price in Petersburg. But to the Russian, the answer is, ‘What! do you charge twenty rubles for this trifle? Thou shalt get twenty lashes from the police. There are ten for thee—take them!’ ‘*Sluschu*—I obey’—replies the poor brow-beaten rogue, and bowing, goes away contented.”

In all respects the foreigner is in an enviable position in Russia. His rank in society is much higher than that of the native in the same pursuit. He enjoys the full protection of the government; he is exempt from most of the taxes, and he is never called upon to enlist in the army, which is considered the greatest of all visitations. The government periodically attempt to induce or intimidate old settlers into the oath of allegiance; the latter, well knowing that with it ends all their happiness and liberty, sometimes manage by bribes

and manœuvres, to shift off the dreaded day to the third and fourth generation.

The vastness of the empire seems to be indicated by everything you see in Petersburg. Every street and every building is on a Brobdignagian scale, so that the eye soon becomes fatigued in surveying such unwonted proportions. The streets are miles in length and hundreds of feet in breadth. A house contains the population of a town. In the Winter Palace there are 6000 inmates; in the Military Hospital, 4000; in the Foundling Hospital, 7000 children. The private houses are almost equally great. Take one as an example:—

“The *rez de chaussée* formed one side of a bazaar, where the thousand wants of this earthly life might be supplied; while on the other a row of English, German, and French artists and artizans had hung out their show-boards. In the *bel étage* resided two senators, and the families of several wealthy private individuals. In the second story there was a school, which had a high reputation throughout the whole house, and a tolerable number of academicians, teachers, and professors; and in several buildings in the rear dwelt, besides many nameless and obscure people, several majors and colonels, some retired generals, an Armenian priest, and a German minister.”

Hence persons going from one part of the town to another always use a vehicle; to walk is in the lowest degree vulgar. The cabmen are a very numerous body, and reckoned the most skilful in their profession in the world. The Summer Gardens are the great public promenade. Here you will see children attended by Russian footmen, English and French *bonnes*, and German tutors; and in the conversation you will observe the beginning of those Mithridatic acquirements for which the adults are so famous. It is no uncommon thing to hear, for example, such expressions as these:—

“Papa, I have been in the *letnoi ssad* (Summer Garden). Flodor *ss’nami buil* (was with us). *Est ce que vous n’irez pas?*”

The following is a specimen of a conversation between a little polyglot and his French *bonne*:—

“*Bonne*. Nikola, have you been a good boy?

“*Nikola*. *Da, Nana* (Russian, Yes, Nana).

“*Bonne*. Are you sure you have not been naughty.

“*Nikola*. No, no. *Koko sa, Koko mi*. (*Koko*, a Russian abbreviation for *Nikola*; *sa*, French, *sage*, good; *mi*, Russian, *mihloi*, good, dear.)

“*Bonne*. What has your brother done?

“*Nikola*. *Bibi Koko* (*Bibi*, English for beaten; he has beaten Nicholas).”

The market for eatables affords the most extraordinary physical and social sight in the world, particularly in winter:

"Not only is every thing brought in sledges, but the sledges serve at the same time for shops and counters. The mats which cover the goods are thrown back a little, and pieces of geese, fowls, and calves, are ranged on the edge, and hung up at the corners and at the tops of the posts. The geese are cut up into an hundred pieces; the necks are sold separately, the legs separately, the heads and rumps separately, each in dozens and half-dozens, strung together. Whoever is too poor to think of the rump, buys a string of frozen heads; and he who finds the heads too dear, gives six copecks for a lot of necks; while he who cannot afford these, makes shift with a couple of dozen feet, which he stews down on Sunday into a soup for his family. The sledges with oxen, calves, and goats, have a most extraordinary appearance. These animals are brought to market perfectly frozen. Of course they are suffered to freeze in an extended posture, because in this state they are most manageable. There stand the tall figures of the oxen, like blood-stained ghosts, lifting up their long horns around the sides of the sledge; while the goats, looking exactly as if they were alive, only with faint, glazed, and frozen eyes, stand threateningly opposed to one another. Every part is as hard as stone. The carcasses are cut up, like trunks of trees, with axe and saw. The Russians are particularly fond of the sucking pig, and whole trains of sledges laden with infant swine come to the market. The little starvelings, strung together like thrushes, are sold by the dozen, and the long-legged mothers keep watch over them around the sledge. The anatomy of the Russian butcher is a very simple science, for as every part is alike hard, they have no occasion to pay regard to the natural division of the joints. With the saw they cut up hogs into a number of steaks; the flesh splits and shrives under the operation like wood, and the little beggar wenches are very busy picking up the animal sawdust out of the snow. You do not ask for a steak, a chop, a joint, but for a slice, a block, a lump, a splinter of meat. The same is the case with fish; they too are as if cut out of marble or wood. Those of the diminutive species are brought in sacks, and put into the scales with shovels. It is not uncommon for the whole cargo to be frozen into one mass, so that the crowbar and pincers are required to get at an individual fish. Every thing looks clean and pure during the winter, for the offal and fragments are frozen to the ground the moment they fall. But when a thaw has prevailed, the place is insupportably filthy and disgusting. This, however, does not spoil the appetite of the Mushiks, and the butchers around the market see customers in abundance, wading through the mud to them."

These people thoroughly understand the art of keeping

food hot. For this purpose they wrap it in thick cloths, which retain heat much better than earthenware or metal. They cover every thing with thick cloths, three or four times double, as well the copper tea machines as the earthen potatoe pots. Their hot cakes and pea soup are in like manner covered up with canvas. It is interesting to follow in detail this system of covering, which nature has taught them. Even when the Russian peasant is slowly sipping his tea, he will clasp the glass in both his gloved hands, that the cold may not deprive him entirely of his warm treat.

Every Russian gentleman and lady is elegantly dressed, with manners and conversation *comme il faut*. Yet Mr. Kohl suspects that this is but a crust of civilization, and that there is a real savage within. He contends that the Russians are too showy, too impatient, to have a solid character. When you look closely you will detect many flaws. Even their magnificent buildings have a gawky look, when you scrutinize them. The beautiful pillars have cracks and leanings, and a noble front has green fissures, hinting that it will soon come down. Mr. Kohl reads the character of the people in their architecture:—

“It is incredible with what rapidity buildings are run up in Petersburg. This is owing partly to the shortness of the season suitable for building, partly to the impatience of the Russians to see an undertaking completed; hence a great number of houses exhibit symptoms of premature decay. The winter palace lately rebuilt is a most striking example of this kind; in the space of a year not less than twenty millions of rubles were expended on it. The work was continued during the winter, the whole building being constantly warmed to keep the materials fluid, and to make the walls dry quickly,—with most of the private mansions of the great, much the same course is pursued; everything is got up with as much despatch as theatrical decorations. The Russians seem to build only to make ruins; and it is a most displeasing sight to see so many quite new buildings affected with the infirmities of age: they afford a correct emblem of the precocious culture of Russia. Wherever there is a yard, a workshop, or a mean dwelling, which it is desirable to mask from the public, they clap before it a Grecian temple: on close examination, it turns out to be a plain front of wood rudely painted. You behold a grand house two stories high: when you approach, you find the upper windows all sham, the second story being merely a perpendicular line of boards. Half the grandeur of the city is painted wood. Scarcely ever a house is made before there is some alteration or improvement to be made. It is a fact, that not a house belonging to a Russian, remains in the same state for fourteen days

together ; neither will ennui, restlessness of disposition, and caprice, suffer persons of distinction to sleep in the same chamber for fourteen successive nights. Nomadic habits are so deeply engrafted in the Russians, that in the course of a year, they not only wander from one extremity of the empire to the other, but during the same period, migrate at least from floor to floor in their houses."

We may now take a glance at the state of arts, manufactures and industry, the development of which also exhibits social characteristics different from the rest of Europe. In the last century, Russia imported from abroad all she required from arts and manufactures ; but since the commencement of the present, the imitation of these productions being facilitated by the extraordinary cleverness of the common Russian, and the very low price paid for his labour, a great number of manufactures after the foreign fashion, and some not even known before, have been established in the country, under a tariff every year becoming more and more rigorous against foreign products. Some of the manufacturers are foreign settlers, favoured by government ; some are Russian noblemen, but the greatest of manufacturers is the Emperor himself. Many of the owners of great estates, availing themselves of the dexterity of their vassal peasants, who of course work for nothing, or at most cost the master no more than when they are idle, have erected factories on their lands, so that not far from a splendid palace, you will see the smoke of the factory chimney, and hear the belching of the steam engine. The villages of the Scheremetiews are celebrated for their iron works : all the markets and fairs of the interior are filled with their cutlery. The Demidoffs turn out cups and saucers and teapots ; the Iakolews and the Karpows something else. Noblemen send their serfs to sell or to take orders for articles of glass, porcelain, cloth, machinery, tile kilns, and tar and saltpetre. The aristocrat is never a sleeping partner, or under the rose, as with us, but his name is at the head of his house ; many of these treat the cleverer and better behaved men with the greatest liberality ; they are speedily allowed wages that enable them to purchase their freedom : and some of the peasants still remaining on the estate set about spinning, weaving, grinding, or forging on their own account, and become wealthy manufacturers themselves. Thus though they begin slaves, they have better chances before them, than the free artizans in England or our agricultural tenantry ; and in the meantime they are certain not to starve. In town or country, you will never see a beggar or a pauper cripple ;

this is one of the consolations of villenage; and as every Russian can read, the Mushik looks with the utmost compassion on the famishing artizans of Stockport and Bolton, and shudders at the prospect of exchanging his condition with a labourer anywhere, in England, Scotland, or Ireland. Dr. Bowring one day talked to one of these sheep-skinned slaves, of the delights of being free. "But then who'll feed me?" says the Mushik, knowing that in reality he was more free than any of the Doctor's fellow-countrymen, who have to ask a parish overseer for food, and had quite as much liberty, as those who vote at elections for knights of the shire. It is true, that the goods made at these factories are not as well fabricated as those our manufactories can export—that is when they do not send out a swindling assortment of the worst things they can put together,—but the tariff protects them; the nobles, by their interest with the crown taking care that they shall have a monopoly, exactly on the same principle as our landholders have been fortified by the corn laws, and like these, too, making the people at home pay more than they need pay to the foreign dealer. The Emperor has his own factories on his thickly-populated estates, whence he supplies the public institutions. Of the consumption of his imperial majesty's customers, you may have an idea from the fact, that one of them, the Foundling Hospital, contains 7000 children, 700 nurses, 500 teachers and overseers, not to speak of an army of cooks, doctors, porters, clerks and other officers; and that its income is 5,200,000 rubles, which is as much as the entire expenditure of three German kings! Many establishments are in the neighbourhood of Moscow; but those which produce the most costly articles, or require the most capital, are about the metropolis; as works for gobelin tapestry, calico printing, cotton spinning, making colours, glass, and mirrors, boring cannon, grinding precious stones, and making paper and fire arms. The crown frequently assists the foreign manufacturer who settles at Petersburg, and the works here serve as models for all other similar institutions in the empire. The interior of the dwellings of the Russian gentry is fitted up with brilliant, though tawdry and comfortless grandeur; their drawing rooms have as many mirrors as a Parisian café. The consumption of looking glasses and colossal plates of mirror is therefore immense. The great manufacturer is the Emperor; but so many spoil in the making, that the balance is against his majesty. The establishment for grinding glass is said to be the largest in the world. Though the Russians

do not come up to us in some manufactures as yet, they exceed us already in others. Sealing wax, and perhaps paper, may be had better and cheaper than, or at least as good as, England can produce. When the Emperor Alexander was in England in 1814, he invited English paper-makers to go to Russia; they agreed, carrying with them machinery; and now there is a first-rate paper manufactory at Peterhoff, which exports paper to America, and even to Great Britain. The paper produced by it for letters and *billets doux* is *ne plus ultra*; whole ware-rooms are filled with it, and not unnecessarily, for the Russians cultivate the *cacoethes scribendi*, on an extensive scale. Nowhere are more elegant letters written than in Russia; caligraphy is carefully studied, and the envelope is always particularly accurate and handsome. Under the same roof is an establishment for grinding precious stones, which come in great profusion from the Ural and Altai, and are distributed with equal profusion by the Emperor and the Empress, amongst people of merit and distinction all over the world, in souvenirs of various kinds; while at home the demand must be very great, as from Finland to Kiaktha, you scarcely see one of the public officers—and almost every gentleman is in the public service—in an uniform, civil or military, without a constellation of orders on his breast. The distinction is therefore not in wearing an order, but in not wearing one. When either of the illustrious pair travels, as in the late visit of the Empress to the waters of Baden Baden, a chest full of jewellery and precious stones forms part of the luggage, and so generous is the distribution, that it is sure to come back empty. The most distinguished of the foreign merchants is Mr. Beart, an Englishman, who has completely outstripped the Emperor as an iron founder. Mr. Beart has several establishments on a colossal scale; they are situated behind the new admiralty, and the principal of them are a sugar refinery, an iron foundry, and saw mills. For the landing and shipping of the raw commodities and the manufactured goods, as also for the ten steam vessels which Mr. Beart possesses besides, and which are employed in the conveyance of passengers between Cronstadt and Petersburg, he has had a dock dug here for his private use. The saw mills work all the year round, the canals in which the timber floats being heated by steam pipes in the winter, so that the water cannot freeze. Mr. Beart's sugar manufactory is not shown to any one, because the great demand for its produce is the result of a secret—the discovery of a substitute for bullock's blood in purifying sugar. During

the fast time, the Russians, through religious scruples, abstain from refined sugar, on account of the small portion of animal matter which may have been left in it when refined by the usual process; at such time therefore no sugar but that which is provided with the stamp of Beart's factory, is brought to table, because it is well known that in his mode of refining no animal substance whatever is employed.—Beart's sugar therefore goes to all parts of Russia, rising in price as it travels, until at last it is sold in the steppes of the south, on the Obi and the Irtisch, and among the thinly scattered villages of the Siberian provinces, at an exorbitant rate. All the great iron works of Petersburg and Moscow are now done by him; but the bell department he leaves to the Emperor and the Mushiks.

A few years ago Baron Stieglitz erected the largest cotton mill in Petersburg. It is worked by an English steam engine of a hundred and ten horse power, and superintended by Mr. Greig, an Englishman. Mr. Kohl visited the establishment, and was struck with the cheerful and healthy looks of the work-people, as contrasted with the wretched, sickly, demoralized artizans of the factories in England, France, Belgium, and Germany. He gives two reasons for the difference. The Russians do not continue long enough in any situation of life (the dreaded army always excepted) to receive from it an injury to their constitution; neither is the tyranny of the masters of factories here carried on to any thing like the extent that prevails in other countries. We may add a third reason, which is, that, when the spindles resume their work, they are accompanied by those lively songs, which never forsake the Russian even in his misery. Amongst the English merchants is Mr. O'Higgins, whom we may recognize as a countryman. He is in partnership with Mr. Curtius, and the firm does an extensive business in wheat, flax, and linseed. The English have a high reputation on change. A foreigner told Mr. Kohl that they "do the prettiest, roundest, and most solid and most pleasant business." Mr. Kohl gives the following humorous sketch of them:—

"The English mercantile body call themselves the Petersburg factory. They have their own chapel; and, despising all other nations, but more especially their protectors, the Russians, they live shut up by themselves, drive English horses and carriages, go bear hunting on the Nawa, as they do tiger hunting on the Ganges; disdain to lift the hat to the emperor himself, and proud of their indispensableness and the invincibility of their fleets, defy every

body, find fault with every thing they see ; but are highly thought of by the government and by all, because they think highly of themselves, and reside chiefly on the magnificent quay named after them, where, however, many wealthy Russians have also splendid mansions."

Russia advances in manufactures like steam itself. Ten years ago Petersburg had no private optician's establishment: now telescopes, and the whole variety of scientific instruments, are made every where by Germans and other foreigners, assisted, of course, by the all-capable Mushik. There are furniture factories, boot factories, and clothing factories, all on an immense scale. The adornment of the body and of the mind, is chiefly carried on by German tailors and tutors ; from which, like a true patriot, Mr. Kohl boasts that the civilization of the empire, is in fact, but an extension of German ideas and taste—under a French crust certainly ; and this is rather thick, for there are not in the world, two more different men than the slow meditative awkward German, and the rapid, flighty, polished Russian, who is born almost *au fait* at everything.

Be this as it may, it behoves English manufacturers to watch the strides of Russian artizans. Already they supply a great part of the world with raw materials, as tallow, hemp, cordage, and oil. They will now endeavour to export manufactures. The negative part of this design they have already accomplished ; for nothing that can at all interfere with the home market, can enter without paying an overwhelming duty in customs or bribes. The active part they will now set about. We may have little doubt that their enterprising nobles are already pushing their goods across the Turkish, Persian, and Chinese, and perhaps, too, the Indian frontiers. In 1841, Russia was the fourth exporting country on a large scale to Greece. We have supplied her with English machines and English workmen. Capital, the other great element, she has in abundance, and no market would be considered too remote. As another illustration of the kind of men we have to do with, we present a specimen of the raw and of the manufactured Mushik.

The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Petersburg, is remarkable for a spire, which pierces the clouds like a mast, to the height of three hundred and twenty feet. Some years ago, when an angel at the top was thought to be in want of assistance from mortal hands, the authorities were much puzzled how to act, as it would be most imprudent to erect a

scaffold against a slender stem that seemed to bend with the wind. On the other hand, the angel, which was twenty feet high, might fall, and send many a Mushik to the other world sooner than he thought of. In this predicament, they offered a splendid reward to any one who would undertake the repair without a scaffold. A Mushik soon offered himself. He set about his ascent, in the presence of a trembling multitude. His plan was to drive a strong hook into the spire a little above his head. Throwing a cord over it, he then hoisted himself up, making use also of the crevices in the wall. Having gained this point, he stood on the hook, and drove another higher up, and raised himself in like manner. Thus he reached the giddy height with a cool head, and having mended the angel, descended as imperturbably as if he were coming down a ladder. Ever after he was a hero amongst the people. Mr. Leitch Ritchie describes this dreadful feat in a very startling manner. The other specimen of the Mushik we take from Mr. Kohl.

"The French Ambassador was one day talking to a prince of the Imperial house of Russia, about the extraordinary dexterity of the Parisian thieves, and relating a variety of anecdotes concerning their feats. The grand duke expressed his opinion that the Russian pickpockets were quite as clever, and to remove all doubt on that point from the mind of the ambassador, he offered to lay him a wager, that if he would dine with him on the following day, before the removal of the dessert, his watch, ring, and everything else belonging to his toilet, that was not firmly fastened to his clothes, should be stolen. The wager was accepted, and the prince obtained a well-known pickpocket from the police, and put him the next day in livery. The dinner commenced; the first course came and was removed; the Greek, Spanish, and French wines, red and white, glistened in turn in the glasses. The new footman was always bustling about, mingling among the other servants, changing plates and handing wine. The dinner was drawing to a conclusion, and the grand duke was still waiting impatiently for the preconcerted sign from the thief, who, however, seemed to be completely taken up in waiting on the company. All at once the grand duke's countenance brightened up; and turning to the ambassador, who was absorbed in conversation with his neighbours, asked him what o'clock it was. The ambassador clapped his hand triumphantly to his pocket, where a few minutes before he had felt that his watch was safe; and to the amusement of the whole company, but especially of the imperial entertainer, he drew from it a neatly trimmed turnip. Universal laughter ensued, and the ambassador was somewhat disconcerted. He would have taken a pinch to compose himself, but having felt in all his pockets, he discovered with horror,

that his gold snuff-box was gone too. The laughter was redoubled. In his embarrassment and mortification, he clapped his hand, as he was in the habit of doing, to his finger, to turn the beautiful gold seal ring which he wore upon it—but that also was gone. The performer of this sleight of hand was then brought forward. The grand duke ordered him to restore the stolen articles, and was not a little surprised to see him produce two watches, and hand one to himself and the other to the ambassador, two rings, one of which he gave in like manner, and two snuff-boxes, one for the grand duke and the other for the ambassador. The prince now felt in amazement in his pockets, as the ambassador had done before, and found that his imperial self had been plundered in the very same manner."

The army and navy of Russia being subjects of European interest, we shall next take a glance at those instruments of defence and conquest. The army is variously estimated from 500,000 to 800,000; but in a population of 65,000,000, where every man is born to serve, it must be vast. The garrison of Petersburg alone is estimated at 60,000 men. These being points of dispute, we shall conjecture at the Arsenal, on the way to which, any time in the day, you will see colours flying, and hear the roll of drums, and the crashing tread of troops without intermission. The old arsenal was built by Count Orloff, and presented to Catherine; the new was built by Alexander. Both are full of implements of war, ancient and modern arms, trophies and antiquities, arranged in a grand and imposing manner. In the midst of edifices of destruction, Mr. Kohl is startled by the genius of Russia.

"There is on the wall of one of the rooms of the new arsenal a great Russian eagle, the neck, body, and legs of which are composed of innumerable muskets, the wings of swords, every feather of the breast and belly a dagger, every tail-feather a yatagan, the eyes the two muzzles of black pistols, the mouth that of a cannon,—an apt symbol of the Russian power, which has raised itself on sword and bayonet wings to its present height. Woe be to them who are struck by the lightnings of those eagle eyes, or roused by the thunders of that throat."

In the embroiderings of the colours of the Strelitzes we see the spirit of Russia again:—

"In the centre of the colours is seated God the Father holding the last judgment: above him is the blue sky of Paradise, beneath him the flaming pit of hell; at his right hand are standing the righteous,—that is, a party of Russian priests, a division of the Strelitzes, and a number of bearded Russians; on his left are the wicked and unbelievers,—that is, a party of Jews, another of Turks and Tartars, a third of black labouring people and negroes, and a fourth West Euro-

peans. Some of these have the names of some crimes under them; the rest, angels with long iron bars are transferring to the devils!"

In another apartment there were sixty pieces of cannon in hand: some of the cannon already made were one hundred and twenty pounders, for the use of the navy. The boring of the cannon took up a month, and was conducted with all the mathematical care that an optician bestows on a telescope. The piles of balls were immense. The visitor could not help every moment asking himself, is this pyramid intended to rain upon Paris? will that depopulate Berlin, or threaten Vienna with ashes? will this bomb burst over London? is that flag to float over Constantinople? are these the bayonets that will glisten at the gates of Pekin?—so vast is the space of time and distance for which the preparations might seem calculated. Meantime, while providing for this awful futurity of destruction, the Russian workman sings on. There is not on earth a more peaceful creature than the Mushik. He never fights with his neighbour; never carries a weapon; war and soldiering are his abhorrence; he would cut off his right hand, if he thought it would save him from joining the army,—but he knows his companions would tell upon him, to save themselves. Even ten years before the time, he contemplates his day of enrolment with terror. But he might as well expect to escape from death as from the emperor. Unless he shall have had three children, or be specially exempted by his lord, he must come forward when the captain of the district, looking at the register, asks for him. He leaves his native village in the midst of the most distressing lamentations, and seems as if he shall never hold up his head again; yet, six weeks after, you will find him merrily marching to the sound of the drum, complete in his exercise. On the field of battle, if told to charge, he will advance with the fury of a whirlwind: if ordered to keep his ranks, he will stand amidst a storm of grape shot, not moving a muscle, and seemingly as insensible as the frozen ox in the market, when its legs have been hewed away! The emperor, perhaps the finest man in his dominions, the *beau idéal* of a "king of men," generally commands on the parade. It is a magnificent sight! Surrounded by a brilliant staff, he gallops along the lines of several thousand men. After the evolutions, the troops, drawn up in rank and file, present arms, while all the spectators uncover their heads. "Good day, my lads!" cries Nicholas; "We thank your majesty," is the simultaneous response. Sometimes, when he compliments them, they cry, "We'll do better the next time, father." The em-

peror is to be seen wherever the public throng, always affable, and not difficult of access. He is eternally whirling about, not in all the pomp of circumstance, but generally in a common hackney cab, out of which he lights on some post or office, and woe be to them if he finds anything wrong! Yet he cannot see everything. Bribes decide the law in the courts; and, notwithstanding their decorations of honour, all his officers, civil and military, except, perhaps, the very highest, are said never to recommend anything to him, unless the case or the memorial have been accompanied by notes for a few thousand rubles.

The whole naval force of Russia consists of 350 ships of war, with nearly 6,000 guns, and 50,000 sailors, soldiers, and artillerymen. Of these, 40 are ships of the line, of from 60 to 120 guns, 35 frigates, 120 gun boats, which, copying the Swedes, the emperors have built for the protection of the coast of Finland. They have launched ships on all the seas to which they have gained access,—the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Caspian, the White Sea, and the Sea of Ochotzk. Peter the Great appointed an admiral of the fleet in 1694, when he had only a couple of yachts mounting four guns. In 1702 he captured a Swedish frigate on the Lake of Ladoga. In 1715 he captured a Swedish fleet off Angut; and, soon after, these old mariners of the north were driven from the shores and the waters of the Gulf of Finland, where their flag had waved for centuries. In 1769, a Russian fleet sailed from this remote coast to the Levant, their clumsy ships and strange looking crews exciting the laughter of the sailors of the Mediterranean; but when, in 1780, they went on the same cruize, under Admiral O'Dwyer, and cast anchor in the bay of Naples, they were considered to have made a respectable progress in build and seamanship. Danes, English, Dutch, French, Swedish, and American officers were encouraged to join the Russian fleet. Successively they gained many important victories over the Turks; and, though when Catherine sent ships to assist us against the French, they were sent back, as being more an encumbrance than of use, Admiral Codrington had no fault to find with the Russians at Navarino. Mr. Kohl fears the Russian fleet,—it can pounce upon Constantinople any day,—and one day it surely will: but he thinks it much less formidable than Captain Crawford of our navy does, who certainly is a better judge. Our author gives three good reasons for his opinion: first, the Russian crews have spent their youth in agriculture or other pursuits on shore,

and when they enter they are too old to become practised seamen—(but there are about three thousand boys always in a state of training); next, the fleets are locked up in the ice more than half the year, when the men can learn comparatively little; and lastly, they have no mercantile marine, from which to recruit. Having neither commerce nor colonies to protect, the fleet is a dead weight; for which reason Mr. Kohl apprehends that Russia must be the more anxious to precipitate upon coasts where it will find both work and pay.

Mr. Kohl says nothing about the intercourse of Russia with China; but, as that subject is now interesting, we shall devote a few lines to it. At a distance of about a thousand miles from Petersburg the boundary line runs between the Russian and Chinese Empires, leaving to each an illimitable district of Siberia. Kiakhta is a considerable town within the Chinese lines, and the point of transit between both empires. Through it the caravans pass, and there each government has its custom-house. For ages the boundary line had been a subject of dispute, but in 1728 it was settled, the principal ministers for China being two Jesuit fathers. Then also were settled the extent and terms of the Russian mission in China, which had, however, existed before. Now the Russian mission at Peking consists of six ecclesiastical and four lay members. They have a church in which they are "permitted to worship their God according to the rites of their religion," and the laymen being "acquainted with the Russian and Latin languages," the treaty was also drawn up in Latin as well as in the vulgar tongues; they study the Mantchoo and Chinese languages, and endeavour to acquire an accurate knowledge of China. They all reside in a vast building, the convent part being kept in repair by Russia, the lay by China. The mission is relieved nominally every ten years, but frequently it remains much longer. The mission is also maintained by both empires, China paying one thousand rubles and nine thousand pounds of rice, Russia sixteen thousand silver rubles. The journey to Peking is tedious and distressing, a great part of the way being through the cold and arid steppes of Mongolia and the desert of Gobi. The mission is accompanied a little way by the clergy of Kiakhta, bearing crucifixes. Through this mission the Czar obtains all his knowledge of the celestial empire. According to Russian authorities, their ambassadors have never been received with distinction at Peking, and the last plenipotentiary, Count Golovkin, who left Petersburg in 1805, with a splendid train and

a host of magnificent presents, was obliged, after many months of delay and mortification, to turn back, having only proceeded as far as Ourga; for there the governor insisted that his excellency should prostrate himself before the emperor's picture, while the ambassador had been allowed to believe that he should not be asked to make the ko-to before the emperor himself. The Russians have never yet gained any advantage over China. When the latter were offended, they pursued their Canton policy, and put a stop to the trade at Kiakhta. Whether on account of the great expense of moving an army, or thinking the questions not worth fighting about, we know not, but it is certain, that hitherto Russia has given way in every point; and the Russians are always described as tributaries to the Chinese. In the pandects of the empire there is provision made for the Russian ambassador when he shall come to Peking; and now that we are about to have one there, the clause is worth extracting: "The ambassador shall be daily supplied with a sheep, a vessel of wine, a pound of tea, a pitcher of milk, two ounces of butter, two fish, two cups of oil for the lamps, a pound of salted cabbage, four ounces of soya, four ounces of vinegar, and an ounce of salt. Every ninth day he is to receive from the emperor's own table, as a mark of special favour, four dishes, and ten teapots full of tea, prepared in the Mantchoo fashion." M. Klaproth says no other ambassador is treated with so much attention. It must be admitted that, whatever may be said of the intrigues of Russia elsewhere, there is no evidence that she has done anything to our prejudice in China. If the Czar had interfered, the cannon balls of the celestial empire would have told another tale amongst our troops.

Here we must take our leave of Mr. Kohl, leaving untouched several other important subjects of which he treats, as education, baths, churches, booksellers, literary men, and other classes of the people; also many others of the resources and institutions of the empire. The reader who desires to investigate these departments, must buy or borrow the book; and we can promise him, that he has seldom read a more amusing and instructive one. Mr. Kohl's lively colloquial style, abounding in poetical Germanisms, carries one through both volumes without suggesting a single pause. Even on matters that have been amply discussed by former writers, he can still supply something worth reading. But his opinion of the Russian intellect is lower than the facts adduced by himself will warrant. There is not another people in the

world who have got on, abroad and at home, at such a rate in so short a time. All that can be said against them is that their civilization has advanced too rapidly to have had time to become consolidated; that you can still discern the brandy-drinking cheating Mushik, through the polished gentleman, dressed in the newest fashion of Paris; and that, even amidst the refinements of the court, there may be perceived an undercurrent of barbarism. But time, study, education, and intercourse with foreigners, will gradually remove these objections. In the mean time, considering the true spirit of Scythian aggression that seems to animate the government, and the *immense physical and intellectual instruments at its disposal*, it is, and has been apprehended by many of the best informed men all over Europe, that, like the Romans of old, to whom they are fond of comparing themselves, the Russians will sooner or later have established themselves over the greater part of western and southern Europe. Events with which they had nothing to do seem to have been brought about purposely to clear the way for them. In destroying the Danish fleet, England saved Russia a great deal of blood and money in the north; again, in crippling the Turkish fleet at Navarino, we contributed towards the fulfilment of that prophecy which, one thousand years ago, told the Greeks that, in "the last days" the Russians should become the masters of Constantinople. If there was not something more than great in the people, their ambassadors would not be, as they are, objects at once of apprehension and respect in every metropolis that receives diplomatic representatives. It has been a long standing reproach against the English, that they always lose in negotiation what they gain in battle. Certainly no one ever said this of the Russians; whether by words or by blows, they are sure to go on. Strange indeed would it be to see the flag of Russia waving over Paris and London! And yet more marvellous changes have already taken place in history. The Czars will smile and smile, but when the opportunity for a swoop comes, neither oaths nor treaties will stand in the way. It would be interesting to conjecture what would be the fate of this country under Russian dominion. Would the emperor allow her to enjoy her religion? Would he content himself with merely transferring the ukase from Poland, or revive the horrors of Cromwell, and of the first three generations of the house of Hanover? Or would he rather employ the insidious policy of years in slowly submerging Catholicism and Protestantism into the Greek Church?

Would he send half the gentlemen of Ireland to Siberia, to make themselves useful for the first time in their lives; and, depriving the miserable peasant of his homœopathic share of the British constitution, turn him into a well-fed Mushik, and make him incredulous by telling him that he should pay no more rent? If the reader have a fancy for such speculations, we will now leave him to pursue them with what appetite he may.

Note.

The continuation of the article on the Catholic Church in Russia has been delayed, in consequence of the expected publication of new and interesting documents.

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END OF VOL. XIV.

INDEX.

- ARRON, Rev. John, work attributed to, 74.
 Albergo dei Poveri, the, account of, 102, &c.—inscriptions in, 107-9.
 Anabaptists, some account of, 41.
 Artemonites, mode of confuting them, 3, n.
 Artemius, St., not an Arian, 427.
 Arundines Cami, reviewed, 121.
 Ashley, Lord, great praise due to, 144—his Act, 169-171.
 Assarotti, Ottavio Giambista, founder of the deaf and dumb school at Genoa, 113-14.
 Auchterarder, litigated presentation to the parish of, 80-81, &c.—some account of the presbytery of, 80, n.
 Augustina, St. feelings of, before his conversion, 65.
 Austin, Mrs., her translation of "Ranke's History of the Popes," 322.
 Australasian Chronicle, 271.
 America, contrast between Italy and, 256.
 "American Notes for General Circulation," by C. Dickens, 255—an epitome of 257-8.
 Bancheri, guide-book to Genoa, by, 97.
 Barclay, the Quaker, of the same opinions as Bishop Bloomfield, 40.
 Bayle on the Jesuits, 55-56.
 Bishops, Anglican, their charges reviewed, 1-56.
 Bedford, Mr. W. suggestions of, 171.
 Bernadotte, proverb as to his luck, 289.
 Bielanski, Peter, Bishop of Lemberg, 248.
 Bible in Spain, the, by George Borrow, reviewed, 443—character of, 448-451—extracts from, 455—remarks upon, 473.
 Bloomfield, Bishop, see Bishop of London.
 Biblical criticism, England behind other countries in, 477.
 Borrow, George, character of, 448—falsehoods of, 457—prefers Mahometanism to Catholicity, 468.
 Barri r Act, account of, 72, &c.
 Berlin, declaration of magistrates of, 316.
 Bernardo, Lives of the Popes, by, 431.
 Borghese, Life of the Princess, 268.
 Brenner, Robert, "Excursions in Denmark," &c. 277.
 Bower, the Munchausen of papal biography, 322.
 Brignole, a sketch of the life of, 103.
 Calls, what in Scotch ecclesiastical phraseology, 69.
 Cambridge Cockneyisms, 137.
 Candlish, Dr. opinion of, on the Scotch Church, 96.
 Chalmers, Dr. Non-intrusion doctrine of, 78.
 Charges, recent, of Anglican bishops, reviewed, 1.
 Carleton's Traits and Stories, evil influence of, 445.
 Catharine II., policy towards Poland, 235.
 Catholicism more favourable than Protestantism to civil and religious liberty, 317.
 Children, employment of in mines, 141, &c.—cause of ignorance and immorality, 150, &c.—instances of gross ignorance of, 153-157—suggestions for the improvement of, 167, &c.
 Church of Scotland, state of, reviewed, 67-97—history of the establishment of, 67, &c.—clergy of, 71—mode of passing laws in, 73—change in constitution of, 76-78, conduct in Auchterarder case, 81-88—in the Strathbogie case, &c., 91, &c.—conduct of preposterous, 95—not supported by the aristocracy or people, 96.
 Clement VII., 339.
 Clement, St. of Alexandria, upon the objects and attributes of the Church, 9.
 Colliers, the, of Scotland, slaves till 1775, 143—still neglected, *ibid.*—depraved state of, 145-146—state of the Irish, 144—of the English, 146, &c.—Cranmer, his alterations of the Liturgy, 42—reasons for not admiring, 63-64—inconsistencies of, 64-65, notes.
 Christiania, University of, 287.
 Columbanus, St. on the subjection of the Irish Church to that of Rome, 187.
 Commissioner, the, or De Lunatico Inquiendo, 270.
 Conway, Mr. C. evidence of, with regard to colliers, 164.
 Courts of Justice, viewed as practical schools for the people, 312.
 Conservatorio delle Fieschini, 112.
 Cossacks of the Don let loose on Poland, 241.
 Crime, comparative amount of, in Sweden and other countries, 294.
 Cyprian, St. on Confession, 23-24.
 Church, the, tactics of the ancient and modern enemies of, 224—persecution of, in Russia, 226—history of the attacks on, in Poland, 235, &c.—and security of guaranteed, 243—violated, 244—schemes of Russia against, 245-246—security of again guaranteed, 247—and violated, 248—statistical return of the losses of the, in Poland, 251—character of the, 379.
 Church, the ancient Irish, the law of celibacy in, 183-185—the alleged independence of, 186.
 Church, the Irish Protestant, object of founders of, 190—a mere secular corporation, *ibid.*—how founded, 192-200—never supported by the Irish people, 201.
 Churches, the Lutheran and the Calvinistic, fusion of, by the government of Prussia, 313—differences between, on the Lord's Supper, arranged by royal edict, 314.

- Clergy, character of the Russian, 253—in Holstein elected by the people, 279—conduct of the Danish, 282—the Norwegian and their revenues, 287—the Swedish, 289.
- Charles V., proposals of, 342.
- Cluny, silent system among the monks, 436.
- Cyril, St. treatise of, against Nestorianism, 429.
- Denmark, state of education in, 280—government despotic, 281-3—ancient constitution overthrown by the Lutheran clergy and the crown, 282.
- Dickens, Charles, his American Notes for general circulation reviewed, 255—classed with Mrs. Trollope, 257-9—perverted feelings of, 261.
- Digby, influence of writings of, 99.
- Drawitz, Colonel, horrible cruelties of, 243.
- Drunkenness, a common vice among colliers, 149-151.
- Drury, the first English authority that set foot in Kerry, 207.
- Drury, Henry, Latin version of "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," 132-3—of Herrick's "Litany to the Holy Spirit," 134.
- Durham, South, miners in, 147.
- Edinburgh Review. See Review.
- Education. See Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Prussia, Courts of Justice—Systems of, in Continental countries, not adapted to the moral ends of human existence, but the support of the existing governments, 313-316.
- Edwards, Mr., presented to the parish of Marnoch, 89—proceedings of, against the presbytery of Strathbogie, 90, &c.
- Elizabeth, unable to enforce the act of uniformity in Ireland, 205.
- Emmett, Mr. George, singular letter of, 165.
- Erskine, Ebenezer, caused the schism in the Kirk of Scotland, called the "Secession," 73.
- Eustace, his notice of Genoa, 101.
- Eustathius, the scholiast on Homer, work of, 430.
- Farms, small, better than large, 302, 303.
- Festivals, no religion except Protestantism without, 481—of the church, 482—a festival on the Lago Maggiore, 497—probable opposition to revival of, in England, 498—Church of England cannot revive, 500-505.
- Fieschi, Dominico, founder of the Conservatorio delle Fieschine, 112.
- Fife, Earl of, patron of Strathbogie, 89.
- Fletcher, Mr., observation of, on the ignorance of colliers, 162.
- Fox, the founder of the Quakers, of the same opinions as Bishop Bloomfield, 39.
- Fra Felice, reign of, 372.
- Franks, Mr., description of the colliers of Scotland by, 145—of Monmouthshire, 150.
- Frederick the Great, policy towards Poland, 235.
- Functionarism in Denmark, 283.
- Funeral, a London, 407.
- Genoa, charitable institutions of, 97, &c.—proud recollections of, 100—the Albergo dei Poveri, 102, &c.—deaf and dumb school of, 113—the Monte di Pietà of, 115—the Spedale del Pammatone, 116—magnificence and religious character of the religious institutions of, 118.
- Germanus, St., newly discovered work of, 437.
- Germany, farmers of, 239—effect of the system of education pursued in, 309.
- Gilds, Holy, 269.
- Gloucestershire, miners in, 148.
- Gnostics, the, some account of, 57, 58, &c.
- Goldsmith, "The Mad Dog" translated into Latin, 127.
- Grabe, Dr., observation of, upon the Fathers, 21, note.
- Grange, Lord, diary of, 81, note.
- Gray, as a Latin writer, 122.
- Gregory the Great, letter of, on images, 28, note.
- Gregory XIII, reign of, 371.
- Gregory XVI, allocation of, 223.
- Hall's "Ireland, its scenery" &c., character of, 445.
- Henrick, Mr., evidence of, 151.
- Henry VIII, letters of, 422, 423.
- Herder, Johann Gottfried von, recollections of the life of, reviewed, 503—influence of his works, 507—birth and early life, 59, &c.
- Higgitt, Mr., evidence of, 168.
- Hinton, Jack, 269.
- Hippolytus, St., his account of the expulsion of Noctus from the Church, 62, n.
- Hodgson, Francis, Greek and Latin translations of Nursery Rhymes, by, 129-131.
- Holidays, a plea for national, reviewed, 487.
- Holstein, popular election of clergy in, 279—state of religion in, *ib.*
- Horn's "Introduction," &c. character of, 477.
- Hospital of Incurables at Genoa, 117.
- Human, capture of, and massacre in, 242.
- Ireland, not more than a few counties of, subject to English power up to 1560, 201—Catholic during Elizabeth's reign, 212, 216, 222—the English language not spoken in, during that reign, 214—Memoir on, by O'Connell, 268—Laing unjust to, 320.
- Ireneus, St., upon tradition, 5-8—quotation from, 20, &c.—upon the Gnostics, 58.
- Irish Church. See Church of Ireland.
- Isidore, metropolitan of Russia, 228—his reception there, 229.
- Italian society not open to English people, and why, 267.
- Italy, charitable institutions of, 97, &c.—chief gratification of the nobility of, 120—Mrs. Trollope's "Visit to," 255—contrast between America and, 256.
- Iwan IV, a great monster, head of the Russian church, 230.
- Jeremias II, patriarch of Constantinople, disgraceful conduct of, 229.

- Jesuits, groundless charge against by Ranke, 47—by Bishop Bloomfield, 49—their suppression and re-establishment, 51-4—account of by Ranke, 334-336—their successes, 377.
- Job, patriarch of Russia, 229—strangled, 232.
- Jones, Sir William, 122.
- Justin, St., Martyr, his arguments against the Jews, 4—quotation from 20.
- Kenealy, Edward, a Greek and Latin writer, 124—version into Greek of the old Irish song "Castle Hyde," 336—allusion to his translation into Greek and Latin of "Brian O'Linn."
- Kennedy, Mr., suggestions of, 170-1.
- Kinnoul, Earl of, vindicates the rights of patrons, 80, &c.
- Kirk, the, see the Church of Scotland.
- Kohl's "Russia and the Russians," 534.
- Kunciewicz, archbishop of Polozk, 232.
- Laing, Samuel, "Journal of a residence in Norway," "A Tour in Sweden," and "Notes of a Traveller" by, 177—character of as a writer of travels, 276-8, 300—his inferences from the state of Norway, 290—from that of Sweden, 291—"Reply" to the government of Sweden, 299—opinion of on money rents, 300—on small farms, 302—on the relative influence of Catholicism and Protestantism on civil and religious liberty, 317—unjust to the Catholic Church, 319—and to Ireland, 320.
- Lancashire, miners in, 147.
- Leifchild, Mr., extract from report of, 163.
- Leo X, 360.
- Liddell, Mr. D. evidence of, with regard to mines, 146.
- London, bishop of, charge of, reviewed, 2—propriety of principles laid down by, 2-3—his inference from them questioned, *ib.*—attacks on the Church, 19, 21—repelled, *ib.*—on tradition and the interpretation of Scripture, 30—inconsistencies of exposed, 31, 43.
- Loyola, St. sketch of the life of, 327—compared by Ranke to Luther, 328.
- Lunenburg, old constitution still in force, 281.
- Luther, compared to St. Ignatius Loyola, 328—woman's love the key-stone of his thoughts, 330—note, curious doctrines of, 331-3—efforts to reconcile, 363.
- Maginn, Dr. 124—part of a Latin song by, 138.
- Mai, Cardinal, the *Spicilegium Romanum* of, reviewed, 410.
- Manners, Lord John, translation of "Euphelia and Chloe," 127-8.
- Manners, Lord John, work by, 481—error of, 492.
- Martyr, St. Justin, his arguments against the Jews, 4.
- Mc Congal, bishop, 210.
- Mines, children employed in, demoralized and degraded, 142, &c. no females employed in Irish, 144.
- Molesworth, Lord, observations of, 282.
- Moncrief, Rev. Henry, one of the first persons rejected under the veto act, 79.
- Monkish rhymes, criticism on, 123.
- Montalembert, see Digby.
- Montanus a gnostic heretic, 58.
- Monte di Pietà, origin and progress of, 115, of that at Genoa, *ib.*
- Morality in Norway, 288—in Sweden, 292, 294, 299—in Prussia, 308.
- Morison, Mr. W. evidence of, 158.
- Moroni, Cardinal, 346.
- Muckers, some account of the sect of, 317.
- Murphy, Mr. Serjeant, a Greek writer, 124.
- Naples, charitable institutions of, great, 99.
- National holidays, see holidays.
- Newman, Rev. J. H. of Oxford, interesting document from the pen of, 271—language of in Tract 90, 400.
- Nicetas of Chona, works of, 427.
- Noctus, expelled from the Church, 62, note.
- Non-intrusion, laws of the Kirk respecting, 78, &c.
- Northumberland, miners in, 146.
- Norway, the people of, overreaching and turbulent, 283—former and present condition of, 284—the parliament of, 285—the clergy of, 287—education in, *ib.*—the Church of, *ib.*—immorality, 288—distribution of property in, 290.
- Nursery Rhymes in Greek and Latin, 129, 131.
- O'Connell's Memoir on Ireland, 268.
- O'Hart, Eugene, bishop of Achonry, 211.
- Oplutes, a sect of Gnostics, 59.
- Origen on confession, 24—on the worship of Angels, 27-8.
- Overtures, meaning of, in the Scotch Church, 72.
- Pallavicini, Cardinal, 351—charge against, 354.
- Palmer, Rev. W., "A compendious Ecclesiastical History," and "A Treatise on the Church of Christ," by, reviewed, 178—qualities to which he owes his fame, *ib.*—contempt of, for the modern Irish church, 179—notice of the ancient Irish church, *ib.*—statements with regard to the Irish church refuted, 183, 186—misstatements respecting the Irish Protestant church, 190-198—and the succession of Bishops, 207.
- Pammatone, the *Spedale del*, some account of, 116.
- Parker, Bishop, acknowledges to hold the spiritualities of his bishopric from Elizabeth, 14.
- Parliament, its power to determine heresy, 356, note—of Norway, 285.
- Parliamentary churches in Scotland, nature of 76.
- Patrick, St., canon of, 187.
- Patrons, rights of, in Scotland, 68-71—disputes about, 71, &c.
- Paucity of Greek compositions in the *Arundines Cami*, 131.
- Pavunio, Onofrio, 442.
- Paul III, pontificate of, 365.

- Paul IV, severe government of, 367.
 Perrot, Sir John, advice of, against priests and bards, 210.
 Photius, a newly-discovered work of, 437.
 Podolski, Count Gabriel, a tool of Catherine II, 237.
 Poggio, anecdote of, 416.
 Poland, intrigues against the independence of, 235—ruin of, through religious dissensions, *ib.*—sufferings of the Church in, 236, &c.—declaration of religious equality in, 238—sufferings of, 241.
 Poniatowski, Stanislaus, king of Poland, 235.
 Popes, Ranke's history of the, reviewed, 321.
 Presbytery, duty in cases of presentation, 69.
 Probableism, doctrine of, 337.
 Propaganda Fidei, the, founded by Gregory XV, 377.
 Property, advantages of its equal distribution, 289, 290, 300, 303—revolution in tenure of landed, in Russia, 304.
 Protestant rule of faith examined, 31-42.
 Prussia, peasantry of, slaves till 1800, 304 made absolute proprietors of their several holdings, 305—educational system of, not good for the intellect, 307—morals, 308—religion, 310—or liberty of the people, 311-313—calculated to train the people to worship the king, 316—royal manufacture of creeds, churches, and liturgies in, 313—new church of, 315.
 Ranke, Leopold, History of the Popes by, reviewed, 321, 356—compared with the works of other Protestant writers, 323—his object in writing it, 324, 358—fond of theories, 325, 336, 341, 347—cardinal error of, 326—compares St. Ignatius Loyola and Luther, 328—inconsistent, 334, 357—on the Council of Trent, 338—ignorant of the rudiments of Christian doctrine, 342—misrepresentations of, 345-6, 353—a clever writer, 357—theory to which his work is adjusted, 378.
 Rahosa, Michael, worthy Metropolitan of Kiev, 231.
 Ratisbon, conference at, 365.
 Reformation, The, not beneficial to Sweden, 296—ruinous to the liberties of the northern nations of Europe, 282—its progress, 364-9—arrests, 370, 376—its consequences, 379.
 Rent, injurious influence of money-rents, 300.
 Reports of the Children's Factory Employment Commission, reviewed, 141, &c.—contents appalling, 175.
 Repnin, intrigues of, against the Church in Poland, 237.
 Review, the Edinburgh, 447—calumnies of, 461, 463, 468—prefers Mahomedanism to Catholicity, 462—hostility of to the Church, 465—infidelity, the general texture of articles in, 470.
 Ri, see Digby.
 Robertson, Charles, report of Auchterarder case by, reviewed, 66, &c.
 Robertson, Dr. influence of, in the Kirk of Scotland, 73-4.
 Rome, sacked by the Lutherans, 339.
 Rudski, Jos. the Athanasius of Russia, 232.
 Russia, the Catholic Church in, 223, history of the severance of the Church of, from the Catholic Church, 227, &c.—a partial reunion effected with Rome, 231—abolition of the patriarchal dignity in, 234—clergy of, 253.
 "Russia in 1842," reviewed, 534.
 Russians, the, barbarities of towards the Poles, 241-3.
 Sarpi, Paolo, 348, 351.
 Schoolmaster, a colliery, 157, 158, 159.
 Sedulius Scotigena, work by, 438.
 Session, Court of, see Auchterarder, Strathbogie, &c.
 Siestrzencewicz, Stanislaus, Latin Primate of Russia, 245.
 Sixtus Quintus, see Fra Felice.
 Soltyk, Bishop of Cracow, noble conduct of, 239.
 Sophronius, St. works of, 424, &c.
 Spicilegium Romanum, by Cardinal Mai, reviewed, 410—character of, 411.
 Spinola, Emanuel, his enlarged benevolence, 103.
 Storting, the, or Parliament of Norway, 285—see Parliament.
 Sweden, the Church patronage and revenue of, 289, 292—education in, 291—immorality in, 292, 300—religious intolerance in, 297.
 Symons, Mr. extracts from reports of, 159, 162, 176.
 Tertullian, upon the authority of the Church in matters of controversy, 9, 11.
 Theiner, Dr. History of the Catholic Church in Russia and Poland, 224.
 Trent, Council of, 338.
 Trinity College, indolence of, 124—its title of "The Silent Sister," *ib.*
 Trinity-Gask, parish of, 80.
 Trollope, Mrs. "A Visit to Italy" by, reviewed, 255—flippancy of on religious subjects, 262-3.
 Tuscany, prosperity of, 303.
 Tyrone, Hugh, Earl of, his proclamation, 213.
 Vernassa, Hector, founder of the Hospital of Incurables at Genoa, 117.
 Vespasiano, an Italian writer, 414.
 Veto Act, how carried, 78—effect of, 79.
 Wales, miners in, 149, 150, &c.
 Welwood, Sir James Moncrieff, 66—motion by, in the General Assembly, 78.
 Williams, Mr. Justice, scholarship of, 139—Greek epigram on Death by, 140.
 Wilson, Mr. a coal master, evidence of, 142.
 Working Classes, the, education, &c. 141.
 Yorkshire, miners in, 147, 153-4, &c.
 Young, Rev. Robert, Earl of Kinnoul's presentee to the parish of Auchterarder, 81.
 Zaropagians, the, let loose on Poland, 241.

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